SWEEPSTAKE SUCKERS—*A Revelation that Will Save You Mone*

MAY 25,
1935

Liberty

5¢

HANDLE
WITH
CARE
HAROLD
WAHL

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO AMERICAN MARRIAGE?

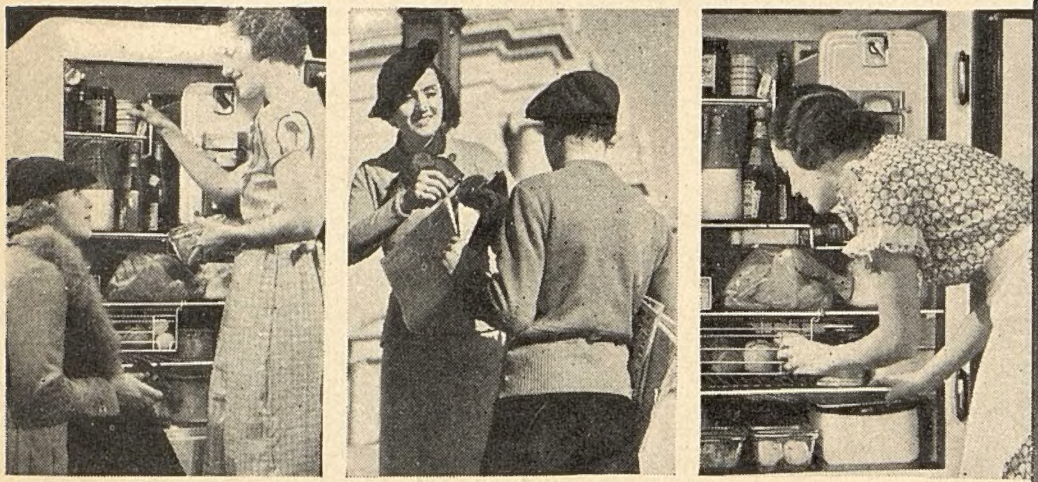
by EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Just as my gas company said

ELECTROLUX IS SILENT AND STAYS SILENT

AND THAT'S NOT ALL

IT HAS NO MOVING PARTS TO WEAR • RUNS ON NEWSPAPER MONEY • MAKES ANY WOMAN'S DAY EASIER



ELECTROLUX is the kind of refrigerator you can get really enthusiastic about. Its performance is more than satisfactory . . . it's amazing! Its beauty is more than pleasing . . . it's the finest that skilled artists, engineers and women could design!

Every day you live with your Electrolux you'll discover new things about it to enjoy. It has no moving parts . . . never makes a noise. A tiny gas flame circulates the simple refrigerant. Ordinary air cools it.

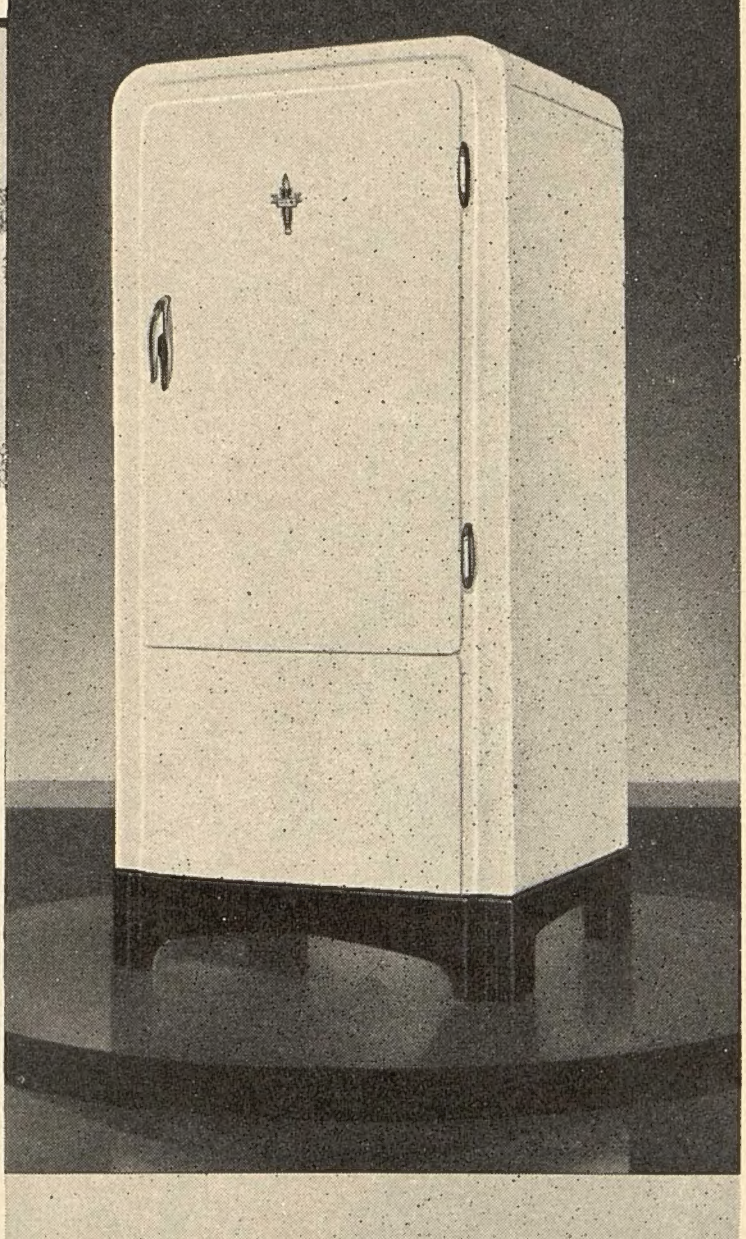
You can count this simple efficiency in terms of actual dollars and cents saved. Electrolux has a remarkably low operating cost. You'll never get a bill for depreciation due to moving parts. And you'll save money every day by having the fullest food protection that any refrigerator can give you.

Judge Electrolux for yourself. See these beautiful new 1935 models today at your gas company's or local dealer's showrooms. Ask questions. Get all the facts. We believe you'll choose Electrolux — especially when you consider that your gas company gladly stands back of every one it sells.

BEYOND THE GAS MAINS?
HERE'S A KEROSENE ELECTROLUX!

No matter how remote your home may be, you can enjoy all the advantages of city refrigeration. Let us tell you more about this remarkable kerosene-operated Electrolux. Address Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

ANOTHER STEP AHEAD · · THIS TIME IN BEAUTY



ONLY ELECTROLUX CAN GIVE YOU ALL THESE VITAL ADVANTAGES

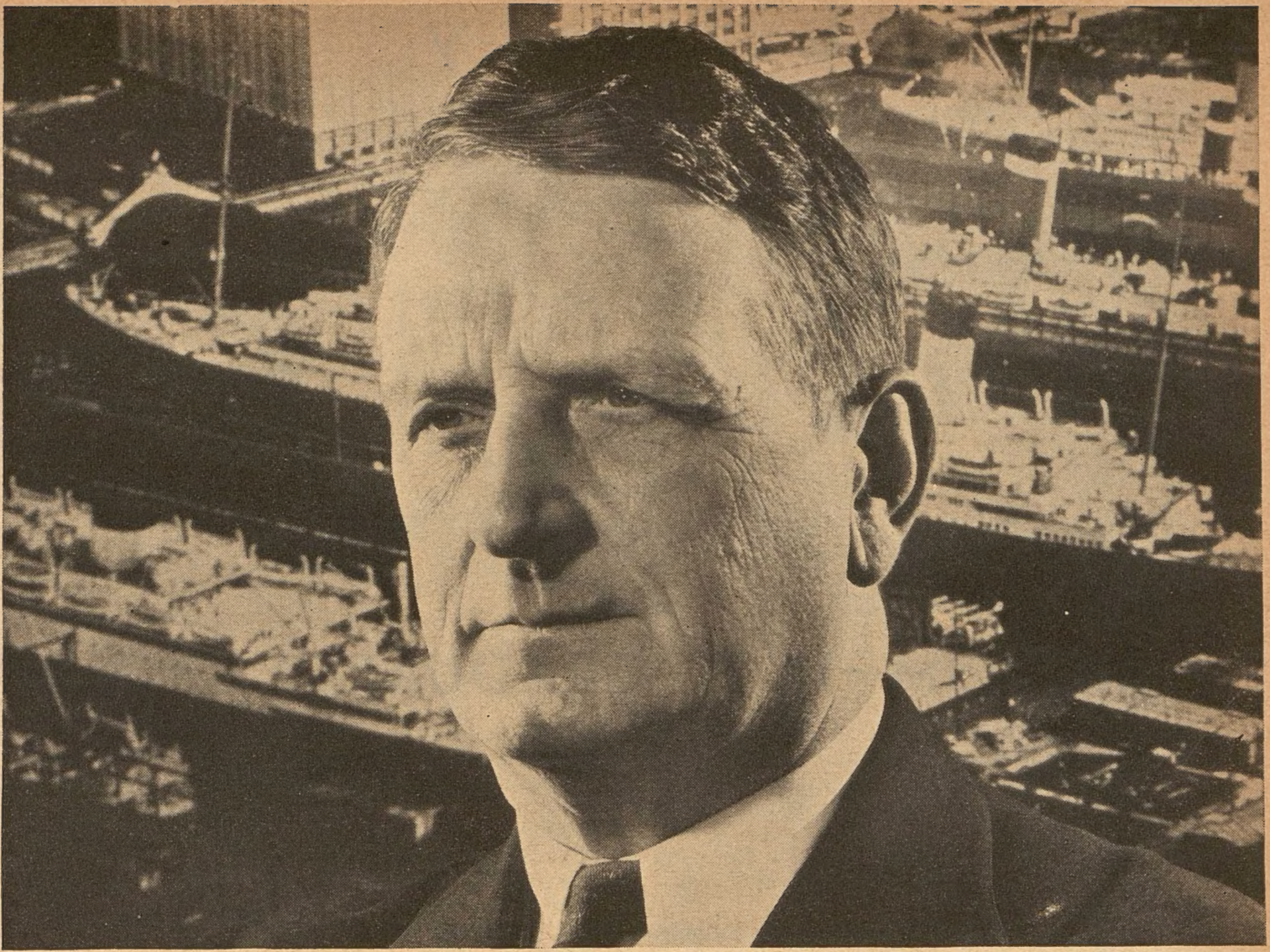
Low Operating Cost · No Moving Parts
Permanent Silence · Gas Company Service

Plus THESE MANY MODERN CONVENIENCES

TEMPERATURE REGULATOR
VEGETABLE FRESHENER
INTERIOR LIGHT
SPLIT SHELF
TRIGGER TRAY RELEASE
EGG AND FRUIT RACK
ICE CUBE RELEASE
. . . and many others

USES NO WATER

NEW *Air-Cooled*
ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



His ships travel the Seven Seas

but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

SAFETY is his code for every ship and crew! His skippers have orders to "never take a chance." He'd break an officer who disregarded a hurricane signal. But when that warning tinge of "pink" showed up on his tooth brush, he absolutely ignored it.

He wouldn't stop for "pink tooth brush." He thought his general good health would pull him through, would correct this condition. *But today he's a dental cripple.*

Today he is forced to admit that he was wrong, and that his dentist was right. Today he knows that the modern diet of soft, well-cooked, creamy foods does rob the teeth and gums of work and health. Today he wishes that he had helped his tender, ailing gums to better health—while there was still time.

When your own tooth brush shows "pink"—use your common sense. Don't wait for nature to heal your gums. Nature won't do it. Get a tube of Ipana and begin to care for your gums—as well as your teeth.

Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. For Ipana, with massage, aids in getting a healthy circulation started, rouses sluggish gums, helps restore their normal firmness.

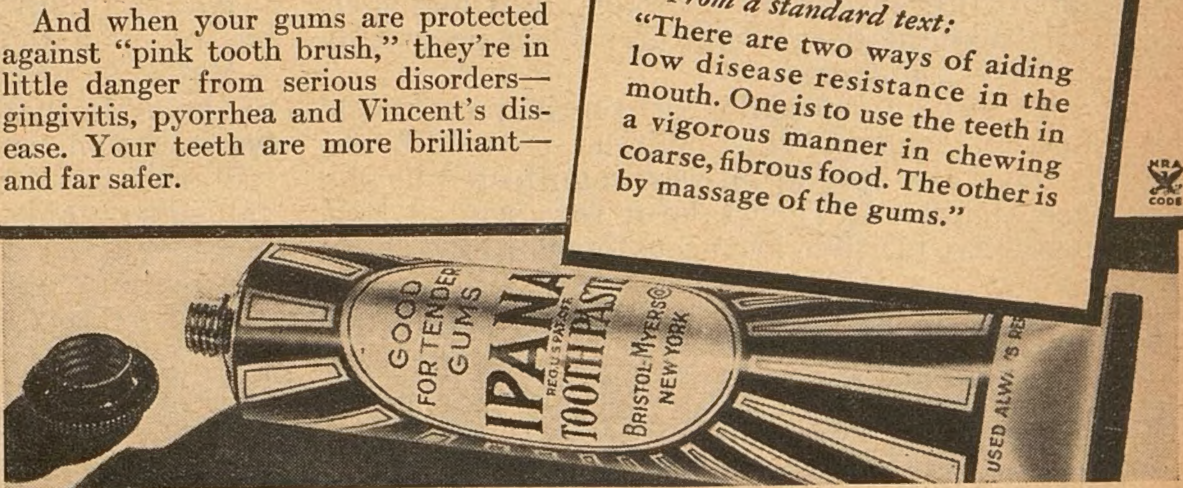
And when your gums are protected against "pink tooth brush," they're in little danger from serious disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant—and far safer.

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a dental authority:* "Most of the food today requires but little chewing."
- *A British expert urges:* "Give the teeth and surrounding tissues the exercise they need."
- *From a standard text:* "There are two ways of aiding low disease resistance in the mouth. One is to use the teeth in a vigorous manner in chewing coarse, fibrous food. The other is by massage of the gums."

IPANA

Tooth Paste



MAY 25, 1935

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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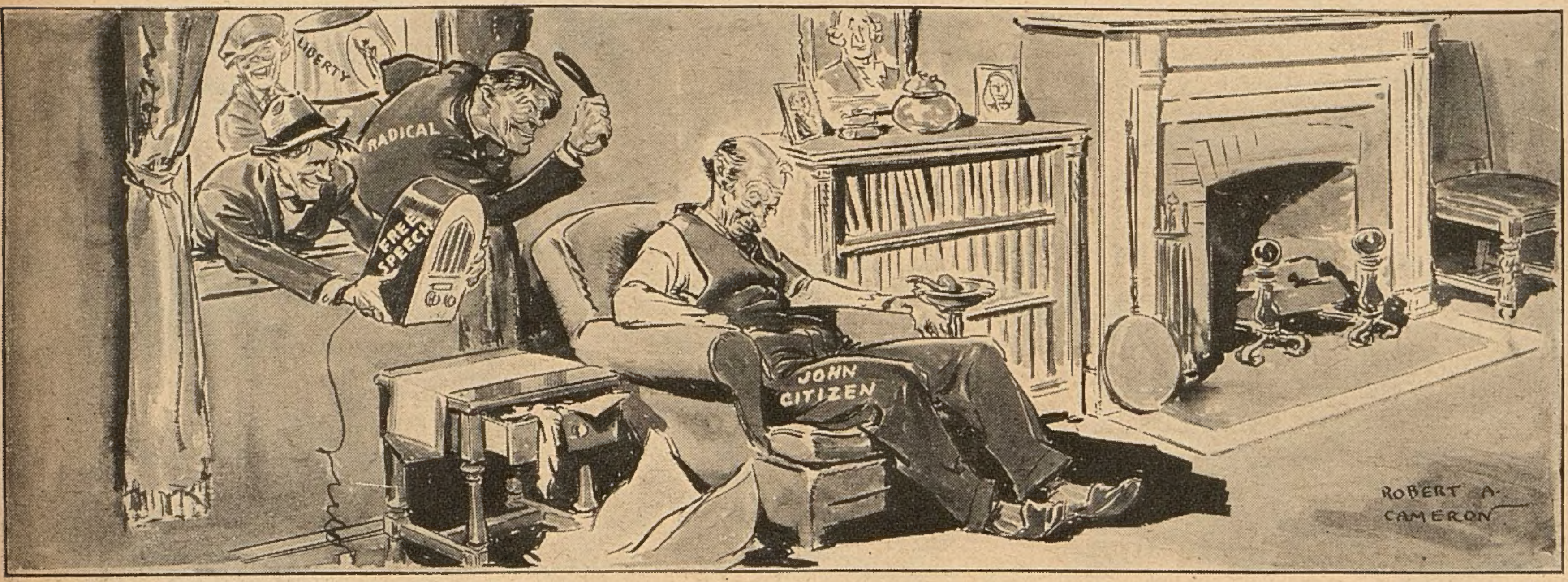

PATRIOTISM—IS IT GRADUALLY DYING?

THE rule—from which there is rarely a variation—that we do not appreciate that which comes to us without effort, is clearly manifested in the gradual disappearance of patriotism from this country.

To be a real patriot you have to suffer for your country—you have to go through trials and tribulation.

When all the privileges of a free country come to you without effort they are rarely appreciated. You stand aside and ignore the accumulated evils which gradually steal our inalienable rights and destroy our government.

Our pioneer ancestors watched governmental activities with the keenest interest. They had suffered inconceivable hardship for the privilege of being free men.

And they were careful to maintain the freedom for which they had fought so valiantly.

But this generation, the citizens of today—what have they done to deserve the privileges that have come to them through the perilous adventures of our American ancestors? They have come to them without effort, and the people are lacking in the spirit of appreciation—minus gratitude.

Consequently they give but little attention to politics. They have but a vague knowledge of the details of our form of government. Frequently they do not care which political party wins. We will often hear comments to the effect that it doesn't make any difference; that they are all a bunch of grafters; that the people will be robbed no matter which side is victorious.

And is there any special effort on the part of our citizenry to clean up this political cesspool? In fact, is there any special interest manifested by the populace at large? They take it for granted that dishonesty exists; they are accustomed to it. They do not consider it worth while even to make an effort to change conditions.

We might just as well face the seriousness of this situation.

When one loses interest in a valuable possession and fails to give it the care and attention essential to its preservation, it automatically disappears.

And there is rarely a variation in this rule.

To be free men we have to be ready and willing to fight for maintenance of such a privilege. And if we sit down complacently, give no attention to governmental activities, we will ultimately be robbed of whatever rights we possess.

The political structure of this country might be termed the foundation of this government. Our guiding officials are selected through political activities. And if the foundation of our political house is decaying—if the walls are crumbling away—we will have to accept the catastrophe that will ultimately come to us.

We may figuratively cover a decaying foundation with stucco or we may hide the crumbling walls with plaster, that the real condition may be hidden from view; but that will only hasten disaster.

We have in this country the richest treasures that were ever conceived by the minds of men; greater wealth than Croesus ever imagined in his wildest moments—the world's treasures in hoards of gold, in precious stones, in millions of acres of fertile land.

And we might have here a heaven on earth guided by free men and free women.

But if we pass on our way nonchalantly, oblivious to the evils that are creeping into our civilization, we will soon be enslaved by restricting laws that will rob us of the liberties which our ancestors valued so highly.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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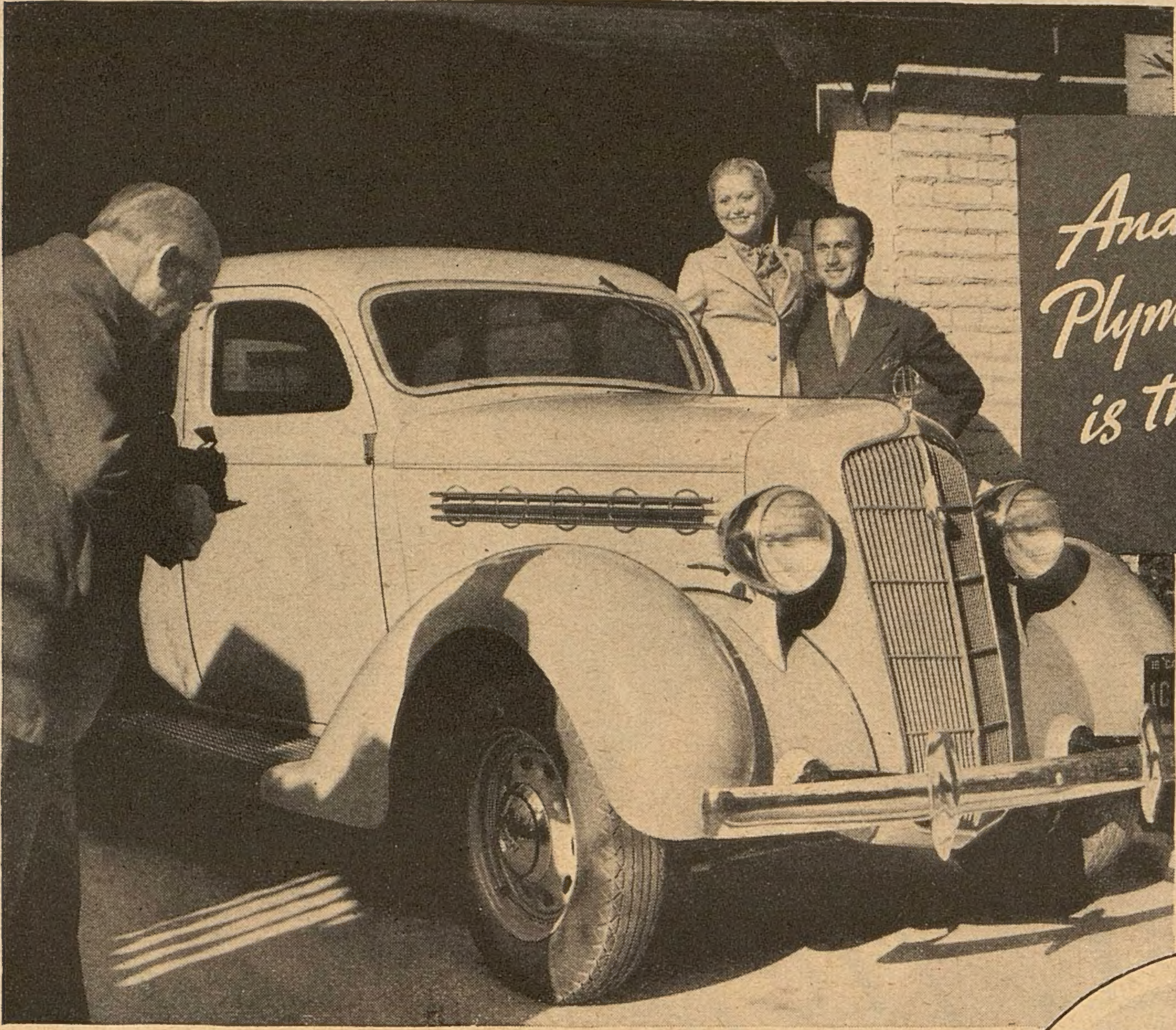
IT'S PRETTY AS A PICTURE



And Beneath Plymouth's Beauty is the Strength of Steel

Only Plymouth gives you All Four:

1. **GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES**
2. **SAFETY-STEEL BODY**
3. **WEIGHT RE-DISTRIBUTION**
4. **12% TO 20% LESS GAS & OIL**

Look at "ALL THREE" of course . . . but ask these four important questions when you do

YOU CAN SEE this big new Plymouth is beautiful. But there's something still more important. Look at "All Three" leading low-priced cars—and ask these four questions:

Has it the safety of hydraulic brakes? Of the three leading low-priced cars, only Plymouth has genuine hydraulic brakes, the safest, most economical brakes made.

Has it a steel body? Plymouth's body is all-steel . . . reinforced with steel . . . *throughout.*

How about weight re-distribution? Plymouth's weight is re-distributed on the principle introduced by the famous "Airflow" cars. This gives more room and comfort . . . the *Floating Ride.*

And the economy? Plymouth's new cooling and ignition reduce consumption of oil and gas 12% to 20%!

Drive "All Three." Learn about Plymouth's thrilling performance and its great riding-comfort. See any Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer. (Ask about official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.)

(*Above*) THAT'S SOLID STEEL... steel in the side members, center posts, doors, window frames. Plymouth's beautiful streamlined body is all-steel, *throughout.*

(*Left*) WHAT SHE SAVES in a year on gas and oil will buy at least one or two new tires!—Plymouth owners report gas and oil consumption reduced 12% to 20%.

PLYMOUTH *Now only* **$510** *World's Safest low-priced Car*

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY, DETROIT

Yes! fit for a King

WE couldn't make Gem better by *royal* command. Every perfection of grace and precision is *already* expressed in the handsomest, *simplest*, strongest and *safest* razor at *your* command.

Gem presents you with a *mechanical* barber, as deft and swift as a shop expert.

The professional barber's stroke is shaped in Gem's exclusive design. You simply can't *mis-shave* with its self-adjusted blades.

Dual Alignment (exclusive patent) sets edges so exactly and 5-point locks them so uncreepingly, that the *tenderest* face is safeguarded from scuffs, slips and irritation.

Gem's 50% thicker *surgical steel* blades—stropped 4840 separate times—*purr* through twisty, bristly beards without leaving a wince or a whisker.

Gem's frame, sloped at a face-fitting angle, contacts your stubble at root level, and enables you to shave *so* closely that a daily *once-over* suffices for the blackest jowls.

Tougher-textured Gem Micromatic Blades dull so *slowly*, that their *indefinite* keenness makes them cheaper than *any* substitute.

Gem Razors have no take-down parts, or corrodible, exposed mechanism. Guaranteed unbreakable *forever*.

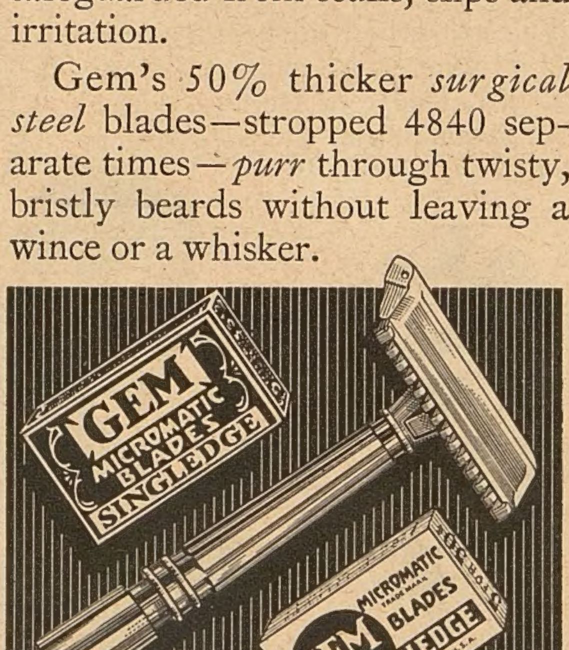
Dealers, everywhere, sell handsomely boxed, gold-plated sets for $1. Or a trig trial kit with Gem's latest holder, plus a single- and a double-edged blade, for *your* quarter and *our* coupon.

©G. S. R. C. 1935

Gem Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L24, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

PRINT NAME ____________
STREET ____________
CITY ____________ STATE ____________



GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

ALL ONE PIECE — *Twist — it opens! Twist — it closes!*

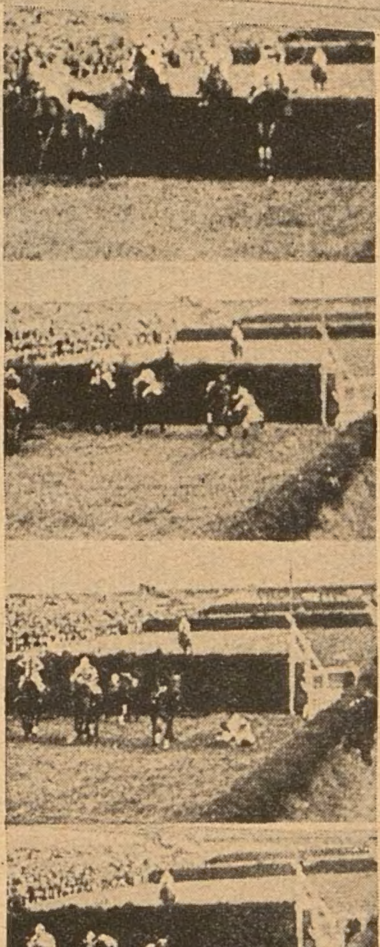
SWEEPSTAKE Suckers

IRISH FREE STATE HOSPITALS
THE GRAND NATIONAL
SUBSCRIPTION
HEADQUARTERS
HOSPITALS TRUST LTD.
EARLSFORT TERRACE, DUBLIN, I.F.S.
KEEP THIS PORTION
YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY SATISFIED REGARDING THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF THE
TICKETS UNREQUESTED, SEND COUNTERFOILS DIRECT TO IRISH FREE STATE

by EARL REEVES

Five Hard-to-Get Billions a Year! Where Does It All Go? Here Is a Revelation That Will Save You Money

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



Acme photo

Golden Miller, the favorite, sheds his jockey in this year's Grand National at Aintree, England—and the sweepstakes ticket-holders who drew him and saw visions of sudden wealth are out of luck.

THE American instinct for taking a chance is now financing the underworld. It is providing criminal revenues possibly as great as those of the "noble experiment"—but in quicker, easier, and "safer" cash.

Moreover, this long-odds yen of ours is sending out of the country annually hundreds of millions of dollars which we need at home.

There, bluntly summarized, you have the findings of law officers, moralists, state legislators, federal officials, congressmen, and governors who have been inquiring into sweepstakes and lotteries and "policy" and "numbers" rackets.

As to what we are going to do about it, or what we can do about it, at that point the debate starts.

You will hear much of this debate. It is going to stick with us. Like the bedeviling issues which surrounded prohibition.

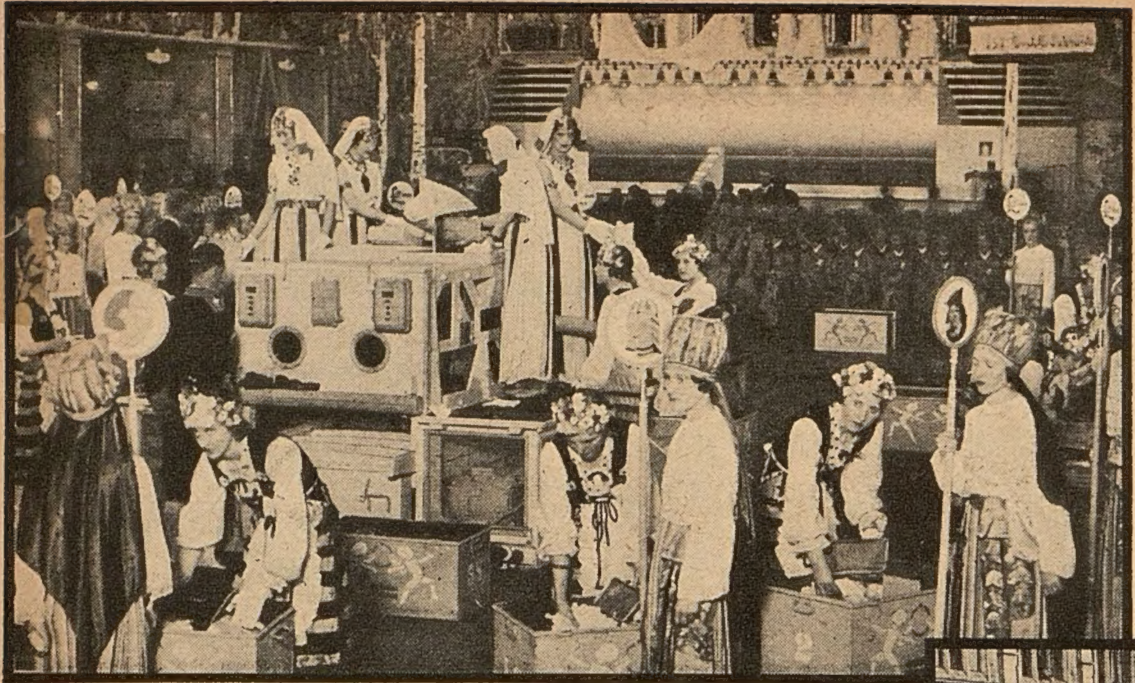
New York City and the nation were startled recently when it was revealed that though "Dutch" Schultz may have been a "baron" in the illegal beer business, he rated the title of "king" among those who collected *three hundred thousand dollars a day* from New Yorkers who hoped their number would win.

Glib pencils had scarcely finished figuring that this meant a "take" of $100,000,000 a year—and $210 a minute—when criminal lawyer J. Richard Davis was recalled before the Commissioner of Accounts hearing and explained that previously he had been speaking of 1932 figures. "Policy" collections he estimated to be four or five times as great today! There were 350 "bankers" in New York, each dominant in his district. But a lawyer, if "smart," didn't inquire too closely into such matters.

Quickly, policy racketeers were shown to be linked with a bail-bond scandal, the dope traffic, and a vice ring engaged in white slavery.

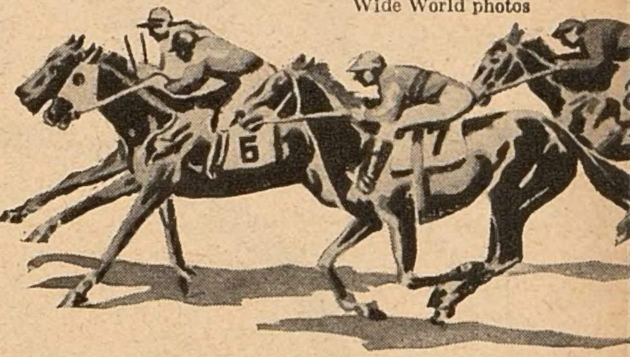
Within three days, and on the eve of a Grand Jury probe, there were two underworld "executions." One of the men killed combined the trades of policy collector, narcotic peddler, and burglar.

Al Capone, say officials who should know, was suffering no hard times as his golden prohibition era drew to a close, but had developed a King Midas touch as the master of a great organization of "bankers," collectors, and agents. It has, for instance, been charged before a Congressional hearing that "numbers" were more profitable to him than alky stills and beer running, and involved infinitely less overhead and risk.



The draw for the Irish Sweepstakes, made in Dublin, amounts to quite a festive ceremony with costumes and pageantry. Left: Mixing the counterfoils in the Plaza. Below: The procession to the Plaza before the draw.

Wide World photos



Capone in Chicago and Schultz in New York were but two of many. It is not alone in the great and supposedly wicked cities that this new—or newly accelerated—mania for taking a chance by lottery or numbers has swept along like a forest fire.

A gigantic swindle through phony tickets on a Hialeah Park Sweepstakes which does not exist was revealed by complaints of victims pouring into Miami in February. A few weeks earlier $600,000 worth of counterfeit sweeps tickets had been seized in New York, with evidence that this one group of operators had disposed of $2,500,000 worth of fakes elsewhere.

Federal agents recently turned light on a New England lottery organization which had been netting the operators $8,000,000 monthly. On another occasion the federals also confiscated 42,000,000 counterfeit Canadian lottery tickets, which were to sell at one dollar each.

It is a matter of official record that the Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes took $16,500,000 out of New York City alone.

One federal seizure was of 17,000,000 lottery tickets, output of a single week. One hundred and twelve local lotteries were found operating in a town of but 10,000 inhabitants.

In May a year ago a sort of wholesale center for a national lottery organization was revealed by a New York raid on a printing plant. This giant "industry" had 3,000 branches and agents, and a weekly turnover estimated at three quarters of a million dollars.

In a single year the Post Office Department stopped 1,500 American lotteries' use of the mails. And in a similar period the foreign forbidden list included names of 2,500 individuals in thirty countries who had tried to use the mails in luring the American sweepstake dollar.

Horace J. Donnelly, solicitor of the Post Office Department, estimated in August last that in two years the activities of post-office agents had prevented the sending abroad of *one billion dollars*. His estimate appears to be that the sum actually leaving the country via the foreign lottery route is $200,000,000 annually. There are those who scoff at this as a vast understatement. And back through recent years it does seem to be true that successive figures on sweepstakes or policy "takes," greeted with incredulity when estimates were made, invariably have been topped very soon by new revelations raising estimates still higher.

There are reasons for believing that funds sent abroad to play foreign sweepstakes and lotteries exceed *five hundred million dollars annually*. Some say the figure should be one billion.

On the floor of Congress on February 5, Representative Edward A. Kenney of New Jersey estimated the annual "take" of American sweepstakes, lotteries, policy, and pools at *from three to six billion dollars*.

"From the operation of these," he added, "gangsters derived the chief source of revenue for carrying on their criminal activities."

He then pointed out that the first conclusion of the District of Columbia Commissioners during a crime probe was that in the national capital itself illegal operation of lotteries was so widespread as to be beyond control. A few weeks later he might have added an interesting item about the arrest of a New York policy collector who had been plying his illegal trade for two years unmolested in the Criminal Courts Building!

What are the various forms of this "new speculation" of ours? The answers, in a sense, state the problem before the country.

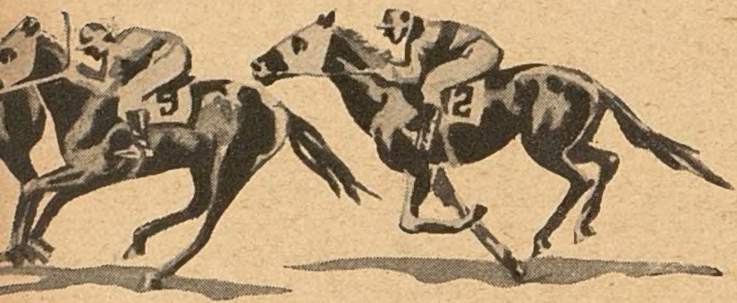
GOVERNMENT LOTTERIES. Example, French. Ticket holder has one chance in ten of doubling his money, one chance in four million of winning top prize. Decision by drawing of numbers. Honest, of course. Carefully managed. Hazard, counterfeit tickets.

SWEEPSTAKES, government-controlled. Example, Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes. An honest and carefully managed drawing to determine what lucky numbers are backing horses in a great race; major prizes depending on winners of that race. There are also consolation prizes. Your chance of winning at least a minimum prize of one hundred pounds has been computed at .00035 of 1 per cent; that is, 99.99965 per cent of the time you only have your fun. If your ticket is bona fide a receipt reaches you later.

You get at least a "break" in those two classes. There are also private lotteries and sweeps having uncomputable odds. Two million to one against you, said one investigator. Two million to nothing, said another. Incidentally, some of our Latin-American friends to the south of us even have run sweeps on major American football games. They found it a profitable novelty.

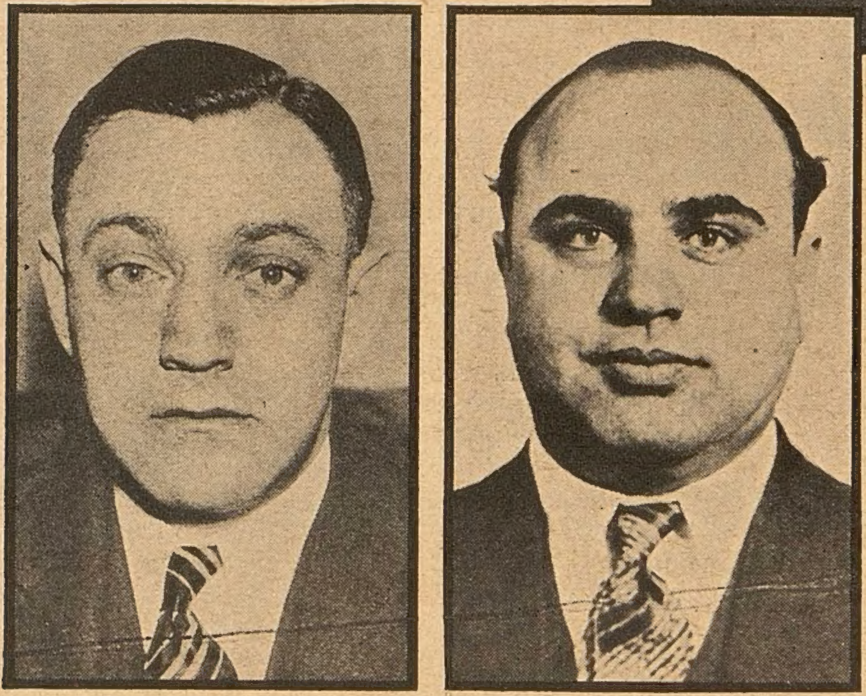
POLICY. You dream a number, or you see it on a policeman's badge, or for some reason you are sure it is lucky. So you buy it from a "collector"—who in New York probably would be working for one of the 350 dis-

Right: Giving Parisians crowded about the Trocadero an eyeful of the lucky number in France's lottery. The big winner got 5,000,000 francs. Below: Dutch Schultz, today's policy king, and (right) Al Capone, yesterday's.



LA CRÉATION ET L'INSTALLATION DES APPAREILS DE TIRAGE DE LA LOTERIE NATIONALE
ETABLISSTS J.B. VICO
LE LOT DE 5 MILLIONS
EST ATTRIBUÉ AU BILLET DE LA SÉRIE H
PORTANT LE Nº 18414
CENTAINES
VICO

Keystone View photo



Acme photos

trict "bankers." Until recently, if your number was identical with three digits of the New York Clearing House total for the day, you'd win something like 600 for 1. To discourage this, the Clearing House put ciphers in those right-hand columns. So the "bankers" turned to United States Treasury receipts for their lucky number. They also pluck one from the pari-mutuel betting odds.

WHAT is your chance at this? Nobody knows. Collectors have a way of disappearing if you win. There are many shady practices. But when a new "king" muscles in to whip this business into line so that he may make a fortune out of it, he cleans it up. He insists that winners be paid. That keeps suckers coming.

This business paid the following:

Al Adams, more than $1,000,000 a year.

Enrique José Miro, $1,250,000 in three years—that the Treasury Department found.

Wilfred Brunder, $2,000,000 in six years.

But all this was in the days before the flood—the recent flood of hard-to-get money into long-odds risks.

NUMBERS. Much the same, except that you are more gullible. You pay the collector for the number of your fancy, and you let his boss draw a number out of a hat somewhere, anywhere. You aren't there.

As for how that may work, there was a striking court record a few years ago. The Triple Eagle Lottery Syndicate, weekly income nearly $9,000,000, awarded five first prizes each week amounting to $9,000 each. But dummies employed by the syndicate held the winning tickets. They would announce their "wins," then turn the money back. An identical situation was shown by a later raid on another syndicate headquarters where the gross was nearly one million a week, approximately all net profit.

Certain significant facts stand out:

First: In the upper brackets of this vastly expanded gambling the customer has a chance of some sort. In the lower brackets his contributions rate overwhelmingly as "sucker money."

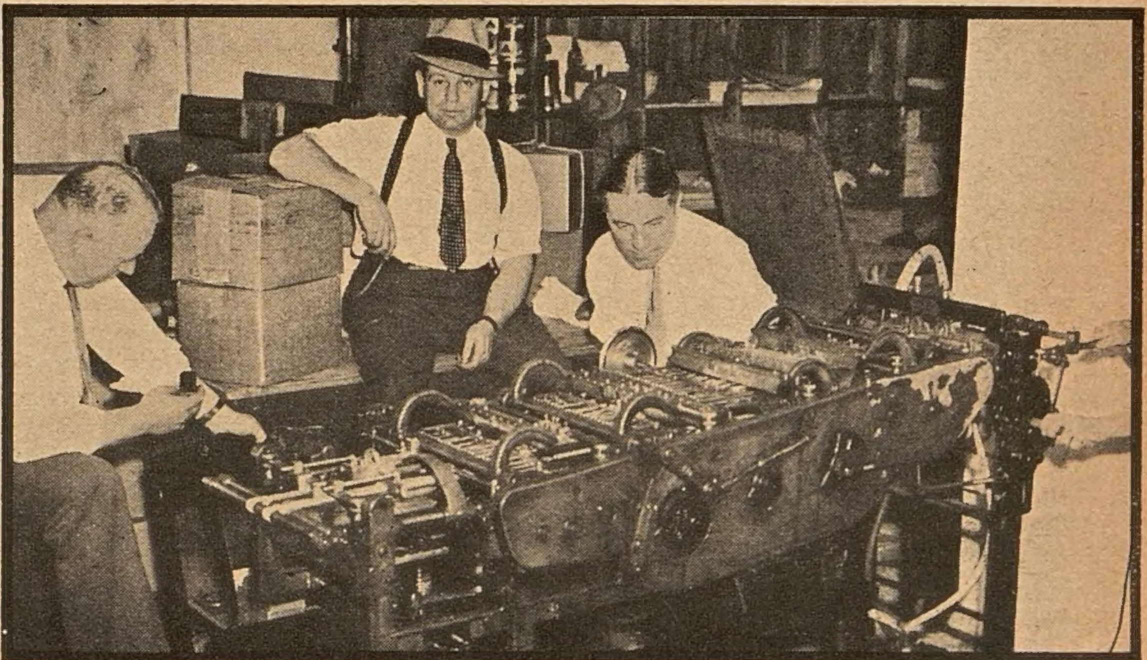
Second: A few years ago we had a "flight from drought," and the spending of huge numbers of American dollars in Canada, Bermuda, West Indies, Mexico. Today we have another type of exportation of capital, through the foreign-lottery spree.

Third: Instead of financing the underworld via our drink bill, we are supporting it through this gamblers' mania.

Fourth: For every dollar put into an honest lottery—a part of it going to some worth-while cause and the customer knowing the cards aren't stacked on him—at least six dollars are risked on a Chinaman's chance.

Since the figure involved here is something like *five billion dollars;* since organized crime is being strengthened, and at a time when organized society is warring on crime; and, finally, since all governments need money, this whole question is coming up for re-examination. We face a new "moral issue."

Acme photo



This machine for cutting and binding tickets was found in a raid on headquarters, in Brooklyn, of a lottery ring with a $750,000 weekly turnover.

The lottery was a very respectable member of society indeed for more than three centuries. Christopher Columbus probably was among the world's first lottery addicts. The idea originated in Genoa during his young-manhood. And the man who would take a chance on sailing around a "flat" world must have been among the customers.

In a movement spreading from Genoa, the Italian merchants—then the greatest world traders—offered goods as lottery prizes. Permissive interpretations of church law were necessary. It was a profitable idea, so the Hollanders copied it and soon lotteries spread over most of Europe.

Florence invented the variation of a lottery for money, and for the benefit of the state, in 1530. France, Spain, Germany, and Austria copied; and Queen Elizabeth introduced the lottery into England in 1569.

EARL REEVES *has contributed to thirty leading magazines and has, he says, "newspapered" in ten towns. Was International News' London chief four years. He's author of This Man Hoover and books on Lindbergh and aviation. Hoosier-born; now lives in New Jersey.*

This was found to be very good business indeed, so sovereigns made it a monopoly. But finally it was charged that the French kings were "chiselers." The royal lottery there provided annuities as prizes. Too many were never paid. Comparison of the lottery money taken in and prize money paid out caused scandal. Along came the French Revolution, searchingly questioning many old ideas.

And lo, the so-long respectable lottery came to be known as an evil, and was cast out of good society. Except, paradoxically, in church sociables, where it was called a raffle. Generally speaking, from about 1825 on to the end of the century the lottery was becoming both immoral and illegal throughout most of the world.

But what a difference today! In all the chief nations except the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, the lottery now has become "moral," respectable, legal, and even in several instances actually official—a governmentally operated scheme for the raising of needed revenues. From the Rio Grande southward lies Lottery Land. From most of the European countries whose nationals peopled America come streams of lottery tickets to lure good dollars back home.

The French experience is typical of the change in world viewpoint which has occurred. Thrifty, and with long memories, the French people continued to hold that lotteries were sinful until very recently. Austere moral judgment was shifted finally by a lottery proposal which would provide for the veterans, do a bit for the farmers, and make certain that one ticket holder in ten would at least double his money. A dozen French governments had stumbled to oblivion over the issue of taxation; but quite suddenly Frenchmen poured into the treasury a gigantic tax fund and rejoiced at the chance. The government's 40-per-cent cut on the first lottery, November 7, 1933, was 80,000,000 francs.

Two million 100-franc tickets were sold. Winners numbered 202,436, including the barber of a provincial town who won 5,000,000 francs, and fifteen who became millionaires.

A CHARCOAL seller won the grand prize on the second drawing, and it happened that on that night royalists and communists were in mortal battle on Paris streets. Mobs of Parisians were out that night. But they were in no fighting mood. They were massed inside and about the Trocadéro, and in cafés beneath loud-speakers, jolly and excited. They were intent upon the glamorous ceremonial, involving six maidens and six youths, six urns within latticed globes, and six golden balls.

So the tax-troubled French government took thought, and made the lottery yet more "moral" by doubling its size and yield to veterans and farmers, and by increasing the proportion of smaller prizes so that a larger number of citizens would be directly benefited.

The inquiring minds of our own statesmen have discovered other interesting facts about foreign lotteries. Ten Irish sweeps have provided $29,000,000 for hospitals. But where advertising of that lottery is permitted, the management does not even mention the charity angle: it isn't altruism which pulls in the customers.

With lottery money Mussolini has built himself a navy; Turkey develops military aviation; Russia has financed defense against poison-gas attack.

Spanish lotteries, the most numerous and intricate of all, added millions to the general tax fund in a few years.

Lotteries give Norway old-age pensions; in Argentina they aid hospitals; in Sweden the government "cut" goes to education; and through this form of legalized gambling Iceland supports its university.

Solid old Britain bowed to political pressure to the extent of appointing a Royal Commission to study the lottery issue. Conclusion: "It wouldn't do with us"; too many large portions of the constituency consider lotteries sinful. Following that, more stringent laws against the Irish sweeps were passed.

Result: It was more difficult for Britishers to have their fling in the March sweepstakes this year, and the Dublin take from England showed a marked decline. But funds from America showed a great increase!—in spite of the fact that in this country lotteries are illegal by federal enactment and also by laws of *all* states.

NEVERTHELESS there is beginning to be debate as to whether we should adopt a new "moral viewpoint" on this subject.

In defiance of all law, hundreds of millions continue to go abroad, billions go into crime's coffers, and the underworld openly chortles at the idea that this can be stopped.

In New York, while a Grand Jury probed and officials promised rigorous reform, the policy machine functioned as smoothly as ever. During a few weeks there were three additional killings believed to have been "executions." In some districts reporters were able to find six to eight policy agents operating in shops in a single block.

Men in bright new automobiles drove through the city on their routes as regularly as a milkman, making collections, paying out prizes. Although a publicized drive was on to suppress this gigantic racket, it actually was possible for an enterprising newsreel company to take and display throughout the country movie shots of collectors at work. Also of tickets being sold.

It became clear that the underworld would fight to protect its lucrative loot. It was stated openly that—

1. No underling would turn informer: each knew that he would be filled full of lead if he did so.
2. Huge sums were paid for protection, and the "system" expected to get it.
3. The high-ups cannot be touched.

Threats were made of political retribution at the next election. Robber barons of the Middle Ages could have been no more arrogant—nor more certain of their right to levy tribute. It was even asserted that this big business—whose gross annual turnover compares with that of some of our largest corporations—lately had cleaned house; that "Dutch" Schultz had been muscled out of his kingship, two men "without records" taking his place.

There you have the problem. Typical not alone of New York, but of almost all cities. Of America.

What are we going to do about it? What *can* we do about it? Can we suppress this evil? If not, then what?

Some already contend that we should follow foreign example and establish legalized lotteries. A gigantic federal lottery even has been proposed.

It is argued that such legalized gambling would stop the foreign flight of the dollar, cut away financial support of the underworld; permit the public to "take a chance" at known odds; and add hundreds of millions of needed dollars to governmental revenues.

On the other side there is arrayed the "moral opinion" on the subject of gambling in general and lotteries in particular which has been the growth of a century.

Will moral opinion shift, as it did on prohibition? That probably depends on whether local, state, and federal agencies prove that it can be suppressed.

If not, then certainly the debate on the lotteries issue will grow in volume month by month.

THE END

Lou Gehrig, baseball star, who prefers Camels for steady smoking

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND" ATHLETES SAY

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Bruce Barnes
TRACK
George Barker
DIVING
Betty Bailey
BASEBALL
Lou Gehrig

So mild, athletes smoke as many as they please—and that's real mildness!

Of course you want mildness in a cigarette. And athletes—to whom "wind," healthy nerves, "condition" are *vitally* important—insist on mildness.

Lou Gehrig, baseball's "Iron Man," says: "Camels are so mild they never get my 'wind.'"

George Barker, former intercollegiate cross-country champion, says: "Camels are so mild, they don't cut my 'wind' in any way." Bobby Walthour, Jr., star of the six-day bike grinds, says: "I've got to have 'wind' in bike racing. For my cigarette I long ago chose Camels."

Tommy Armour, speaking for golf, Bruce Barnes for tennis, and Betty Bailey for aquatic sports—all agree: "Camels don't get your 'wind.'"

What this real mildness can mean to you!

It means you can smoke as many Camels as you please. Athletes say Camel's costlier tobaccos never disturb your nerves—never tire your taste—never get your "wind."

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Tommy Armour
SIX-DAY BIKE RACING
Bobby Walthour, Jr.

MOST OF THE PLEASANT THINGS in life are doubly pleasant when you're "in condition." Smoke Camels all you please! Athletes say Camels never get your "wind."

SO MILD
YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

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What Is Happening to American Marriage

Are We to Become a Nation of Temporary Wives and Legalized Philanderers? It's Up to the Women to Decide—and They Had Better Do It Soon

by EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

The author, now chairman of the NRA Consumers' Advisory Board. Her husband is an Assistant Attorney General.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THAT something is happening to marriage is apparent to all. What it is may not be so evident. Marriage is being taken over by its enemies. Not that it was carried by assault. An easier method was used—one sometimes called "boring from within."

In my morning paper, for example, I read of a woman who "at twenty-six has been *six times divorced* and *seven times a bride*"; and of another, that she "has been married *only five times* and *thrice divorced.*" (The italics are mine.) No news any more in the number of times a woman may be married and divorced. The news was that one was disillusioned about marriage and the other annoyed at her failure to collect alimony. No wonder! For what these women and the thousands like them want is not marriage at all. It is merely social sanction.

Women—and men too—who prefer falling in love to marriage are not a new social phenomenon. Every age has had them. But until recently those who made a business of it carried it on outside of marriage. Against this outside competition marriage has always been able to hold its own. Naught could prevail against it: neither the Greek hetaerae with their beauty and wisdom, nor the Roman profligates with their voluptuous elegance, nor the French courtesans with their charm and wit, nor even the modern mistress. True, they had their innings. But marriage was still marriage, the wife's insurance against fading charms, her assurance of a rooftree and a commissary. Women who achieved it could afford scorn of the sirens.

After all, the wives held the citadel. Their place in society was fixed. Theirs to share with the husband whatever of honor or wealth he won, however his fancy might wander. Even if it did, back of them was public opinion. Eventually, too, the erring must return. What else could he do? For marriage was both a state of mind and a mode of life.

Against all this, what chance did the outsider have? She might get her man—and often did. She affected the institution of matrimony not one whit. It went on being what it had been, the institution designed by society whereby a man and a woman, through shared interests, habit, and a status recognized by society, divided the burdens life placed on them and laid up companionship against old age, thus finding a measure of stability and continuity in an unsure, unfriendly world.

Of course marriage had its problems. They put a strain upon the institution. Yet, somehow, it seemed to weather them all. Young men and maidens continued to go gaily into it with the idea of sticking it out. At least they did until those who wanted only a laboratory experiment in love began boring into marriage.

Now the poor young things are not so sure. They see these borers all around them. They draw their own conclusions that marriage is something you can try and, if you don't like it, drop. So, with no intent to philander, they adopt the experimental idea of marriage, not knowing that by so doing they forfeit what marriage might offer.

Marriage may have had its disadvantages. But it was *marriage*. Every one knew what to expect of it and from it. Now there is no such assurance. However much one party to a marriage contract may want the good old-fashioned kind, he has no way of knowing he will get it. The other party may wish only a licensed week-end joy ride. Follows then the inevitable divorce and another attempt with, perhaps, the same results, and then another, until he too has joined the married philanderers.

Is there no way to stop this? Is marriage to be scrapped and legalized philandering to take its place?

Who can say? One thing is certain: Nothing is to be accomplished by inveighing against the ladies who have made the marriage yoke into a daisy chain to be cast off as soon as the blossom of sex attraction fades. Finding it possible to cover their temporary liaisons with the cloak of matrimony, they would be less than human not to don it. Fault, if fault there be, rests rather with those wives who were so impressed with the sanctity of the marriage tie that they failed to note that, when the knot was left out of it, those with a taste for variety in husbands would be able to adapt it to their use.

And yet you cannot really blame these wives. It all happened before they knew it. But if only they had known! If only they had organized a tight corporation of old-fashioned wives and said to these other women: "Now look here. You keep out of our preserves. What you want isn't matrimony at all. It would simply bore you to death. What you are after is a legalized temporary sex relation. Suppose we make a compromise with you. We will stop drawing our skirts aside and looking at you with uplifted eyebrows if in return you will stop pretending you are married. You find some other way of getting what you want—filing public notice of your intention to live with one man as long as you both please, or something like that—and we will accept it as a proper social convention for those who like it."

THEY had the power, then, these wives, to do just that. The game was in their hands. But instead they did just about the worst thing they could have done. They opposed divorce! Thus they lined up against them a lot of women who, through some misfortune, had tried marriage with the wrong man and wanted to try again with the right man. Divorce and remarriage, be it noted, do not necessarily earmark the philanderer. On the contrary, they may indicate a very real desire for a lasting satisfying marriage. The philanderer is stamped by successive divorces. But, unable to discriminate, the wives who wanted to preserve marriage opposed all divorce.

This was their first mistake. Not only did it lose them allies, but it was the worst possible advertisement of marriage. It indicated a fear, on the part of these wives, that people stayed married only because they could not get loose. The next thing they did was even worse. They went into competition with the philanderers both married and unmarried. They copied their clothes, borrowed their rouge and lipstick and eye shadow, imitated their headdress, went in for plucked eyebrows and painted fingernails. They adopted alluring lingerie, essayed the seductive negligee. Nor did they stop with mere appearance. The free-and-easy manners of the philanderer became the fashion with young matrons. They made themselves into such good imitations of the sirens that their husbands mistook them for the real thing and, tiring of them as men do of sirens, sought another brand of siren elsewhere.

Peace, security, understanding, the reward of victory—these are the things a husband expects from a wife. These a wife can give him without benefit of cosmetics or wiles. That some husbands do not want them, or that they are not all that husbands want, is beside the point. On the giving and receiving of them marriage has rested for centuries. Whether or not marriage can yet be saved depends upon the number of wives still left who want it. Also, upon how much they want it. For theirs is no easy job. But they still have a chance. There is still that instinct of the young to confound love with permanency; there is still women's need for upkeep, man's susceptibility to habit. All these play into their hands, provided they play those hands well.

To do this, however, they must needs unite, make common cause. They must agree upon a program. They must develop a technic. Their first step should be to make themselves as unlike the sirens as possible in appearance, manners, action.

Then there is the conversational phrase. "But, of course, you wouldn't understand—" has been used before to put other women in their place and could be so used again. A little word of commiseration on the third and fourth divorce would not come amiss, a hope tinged with skepticism that the divorcee is capable of making a successful marriage. A more-in-pity-than-in-anger tone.

CELEBRATION of wedding anniversaries might also be made fashionable—celebrations to indicate that these anniversaries are achievements. Amazing how social conventions, social attitudes are established by just such things as these.

That this would stop philanderers from philandering no one can expect. But it might bring the philanderers to ask themselves the question: "What price matrimony?" They would be, even inside marriage, looked upon as a group apart. Realizing this, they might think the license not worth the trouble of getting.

Wives who are not philanderers would have to work at marriage as they have not since the institution was in its infancy. Heretofore, all they have had to do was to get themselves married. If a wife were to be accepted as the real thing or a counterfeit according to the way she delivered as a wife, she would have to work at her job. But she should remember that if the wedding ring itself vanishes she will have to work anyway.

A further sacrifice would help the wives' cause. This would be nothing less than to take the profit out of the marriage ceremony and put it into marriage. Wives could simply agree among themselves not to accept or to accord a wife a share in her husband's rank or honors until she had lived with him, say, ten years. Having accustomed the public to this, they could then revise the alimony laws so that alimony was granted on the basis of the number of years the wife had lived with the husband. Then they could proceed to revise the inheritance laws so that a wife's dower interest in her husband's property would be dependent upon the length of her marriage.

This would not really be so hard on the wife as it might appear. The husband who wished to do so could still by will leave all his goods to his wife. Even the fourth or fifth husband could devise and bequeath to his temporary wife as much as he wished. But such bequests would come to wives not by virtue of the marriage certificate but as their husbands' recognition and appreciation of them as wives. At the same time the law would recognize the difference between getting married and staying married.

Other things these wives could think up, once they set to work to make clear the difference between those who consider a wedding bell the prelude to a lifelong partnership and those for whom it rings in only one more experiment.

Once that distinction was made plain, results could be left to take care of themselves.

Whatever the wives decide to do, they had better do it soon! Another decade and it may be too late.

THE END

In a leading Eastern institution, patients got these marked benefits:

American clinics and hospitals have reported remarkable success with the new Fleischmann's Yeast. In one hospital, 93% of chronic constipation cases were relieved. Similar results were obtained in cases of general run-down health . . . *The following typical cases were taken from one hospital's actual records:*

CASE OF N. M. AGE 24. WOMAN
Constipated. Patient suffered from *indigestion. Bad skin condition* which had lasted years . . . Had used laxatives. Was given the new Fleischmann's Yeast every day . . . *Bowel movements improved.* Indigestion disappeared. Patient's skin improved, and she slept better. Her general condition was much better.

CASE OF Q. W. AGE 23. WOMAN
Constipated since childhood. *Digestion and appetite poor, severe acne* (pimples) . . . was given six cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day . . . laxatives discontinued gradually . . . *General condition improved,* bowels moved more often. Patient made almost complete skin recovery. *Digestion and appetite* showed gain, mental outlook less depressed.

CASE OF M. B. AGE 18. WOMAN
Faulty digestion, poor appetite, constipation. Very severe acne for a period of years . . . Had taken cathartics for years. Was given the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily . . . *Bowel movements almost immediately benefited.* No longer had to take cathartics. Skin improved. Appetite, digestion helped.

X-rays show that stomach and bowels become more active.

"It is of great therapeutic importance. I had remarkable results in the cases treated," says Dr. André Cain (above).

"Patients suffering from chronic constipation of long standing were relieved," says this famous gastro-enterologist. Dr. Cain is Physician-in-chief of the Hospice d'Ivry, great hospital near Paris. He is one of many great physicians astonished by the successful results of this new fresh yeast.

...amazing gains in Energy in these cases of

RUN-DOWN CONDITION*

Patients' appetite and digestion improved, too— as their CONSTIPATION completely left!

A NEW WAY to treat run-down condition—which consists in adding *one food* to the diet—is now giving truly remarkable results in American hospitals and clinics!

A most common cause of run-down condition is *constipation*. And constipation can now be completely corrected, by increasing the body's supply of certain "protective substances."

New food supplies "Protective Substances"

No ordinary diet—even with fruits and vegetables—supplies enough of these substances. But one food is extremely rich in all of them. This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

Eaten regularly, this new yeast increases the flow of your stomach juice and strengthens the nerves and muscles of your intestines, correcting constipation *naturally*. It is not like cathartics, which give mere temporary relief.

Your food digests better—eliminations become normal—your body is gradually freed from poisons. Your health vastly improves. You sleep better, have more appetite, more energy, tire less easily.

But you should eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—just as you brush your teeth, every day. Don't stop just because you feel better. Keep on! And it's important to eat it *right*, following the rules below. Start now!

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

The new Fleischmann's Yeast speeded up patients' elimination 48% in one test, increased peptic activity up to 30% . . . It is very rich in a substance like a *digestive hormone*, with an amazing effect on gastro-intestinal activity . . . and in *four vitamins:* A, B, G and D. It is the richest vitamin-"carrying" food known.

Being *fresh* yeast, it makes its properties available to the body in *active* form.

EAT THREE (or more) cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast each day—plain, or in a little water—one-half hour before meals. *If you're taking cathartics,* discontinue them gradually (not all at once). *Have a regular time for your daily evacuation—preferably right after breakfast.* You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

NRA CODE

** . . . due to constipation. To be sure what causes your run-down feeling, see a doctor.*

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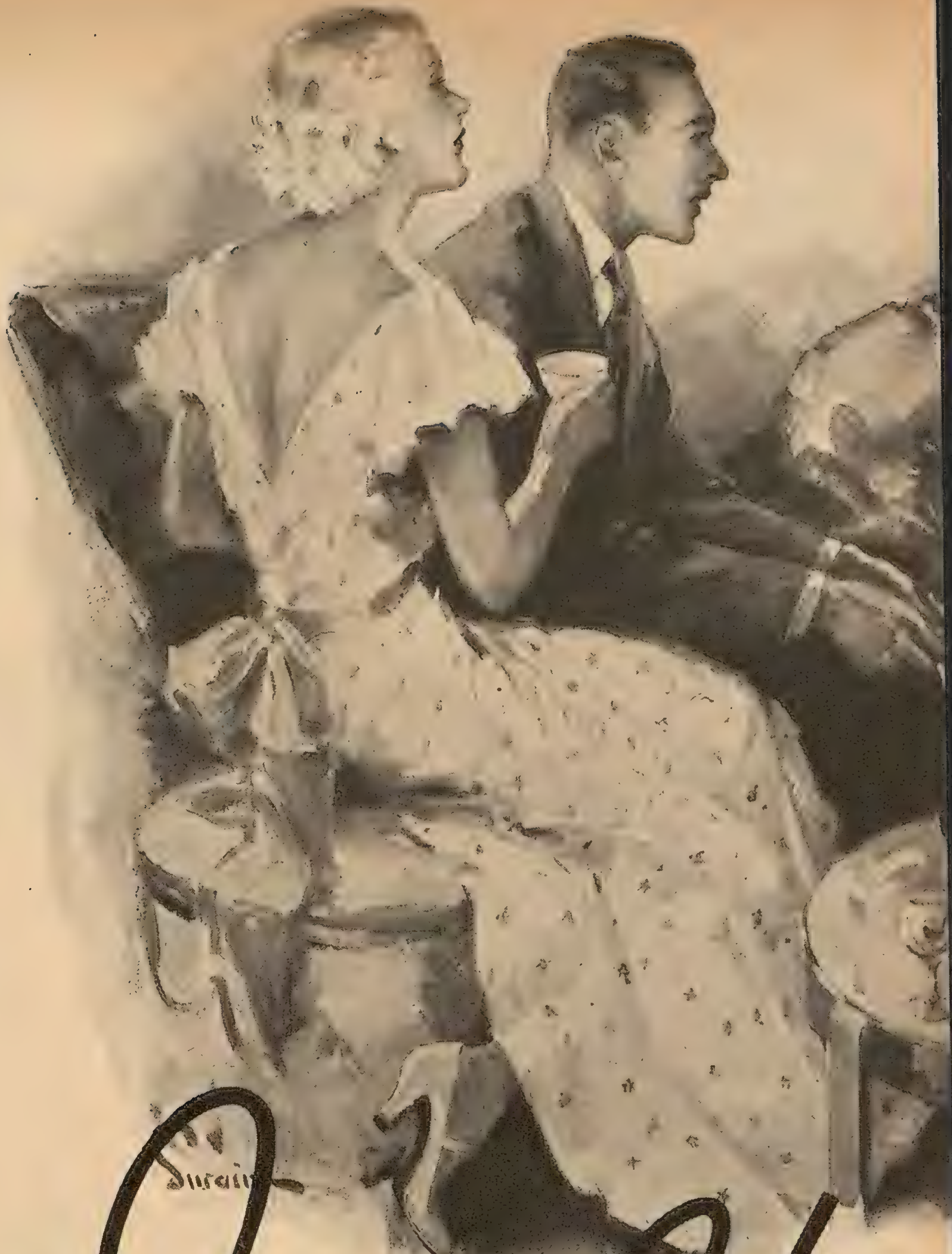


"I suppose you know," Bolton went on, "that this husband of yours has worked pretty hard to land my business."

Just like

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

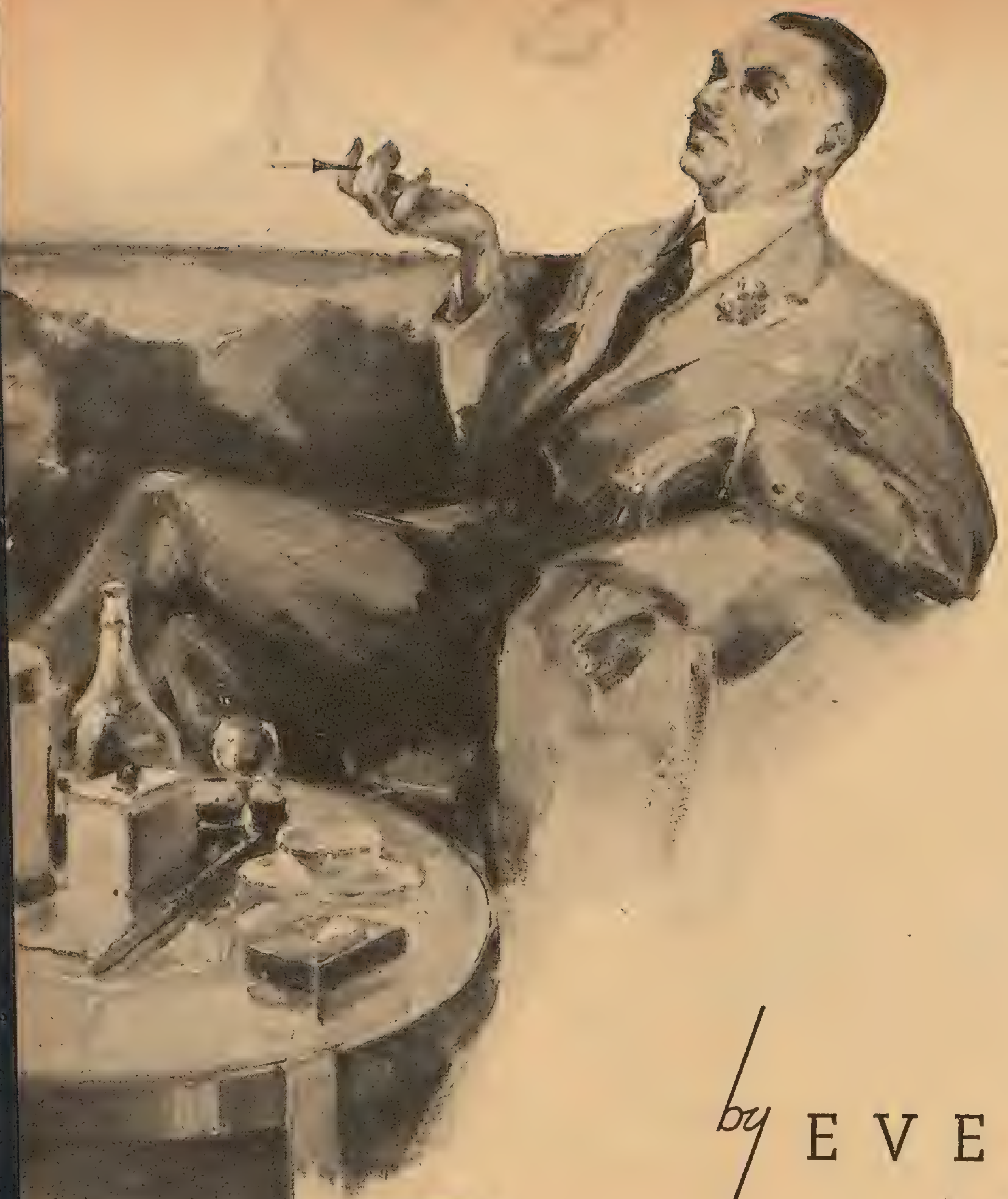
IT rang down the corridor of the modest four-room apartment. The male trumpet of triumph.

"Hi-yi!" it flung itself along. "Hi-yi, Jess! Come out of that kitchen. Come out and be kissed. Come out a-chargin' with your bugle blowin', for the hour of glory is at hand. Hi-yi!"

Jessica Arundel came out of her kitchen and crossed the minute dining room. There is only one shade of blue that the Creator intended for the eyes of a blonde. It is a mysterious compound of summer skies and the water that rides the reefs of the tropics. You can have a blonde without it but not a museum piece. Why so many women with light hair have had cobalt and other sterile tints fobbed off on them is one of the minor mysteries of life.

Jessica Arundel had not been cheated. She had lips that Hollywood would have loved and a smile that just escaped being a boyish grin. It danced across the warm light brown of her face as her husband swung her high and grinned in turn.

A POIGNANT CHRONICLE OF LOVE AND THREE LIVES, AND



a Story

by EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

"Hi-yi, freshman!" she cried breathlessly. "Is it all for me or just the usual bawl of the business jungle?"

Peter Arundel kissed her happily. Hollywood would not have admired his technique. It lacked polish and It and burning grace. It was clumsily fervid, like a little boy kissing his mother after a terrific absence of a night away from home. It was like Peter, big and a bit simple.

"Tarzan returning to his mate," Jessica murmured into the huge gray-flannel shoulder. Then, as both big arms tightened about her, she gasped, "Kn-know your own strength, salesman," she pleaded. "I can't breathe."

"Neither can I," Peter assured her ecstatically. "Not for the last two hours anyway. I tried dancing and I tried whistling and I even tried a lemon phosphate at the corner drugstore, but it ain't no go. I'm not sitting for hours every day in lousy waiting rooms hoping to see important business executives and sell them steel. I'm little Alice in Wonderland. I'm—"

Jessica pushed the bulky gray mass away from her and then took it by the hand.

BIT OF MAKE-BELIEVE THAT PROVED STRANGELY REAL

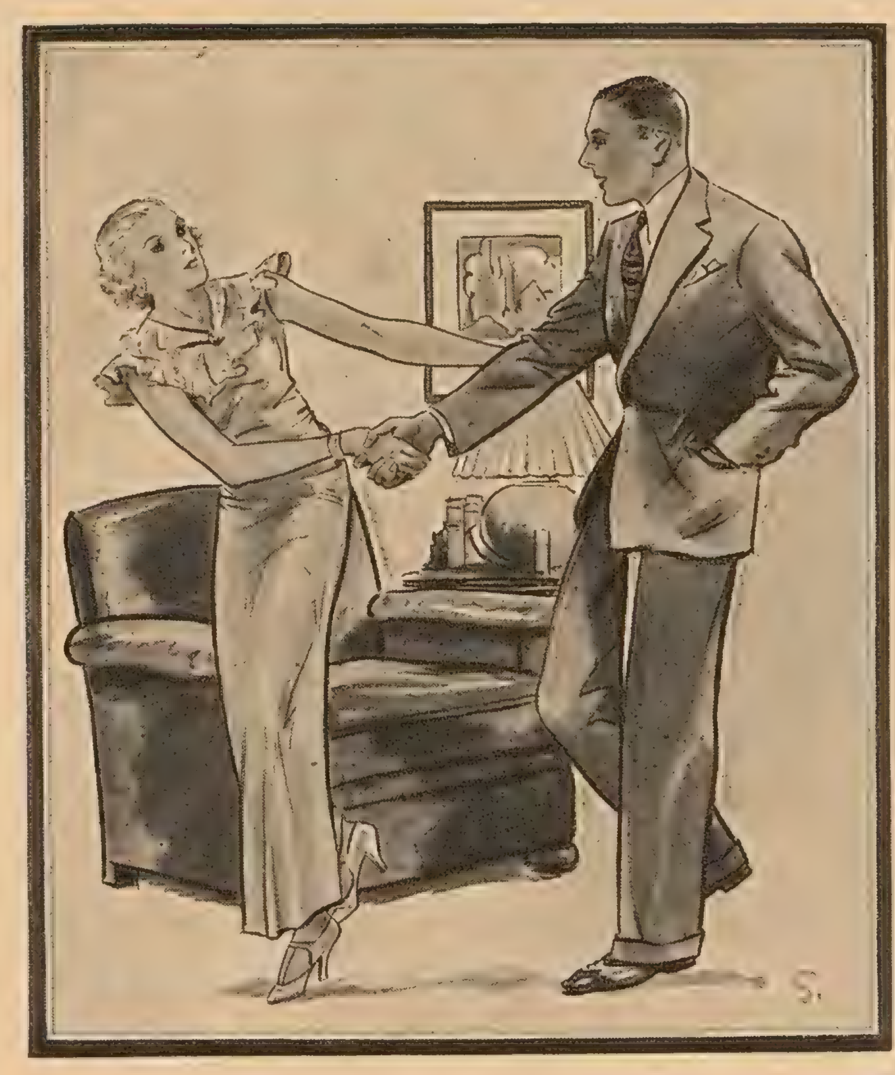
“Not here,” she pleaded. “It—it sounds like a story for the living room. Come on, little Alice.”

Little Alice allowed himself to be dragged down the hall and into the inviting simplicity of what had been a wedding present from Aunt Harriet Arundel. Jessica dropped with mock exhaustion upon Aunt Harriet's idea of what a comfortable sitting-room sofa should be. Little Alice perched himself, like a modern replica of The Thinker, upon the ample arm and waved his hand.

“No gestures,” Jessica warned him instantly. “And don't bring out the pipe. Just talk.”

Peter talked. He said: “It's just like the story.”

“What story, idiot?”



Jessica pushed the bulky gray mass away from her and then took it by the hand.

“The story about the young happily married young couple,” Peter told her solemnly, “that fed the great big important man and lived happily ever afterward. Or was it a play? Anyway, you ought to recognize it.”

“I don't,” Jessica assured him promptly.

Peter shook his unruly head of dark hair sorrowfully.

“Ignorant,” he lamented. “Just plain ignorant! Why, it's so old they're teaching it in the grade schools. One of the folk stories of American business. First there is the big important executive whose favor means so much to the young husband. Then there's the beautiful anxious young wife so desirous of helping her husband. Then, of course, there's the husband.

“Well, the anxious young husband wangles the big important executive into coming to dinner, cooked by the desirable young wife. The big important executive is so impressed, after a wonderful home-cooked meal by the desirable little wife, that he gives the anxious young husband the business, or a promotion. Sometimes they complicate it by having the roast get burned or the installment man call for the piano in the midst of the festivities, but everything turns out as advertised in the end. And that's us.”

“What's us?”

“Lowell Bolton.”

“Who is Lowell Bolton?”

PETER grinned and the sofa creaked. “Ask anybody in the steel business,” he told her. “His finished-products end alone runs over two million dollars a year. That means the business is worth three hundred thousand dollars a year, gross, no matter how you figure costs. And he's coming here to dinner tomorrow night! Is it any wonder I'm talking to myself? Every steel company in the country is after his business. Salesmen and top executives hang around his waiting room like—like smoke around a brush fire. I've sat there for hours, days, and months, and never even got by Lady Godiva at the switchboard! When I told old Goddard down at the office that Bolton was coming over to a home-cooked meal, he almost dropped dead. It—it means important money to me—sure. You an' me, Jess. Money we've needed for a long time. Money to get you some new clothes. Money to get me a decent set of golf clubs. Money to make Aunt Harriet realize that her nephew isn't just a great big good-natured easygoing male Arundel.”

“But—”

Peter clasped his mighty hands and stared straight ahead. “I used to dream about it when I was sitting in his anteroom trying to see him,” he confessed almost huskily. “Even when I knew that I only had about one chance in a hundred of getting in to see him and about one chance in a million of selling him after I did get in. Like—like a kid dreaming on Christmas Eve. Arundel puts it over! Bolton business goes to the Goddard Steel Company! Steel world wonders how young salesman put it over! And then p-p-ph-ht! And along comes Santa Claus.”

Jessica reached over and parted the strong fingers.

“I'm awfully glad, Peter,” she whispered. “Awfully proud too! You know that, don't you? I know that it hasn't been easy, and lately—I've suspected that they — they have been riding you. You've kept on smiling but you've been worried, haven't you?” She smiled up at him. “You're just a big boy, Peter. Do you know that? Not sleek or subtle or—or anything like that. And I'm so glad. I—hope you'll never be any different, no matter what happens.”

A VIVID flush of color swept over her husband's broad pleasant face. He patted her hand for a moment, awkwardly.

“Newfoundland,” he muttered good-humoredly.

“Nice Newfoundland,” Jessica corrected him gently, then went on swiftly: “But tell me all the details, fool. How did you put it over? What did you say? What happened?”

Still holding her hand, Peter confessed that he didn't know how he put it over. It puzzled him, he said. It all happened so suddenly. One moment he was just a bench warmer and the next he was a prospective dinner host. Just like that. “Details,” Jessica persisted. “It doesn't—quite—make sense.”

So Peter explained: “I was just standing there talking to the telephone operator. I've been there so often we've got to know each other. I—I guess maybe she felt sorry for me. Anyway we—we got to talking some way about girls and—and I took out that snapshot of you —the one down at Sound Beach last summer—and showed it to her.”

“I don't think many salesmen go around showing young women pictures of their wives,” Jessica decided approvingly. “Good Peter!”

Good Peter nodded uncertainly. “She was looking at it,” he went on, “when a man came along and stopped suddenly at her desk. She took one frightened look at him and dropped the picture. I didn't know then who the man was, of course. Anyway, he stooped down and picked up the picture. I guess he looked at it or something. At any rate he sort of started and asked who it was. The girl—she's a nice little thing, really—told him. She said his name. Naturally I sat up and took notice. It was Bolton, of course. Looking just like you'd expect a big shot to look. A touch of gray at the ears. Dark eyes. Spats. A suit that fitted like the paper on the wall. And he invited me in! Held the gate open for me! Allowed his teeth to gleam pleasantly in my direction. Told me how sorry he was that he had always been so busy when I dropped in. Took me into his million-dollar office, pointed out a hundred-thousand-dollar chair, gave me a five-dollar gold-tipped cigarette that tasted like hell, and wanted to know what he could do for me. Hi-yi! What that bird could do for me!" Peter whistled softly.

"And then what happened?" Jessica asked eagerly. "I mean how come the dinner invitation?"

"That—that just came around," Peter told her vaguely. "I mean I can't tell you just how it happened to come up. First I put on a great selling talk about the company and how anxious we were to get the business. All about our service. The old stuff. Then Bolton said something about how the little accidents of life sometimes determine big issues. He meant the girl dropping your snapshot that way. Then he laughed and complimented me on my good taste as a wife picker. It was all very nice and sociable."

"AND the proud husband said—" Jessica prodded him. "Get along. We can't make a serial out of this. We're having liver and bacon."

"Hi-yi!" Peter applauded her choice. "That's a dish for a celebration. But—oh, you mean about the rest? Well, naturally, I did tell him what a swell little piece of goods you were. I even told him what a simple little soul you were. I mean that time a month ago when you came home practically in tears because some man sitting next to you on a bus tried to flirt with you."

"He was a toad!" Jessica flashed angrily. "I loathe ogling dirty-minded middle-aged dudes."

Peter laughed indulgently.

"The Newfoundland's prim little Puritan," he chided her fondly.

"Would you have me any other way?" Jessica challenged him.

"Not for anything in the world," the Newfoundland assured her with sudden sobriety. "You know that, don't you, kitten?"

The kitten's good-looking face lost its vehemence. She smiled. "Of course I know it, fool," she whispered. "Now let's get back to the Big Moment."

Peter spread her slim brown fingers and shook his head. "There—there isn't any more to tell. We just talked around, and almost before I knew it I had him hooked. Seven o'clock. No dress-up. No black tie. Just a nice little family dinner."

"And what did Mr. Goddard say when you told him?"

Her husband hugged his wide shoulders and chortled at that. "He couldn't understand it," he reported gleefully. "For a minute he just stared at me sort of queer. Then he shrugged his shoulders. But naturally he was tickled pink. He con-

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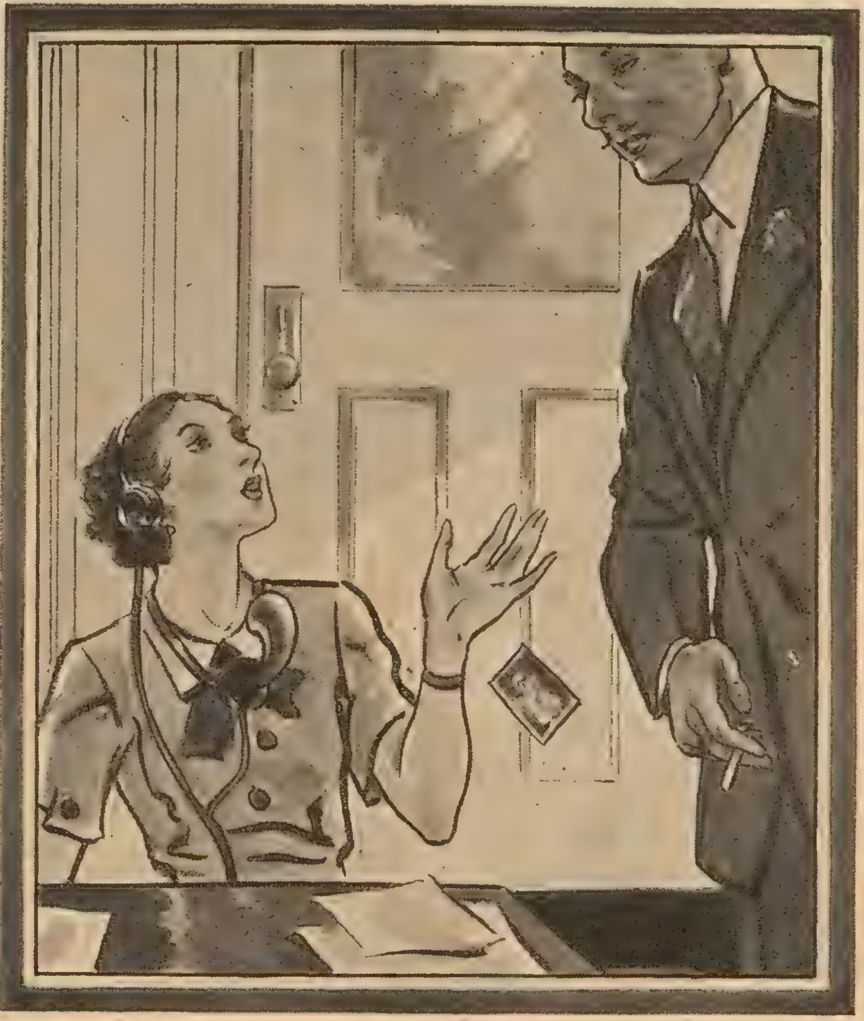
gratulated me and offered me a drink out of the preferred customers' bottle. I almost took it, I was that excited. He wants a report on the dinner as soon as he can get it. He even said something, rather vaguely, as usual when he talks about money, concerning a substantial raise, if things pan out."

Jessica got up on her knees on Aunt Harriet's sofa.

"Things will," she predicted breathlessly. "It is just like you said, isn't it? I mean like a story or a play. And I'll do everything in my power to make Mr. Bolton feel as benign and generous as a well fed baby. We'll have a thin soup, with chicken à la king—made with sherry, Peter. And alligator-pear salad—"

"I was thinking of steak and French-fries—"



"A man came along. She took one frightened look at him and dropped the picture."

"And pêche Melba for dessert. It isn't hard to make and it looks gorgeous. And coffee and brandy in the living room afterward. And cigarettes! We've only cheap ones in the flat. You get a box of gold-tipped—"

"They taste like a herring that's had a perfume bath," Peter warned her, "but I suppose you're right."

"Of course I'm right," Jessica said swiftly. "And don't talk about steak for a hot summer night. We don't want the man melting all over the place."

Peter nodded. They stared at each other in understanding silence for several moments while the small muted noises of traffic stole up from the street below.

"I love you so much, Jess," Peter said finally. "I wonder if all married people are as happy as we are?"

Jessica answered him slowly: "I love you too, Peter. I—I would do anything in the world to make you happy. And—and we're going to stay happily married—at any cost." . . .

The great Mr. Bolton arrived.

Peter Arundel was in such a dither of suppressed excitement that he had difficulty in finding the little black button which released the street door.

"Hi-yi!" he shouted toward the bedroom where Jessica was putting the final touches to her hair. "Hurry! Opportunity just knocked at the street door."

"I'll be there in a second," Jessica called back, and the thrill of a great moment was in her voice. "Open the front door and get out your glad hand."

PETER did his best. His greeting of the honored guest was a curious mixture of awe, hospitality, casualness, effusiveness, and hopefulness. He took the guest's expensive Panama hat and after depositing it on the hall table led the way into the living room.

Jessica was standing in the doorway.

She was dressed in white, a white that was soft to the eye and yet held to the line of the mode. Tiny red and black stars danced across it. Jessica looked very lovely, Peter thought. Even lovelier than usual. Then he stepped aside.

"Jessica," he said, "this is Mr. Bolton."

That very important person stepped out of the low intensity of the hall into the fuller light of the living-room doorway. A tiny black mustache arched its way over his full lips, now parted to reveal two rows of white gleaming teeth. His dark eyes were smiling. There was a carnation, a dark-red one, in the buttonhole of the light gabardine coat he was wearing.

He held out his hand.

"It is a pleasure to meet Mrs. Arundel," he declared softly. "Life is full of queer happenings, is it not?"

Peter laughed. "Oh, you mean picking up her picture that way?" Bolton laughed too. But his mirth was pitched in a lower, subtler key. He looked at Jessica.

"Of course," he said slowly, "that is what I mean."

Jessica held out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Bolton?" she said levelly. "It's warm, isn't it?"

"I am very warm," the important man said. "Warm and lucky."

Jessica withdrew her hand.

"How nice," she said steadily and led the way into the living room.

THEY sat down to dinner a little after seven. It was a wonderful meal. Jessica did herself proud. She had a woman in to serve. Peter did most of the talking for the family. Jessica was rather silent. Peter chided her about it—joked about it, rather.

"Perhaps Mrs. Arundel doesn't feel well," Bolton said politely.

Jessica held up her small chin and smiled calmly. "I feel perfectly fit," she said.

"You ought to have seen her that night I was telling you about in your office," Peter broke in, more to keep the conversation going than anything else. "You remember? The time the man tried to flirt with her on the bus?"

Jessica kept steadily at her chicken.

Mr. Bolton nodded.

"I remember," he assented. "But isn't that always the penalty of beauty? And—and, after all"—he seemed to study the plate before him for a moment—"is there anything so terrible about it? Of course," hastily, "I'm not trying to defend the man's method of approach. But perhaps his interest was more than that of a casual flirting male. Perhaps he saw in your wife something that he had sought all his life and never found. I can think of a dozen reasons that might make the man seem overeager, even crude."

"I can't," said Jessica evenly.

Bolton laughed. A musical note of friendly raillery. "I'm afraid Mrs. Arundel," he murmured, "is a bit old-fashioned."

Peter laughed too.

"I call her the Puritan," he said.

Bolton had a smile for that. He toyed with his fork. "As strange as it may seem," he said finally, "I think I can sympathize with Mrs. Arundel's unknown admirer. As a matter of fact I—er-r—heard of a case a few years ago that might bear on the subject. Would you like to hear about it?"

Peter answered. He said heartily, "Sure thing, Mr. Bolton."

Jessica kept her eyes on her plate. She raised them after a moment, as the guest apparently awaited her consent to speak. The guest of honor was looking at her. She looked steadily into his dark eager eyes.

"Certainly," she said quietly.

"It happened to a friend of mine," Bolton told them, fingering his crystal water tumbler that had been a wedding present from some member of Jessica's family. "The girl thought he was old, but as a matter of fact he was, ahem, practically a young man. An important man in a big business. The girl was married to a young man. I think—er-r—he was a salesman of some kind. At any rate my slightly older friend fell deeply in love with the girl."

"Hi-yi," said Peter, "the plot thickens! Remember I'm a salesman myself, Mr. Bolton."

"That makes it a coincidence, doesn't it?" the honored guest said lightly, but he was looking not at the speaker but at the speaker's wife. "But, as I was saying, my friend was a big man. He had numerous connections that would have done this young salesman a lot of good. In time it is quite likely that he might have made the young man a—er-r—rich man. Unfortunately—"

"—the virtuous young wife would have none of the dirty dastard," Peter put in boisterously. "That right?"

"Right," Bolton agreed smilingly. "Except that it was the sequel that made me bring the subject up."

"WHAT was the sequel?" Jessica asked.

"The not unusual one in this day and age," the guest told her. "The young man didn't turn out to be such a howling success as a salesman. Times got a little hard. Love in a cottage got a little difficult. The next step was divorce. The girl ended up as a clerk in a dress shop, modeling for a living."

"Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model, or The Perils of New York," chuckled Peter, and grinned at them.

It was a good dinner. Everything was going off swell.

"There are worse fates," said Jessica tranquilly.

"Perhaps," her guest conceded with a little wave of his beautifully manicured hand. "But I've often wondered if the girl, and the boy for that matter, wouldn't have been better off if the lady had not been quite so—er-r—hard-bitten about things. After all, my friend was a gentleman."

"You can't always tell from where you sit how your picture is going to look," Peter agreed diplomatically. After all, what difference did it make to the Arundels what Bolton thought?

"That—that is very interesting," Jessica said.

"I thought you would find it so," Mr. Bolton agreed with a soft smile, and went back to his food.

"But there isn't any connection between your friend and us," Peter pointed out. "After all, the guy never got around to putting any selling talk on Jessica."

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"Of course there isn't," the guest of honor assented smoothly. Then he bowed gallantly in the direction of his hostess. "Besides," he added politely, "I'm sure Mrs. Arundel is too smart a woman to ever end up as a dress model at twenty-five dollars a week."

But it was not until the little dinner party had adjourned to the living room, and Peter had pressed the brandy upon his smiling guest, that the whole thing began to assume storybook proportions.

Bolton brought it up himself. That seemed like an awful good omen to Peter. The guest of honor swung an elegantly booted foot and said:

"Really, Mrs. Arundel, I'm feeling entirely too comfortable for a man with a lot of business to bestow in the next few days, especially with a salesman in the room."

Peter laughed loudly at that. It seemed the thing to do.

"I suppose you know," Bolton went on, his dark face toward his hostess, "that this husband of yours has worked pretty hard to land my business."

"I've been the prize anteroom haunter, you mean," Peter corrected him shyly.

Bolton waved his cigarette indulgently. Jessica nodded. The guest of honor turned out a perfectly formed smoke ring and blew it gently toward the ceiling.

"I wonder, Mrs. Arundel," he went on with speculative pleasantness, "if you know what your—your charming hospitality might mean?"

"I think I do," said Jessica quietly and placed her demitasse carefully on the small table that had been a gift from Cousin Horace.

"I'll say she does," Peter assured him fervidly.

"We spend about two million dollars annually on fabricated steel," said the guest of honor softly through his smoke haze. "That is a nice little piece of business for these times. I happen to know that the man who secured the business for the company that now has the business, and who, in a sense, was supposed to control it, received a very handsome salary—fifteen thousand dollars a year as a matter of fact."

"Fifteen thousand a year!" gasped Peter.

"Fifteen thousand dollars a year," his guest repeated and kept swinging his foot lazily.

"Why, that's a fifth of what the President of the United States gets in a year!" Peter's calculation came in an awed whisper. "Why—why, it's a fortune!"

"Beautiful clothes. Travel. Servants. A place in the country. Clubs." Bolton pointed them all out with silky unconcern.

Jessica picked up her coffee and stared into it fixedly.

"OF course," the honored guest went on, "you children mustn't get the idea that I am trying to pose as a fairy godfather. We buy on price and quality and service. Naturally any company would be delighted to pay anybody that amount who could deliver that much business—and much more in good times—to them."

"Have another pony of brandy, Mr. Bolton," Peter invited eagerly. "Honest, Mr. Bolton, you take my breath away. Why—why—" His voice trailed away with the wonder of it.

The guest of honor accepted the liqueur.

"Of course," he pointed out, laughing, and stared at Jessica's small white-slippered feet, "you haven't got the business—yet."

Peter nodded. "I know," he admitted. "I'll just wake up in the morning and find out it's all a dream. You haven't been here at all. Or maybe I've fallen asleep in your waiting room."

"Not quite as bad as that," Bolton interjected, still smiling. "What I mean is—the thing is not settled." He lit a fresh cigarette from a match held out by Peter's eager, trembling fingers. He smoked in silence for several minutes. "Mrs.—Mrs. Arundel seems very subdued about the prospect," he added.

Peter laughed that off. Jessica was always like that. "But don't you think she isn't appreciative—that her blonde head isn't churning," he concluded. "That's right, isn't it, Jess?"

Jessica raised her eyes from the small cup in her steady slim fingers. Then she nodded.

"I haven't missed a bit of it," she said slowly.

"No husband in the world has a wife more interested in her husband's future than Jessica," Peter put in loyally.

"I'm sure of that," said the guest of honor through his gleaming teeth. Then he arose abruptly. "It has been a wonderful evening," he declared warmly. "I can't begin to thank you for inviting me and more or less subsidizing me with such splendid hospitality. But I must be going now. I have an appointment downtown at ten that I can't wiggle out of."

Peter arose hastily, Jessica more slowly.

Peter held out his hand.

"It—it's been just like a story," he blurted.

The guest of honor patted him on the back, and then turning to Jessica held out his hand.

Jessica took it.

"Good night, Mrs. Arundel, and thank you again. And," with a smile, "I hope you won't be bothered with flirting males. But if you are, remember that things are not always as bad as they seem. Remember the story of my friend."

"I will," said Jessica.

"My decision will not be made until Friday morning." The guest of honor spoke over his trim shoulder to Peter, but his eyes lingered upon his hostess. "Friday morning at eleven. I am expecting several important things to happen which may influence my decision. One of them is a telephone call. If I get it—"

"Here's hoping," Peter said fervidly.

"Here's hoping," said the guest of honor.

AT the usual time on Friday night, Peter walked into Aunt Harriet's living room.

Jessica was standing by the window staring down into the street. The light was dancing in her hair softly, like golden waves. Her capable brown fingers were playing with the ruffled edge of one of the curtains.

Peter spoke from the doorway. He said:

"When I didn't call you—after eleven o'clock—I suppose you knew—"

Jessica nodded.

"Yes," she said, "I knew."

"It went to the Amalgamated Fabricating people," Peter told her. "I—I guess the important telephone call that Bolton spoke about didn't turn out in our favor."

"Maybe—it never came," said Jessica.

She didn't look around.

"It—it didn't turn out like the story," Peter said. "I—I guess I was a pretty lousy salesman after all." He laughed unsteadily. "I'd have given anything in the world to have landed that piece of business."

Jessica swung around at that. What was left of the twilight came over her shoulder and lit the oval of her face.

"Anything, Peter?" she asked levelly.

"Anything but you." He told her that as he came across the room. When his big unhappy arms were around her, he laughed jerkily. "You know something, Jess?" he asked. "I got to thinking this afternoon. Suppose it was a story instead of real life. Suppose Bolton was the man that flirted with you on the bus. Suppose that was the reason for his interest, after he saw the snapshot. Suppose the—the telephone call he expected was to come from you. It's crazy, I know, but wouldn't it make a swell story?"

Jessica had a faint smile for the absurdity of it, but she had a question too.

"How would you end it?" she inquired in a careless voice.

"I hadn't thought about that." He fondled the gold that the half light was making of her hair. Finally he spoke. He said, "I think I'd have it so the husband never tumbled to the situation. Then nobody would be hurt, and even if the business was lost, the ending would still be happy. What do you think?"

Jessica brought her head up suddenly and her eyes were cloudless.

"I couldn't have worked out a better ending myself," she said.

THE END

Mirthful, Malicious, Meandering

Mr. Rogers—You'd Never Guess—Croons in His Newest Film; Small-Town Gossip Points a Moral in a Bitter Expose, and an Anatole France Classic Yields Some Moments of Gentle Charm

by BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ½ DOUBTING THOMAS

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers, Billie Burke, Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway, Frank Albertson, Gail Patrick, Helen Flint, Johnny Arthur, T. Roy Barnes, Frances Grant, Andrew Tombes, John Qualen, and others. Directed by David Butler. From the play by George Kelly.

GEORGE KELLY'S hit play, The Torch Bearers, supplies Will Rogers with his latest field for the usual antics. In this one Rogers is seen as a pork-sausage magnate whose wife, Billie Burke, is nibbled at by the stage bug. While Rogers is away at a sausage packers' convention—we didn't find out what one does there—his wife leaps at the opportunity which arises when the leading lady of the local amateur group is unable to perform.

Not only is Rogers in danger of losing his wife to the lure of the footlights, but his son, nicely played by Frank Albertson, finds himself in the same predicament when his girl is offered a role in the club play. With this setup, Doubting Thomas goes about its business in a raucous slapstick manner which produces as many funny situations as any Rogers film; but as a whole it is without body and emerges as no more than a tenuous but engaging collection of high-spirited horseplay.

In Doubting Thomas, Rogers does not completely dominate the screen as is his wont. David Butler, possibly the surest of Hollywood's directors of homespun humor, has guided the picture with unrestrained gusto, and rather than striving for characterization has pointed the film for the sequence in which the amateur group presents its play. All the business of forgotten lines, miscues, false entrances, and those stumbles called, inelegantly but accurately, pratt-falls are used to the utmost in a generally successful attempt for laughs.

Rogers is shunted to the side lines for the greater part of this sequence, while Miss Burke, Alison Skipworth, and Sterling Holloway enjoy an actor's holiday. However, in getting his revenge on these folk, the Oklahoma Oracle is shown in an imitation crooner number his fans will like.

Billie Burke and Will Rogers in a scene from Doubting Thomas, raucous and full of high-spirited horseplay.

Not up to the standard of Judge Priest or State Fair, Doubting Thomas is as enjoyable as it is unimportant.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Torch Bearers—from which Doubting Thomas—got a cool welcome after its opening Monday night, August 14, 1922, in the Savoy Theater, Asbury Park, New Jersey. Undaunted, new playwright George Kelly and still newer theatrical producers Bert French and Rosalie Stewart dragged it to their leased Vanderbilt Theater, New York City, and cleaned up. Royalties still pour in. The Samuel French Company, which deals with amateur rights to plays, places it near the top of all others produced in the last fifteen years as a money-maker. There are nearly 25,000 little-theater organizations in the United States. Many authors receive more from amateur than from professional showing, inasmuch as twenty-five to seventy-five dollars a performance is charged the little theater and there have been as high as 2,000 of them presenting the same play within the same week. . . . Playwright George Kelly is brother to Virginia Judge Walter Kelly and Olympic sculler Jack Kelly. Got playwrighting training in vodvil. Has received Pulitzer prize and made a fortune. . . . Will Rogers does a burlesque dance for the first time herein. It's a satire on Tarzan character as portrayed by Hollywood's leopard-loined muscle actors. He also dons wig and knickers and impersonates what he claims to be the only crooner who was allowed to reach middle age. Only director, cameraman, sound engineer, with the necessary electricians needed on the light bridges over the sets, were allowed to witness this crooning episode, Rogers going coy suddenly. Always has enjoyed an audience, being best (and most in demand) after-dinner speaker in the world. Rogers never answers the phone; and only because his two sons and daughter Mary were missing movie dates was one installed in his home. He maintains a Beverly Hills office where a secretary takes all messages. You can always wire him, however. During making of D. T., Rogers made two trips to New York, Chicago, and Washington, much to the nervous distraction of director David Butler. On the first trip the studio received its first information about his flight when he sent a wire from Seligman, Arizona. He is the first person visitors ask to see at Movietone City. If you're prominent enough he'll lunch and gag you at the Fox Café de Paree. For Doubting Thomas he wears regulation shoes instead of usual Congress gaiters, a fresh pressed suit (the brown one), a hair trim, and a four-in-hand necktie instead of the string bow. Rogers always sits in, in selecting his supporting cast. Has personally selected five of his nineteen Fox pictures. . . . Alison Skipworth and Andrew Tombes (what a name for a comic!) are among the largest set of first-magnitude comedians in any recent production. Alison created role of Mrs. Pampinelli in original Torch

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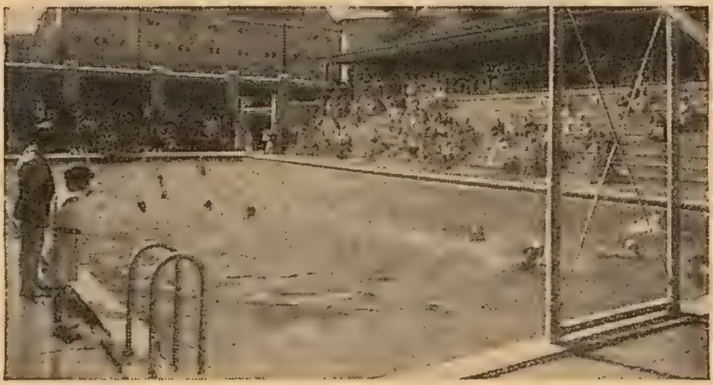

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Bearers. She and Mary Boland, who did the role Billie Burke is playing in the picture, are the only people of original B'way cast now in Hollywood.

★ ★ PARTY WIRE

THE PLAYERS: Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Helen Lowell, Charley Grapewin, Robert Allen, Clara Blandick, Geneva Mitchell, Maude Eburne, Matt McHugh. Directed by Erle Kenton. Story by Bruce Manning and Vera Caspary.

ONE of the great dangers of putting bores and unpleasant people on the screen is that they are quite likely to annoy the audience in exact ratio to the accuracy of their reproduction. For instance, in Party Wire, Columbia's bitter little exposé of small-town gossips, the major portion of the cast busies itself gathering information by eavesdropping on the telephone. And while in its collective playing the cast is uniformly realistic, the reaction to their malicious tongue wagging is the same in the picture as it would be in life.

Jean Arthur and Charley Grapewin, her gregarious hard-drinking father, are the only people in the village of Rockridge not addicted to the habit of cutting in on party-line calls. Quite naturally, then, they serve as the target for those in on the often cockeyed news. When Grapewin threatens a young man, guilty only of a bookkeeping error, with shotgun justice, the villagers, with that avidity for sex news typical of strait-laced folk, assume that his daughter has been a "bad" girl.

Fired from her job, an outcast in her home town, Miss Arthur further inflames the townspeople by snatching Victor Jory, the village's most eligible bachelor. The richest man in the county, Jory goes about getting revenge for the maligned maiden by moving his dairy business and bank account.

With Miss Arthur giving an effective portrayal as the victim of gossip, the film thoroughly succeeds in exploiting its moral—which is, we assume, that no one should have a party-line telephone. This does not mean, however, that we urge you to go out of your way to see the picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: Usually Broadway starts actresses toward fame, but Jean Arthur started as a two-reel custard recipient, graduated to horse-opery prima-donnaing, and then crashed Broadway so she could return to Hollywood to make good. Her ability is unquestioned but her luck has been spotty. Now under Columbia contract, she has made five pictures and may yet go places. She was born in New York City of Norwegian descent. Wanted to be a tight-rope walker, later a foreign-language teacher, but wound up as a photographer's model. A magazine cover of herself got her to Hollywood. She'd never been on a horse when called on to play in Westerns. She's married to Frank Ross, Jr., a New York realtor. He commutes by plane. She finishes each production by baking a cake for the cast and crew (no kidding!). She has ten goldfish, each of them named after a character she has played. After Party Wire, Victor Jory gave her a big plump blackstriper—promptly christened Marge. . . . Born in Dawson City, Alaska's, gold rush, Victor Jory's first ambition was to develop cauliflower ears. Was once light-heavyweight champ of British Columbia, but didn't get his lobes mashed. Has been gold-fields mascot, a boy on the flying trapeze with circuses, a vodvillian, a playwright. Mother was first newspaperwoman in Alaska and his dad brought first horses in. . . . Twenty years ago director Oscar Apfel was directing Brewster's Millions and ex-office-boy bit actor Erle Kenton had to let flowerpots and vases fall on him. Today the position is reversed. Ex-director bit actor Apfel had to beg a bit of director Erle Kenton in this picture. Such is life! . . . Now hang on for this news sent me by cockroachback: Geneva Mitchell was the original

Po-Go Girl of the Ziegfeld Follies. Geneva's of Medarysville, Indiana, and had a stern small-town upbringing. . . . Charley Grapewin claims he dropped $8,000,000 in the crash, and instead of ricocheting off a roof or eying the strychnine bottle, Charley laid plans for a new career: the movies. Is of Xenia, Ohio. He is a fifteen years' vodvil vet, playing his own act, The Awakening of Mr. Pipp, in every town of over 3,000 pop in America. Always avoided B'way because he loved the small towns. Manipulated the market as a side line. . . . Helen Lowell dropped her surname of Robb to protect the pride of a severely New England family opposed to Thespis. Made good as Miss Hazey in Mrs. Wiggs, which she played for seven and a half years around the turn of the century. Can play 'em from aristocratic dames to drunken hags. . . . Clara Blandick was born aboard her father's ship in the harbor of Hong Kong, . . . Maude Eburne came to Hollywood because she wanted to be a lady—sick of being kitchen cast of B'way plays.

★ ½ CHASING YESTERDAY

THE PLAYERS: Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley, Elizabeth Patterson, John Qualen, Trent Durkin, Etienne Giradot, Doris Lloyd, Hilda Vaughn. Directed by George Nichols, Jr. Story by Anatole France.

CHASING YESTERDAY is a nebulous and thoroughly wholesome bit of movie fare which wanders about in a harmless and occasionally charming manner. Lacking vitality and suspense, the picture meanders gently through its plot, with O. P. Heggie doing reels of mooning over a lost sweetheart of his youth.

Taken from Anatole France's novel, The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard, this movie translation is much too timid for any actual scenes of crime, but contents itself with showing Heggie's paternal affection for Anne Shirley, who won't surprise you a bit by turning out to be the daughter of Heggie's lost sweetheart.

The Golden Legend, a lost volume (he loses everything, this man) dearly cherished by Heggie, sneaks into this scenario, and when both the book and the thief are discovered, Chasing Yesterday comes to its climax. This unpretentious film is the kind that gives the censors a restful night. You might try it as a mild soporific.

VITAL STATISTICS: Anatole France (Jacques Anatole Thibault) was born in 1844. He wrote The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard in 1881. He died at eighty in 1924, author of forty-one books and three plays. . . . Anne Shirley is sixteen and has been earning her family's income since fourteen months. She was once Dawn O'Day; borrowed Anne Shirley from the part she did in Anne of Green Gables. Still studies high-school subjects between shots, conforming with California laws. Has a Scotty named Angel Cake; was born in New York City; learned to sculp for her part in Chasing Yesterday; doesn't own or drive a car; cherishes a huge collection of dolls given her by famous stars with whom she has appeared; lives in a small ap't with her mother. Whitey is a cat not yet given screen credit. He can jump from a platform, meow, play dead, roll over, follow a person, and be sprayed with a compressed-air gun (to make his fur stand on end) on request. He recently got a contract for $150 a week—the first cat in the world to get such. . . . O. P. Heggie, born in Australia, wanted to be a rancher. His father wanted him to be a lawyer. O. P. became an actor. Made his stage debut in Sydney, Aussieland, in play called A Message from Mars. Came to America in Shaw's Captain Brassbound's Conversion, playing opposite Ellen Terry. Has stayed in this country most of his life. . . . Helen Westley retired after her stage debut for twelve years to rear her dotter. Thought she was through, but came back to succor newborn Theatre Guild into blooming box-office life. Has left for the East to appear in last Guild play of year. Will vacation at her Eastern farm at Brunswick, New Jersey, where she will visit her child, now married. . . . Elizabeth Patterson is of Savannah, Tennessee, which is thirty miles from a railroad station. Nevertheless she is Paris educated. Never saw but one play, Richard III, before graduating from finishing school. . . . Picture cost about $200,000, rights to book being purchased from France estate. . . . John Qualen is of Elgin, Illinois, Northwestern U., and Vancouver, B. C., but of Norwegian descent. He has several kids; is very neatly married. . . . Trent Durkin used to be Junior Durkin; is seventeen; was Huck Finn to Jackie Coogan's Tom Sawyer; eats his broccoli and spinach like a grownup; has a Scotty; hopes to own his own racing stable.

COMMENT

With 1935 at its halfway mark, this seems as good a time as any for a few random notes on the cinema year so far. To us, the most interesting thing about the current season has been its lack of a "cycle." There have been plenty of excellent films—possibly a better average than ever before—but each of the outstanding hits has been of distinct mold. Musicals, adventure films, and even those items called society plays have been spaced with a nice regard for one another and the theaters have not been cluttered up with too many imitations of the big successes.

From a standpoint of courage and awareness of new and vital fields for dramatization, Walter Wanger's Private Worlds and Warners' censor-harried Black Fury mark Hollywood's highest attainments of the new year. Warners, with that curious knack they have for getting to the heart of the headliners, should be proud to offer Black Fury as another scene in the American panorama along with Public Enemy and Fugitive from a Chain Gang.

With Lives of a Bengal Lancer and Clive of India lighting the way, the studios are doing everything possible to show colonial Englishmen as the brave and honorable gentlemen they no doubt were. But possibly some of you have been wondering why we never see the natives' side of these land-grabbing activities. That will never happen until the Afghans and Indians have as many theaters as the English. So, for the next few years at least, audiences will have to agree that it is a fine thing for imperialistic nations to exploit and kill uncivilized people, and that it is something less than cricket for the natives to defend their homes by any means possible.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★ — Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid.

"I've heard
JAVA
INDIA
MOROCCO"

Thrill to the sensational foreign reception thousands and thousands of Philco owners are reporting! Strange melodies from Java—weird Hindu chants from India—pulse-stirring desert songs from Morocco—and dozens of other fascinating programs from the far-flung corners of the earth!

The powerful Philco 16X, installed with a Philco All-wave Aerial, gives you delightful new entertainment from all over the world. For here is the greatest distance-getting combination in all radio history!

This amazing aerial is specially engineered to pull in the faintest signal from thousands of miles away and to reduce to a minimum, man-made static and local electrical interference. The tremendous power of the Philco 16X amplifies the programs to enjoyable volume, free from noise.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the 16X or one of the many other Philcos, installed with a Philco All-wave Aerial. Also, have him explain how this aerial improves reception on any short-wave radio.

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BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

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HOME RADIOS . $20 TO $600
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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

How the U. S. Can

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IN the summer of 1914 I went to Europe on a special mission for President Wilson, in the hope of averting the World War. I talked to Emperor William and to my old friend the late Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Minister of Great Britain. Both were very sympathetic. But the cards were stacked against us. Events overtook our efforts. My journey was fruitless.

A similar mission would probably not be fruitless today. Franklin D. Roosevelt may have opportunities greater than Woodrow Wilson's to maintain the peace of the world.

The President's path would be easier if the United States had grasped the opportunity for international co-operation offered by the World Court. Now, as in Wilson's day, a majority of the Senate and of the people was favorable to some such action, but it was thwarted by an aggressive minority suspicious of Europe's intentions. Approval of the World Court was lost by default. The administration leaders were too sure of their victory to exert the last ounce of pressure necessary.

If we joined the World Court, a host of problems irritating public opinion in the United States as well as in Europe could be settled judicially. This would not dispose of all the world's troubles, but it would make our path a little easier. However, whether or not we join the League of Nations or the World Court, the United States must adopt an international policy. We must define our attitude toward all world problems, because nothing can happen anywhere in the world without affecting us. The only question is whether our policy is to be *active* or is to be *passive*.

At no time in my memory has there been such interest in ways and means to prevent war as now, nor has there ever been such widespread movement in favor of peace. If the United States actively takes the present tide of sentiment at the flood, the whole world will be swept on to peace. Now is the time to lay down the lines along which men of good will in all nations must co-ordinate their efforts to prevent another cataclysm.

The roots from which the evil flower of war grows are difficult to extract completely. Man is a belligerent animal. He not only fights unnecessarily, but he exalts and worships the most successful fighter. His heroes are first of all military men; then, in lesser degree, athletes and men of brawn. Nor is this attitude entirely blameworthy. The man who is worth his while stands up and defends himself and his dependents, regardless of bodily consequences. He has the moral strength to proclaim what is right, and the physical courage to die for it if he must. Fighting qualities are necessary to uphold a great race.

Marshal Foch once said: "I am pacific, not a pacifist." This phrase probably reflects the attitude of an overwhelming majority of the American people. War may be the ultimate resort in some situations. But we can reduce the possible causes and we can educate public opinion until swords will sit less lightly in their scabbards and national leaders will not dare draw them.

It has been shown recently how munition makers in nearly all countries promote nationalistic sentiment. The conscienceless methods by which they have gone about their work are beyond ordinary human understanding. Selling high-power guns, battleships, and airplanes to one government, and then using the fact to frighten its neighbors or fancied enemies into believing they were to be the object of attack and should arm, has been a common practice. A realization of this infamous propaganda has swelled the sails of peace sentiment in every country.

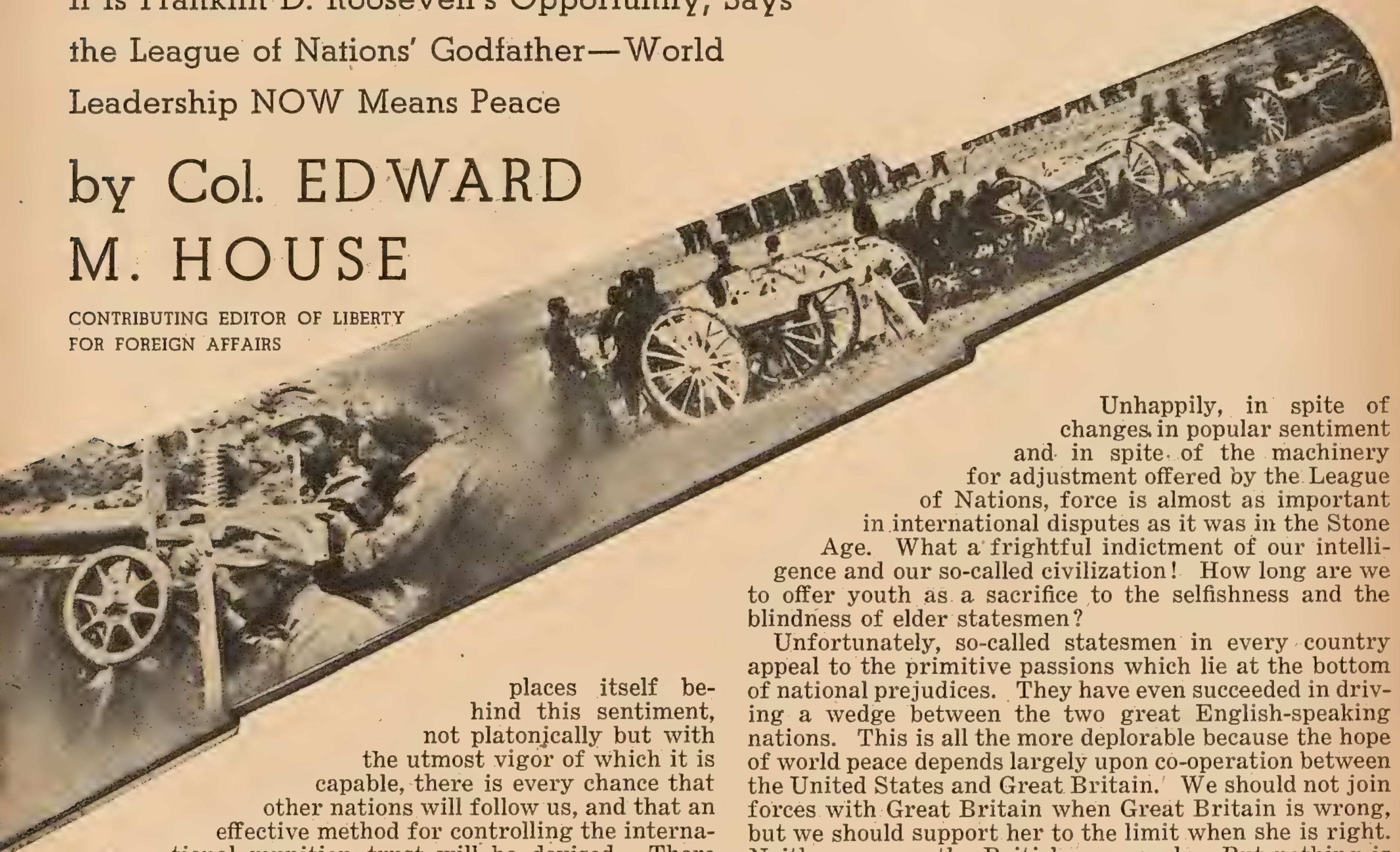
If the United States

Prevent Another War

It Is Franklin D. Roosevelt's Opportunity, Says the League of Nations' Godfather—World Leadership NOW Means Peace

by Col. EDWARD M. HOUSE

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF LIBERTY
FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS



places itself behind this sentiment, not platonically but with the utmost vigor of which it is capable, there is every chance that other nations will follow us, and that an effective method for controlling the international munition trust will be devised. There was a short time when the United States held world leadership as a champion of new ideals in the relationship between nations. If we seize the moment we may reassume this role forfeited in the chaos that followed the breakdown of President Wilson.

I sometimes think the Persians were right when they enunciated the doctrine that Ormuzd and Ahriman, the deities of good and evil, hold equal sway over the world. It may be the function of man in the universe to tip the scales in favor of Ormuzd. Woodrow Wilson did. Roosevelt can, if he will bring to bear upon foreign relations the same dynamic qualities which characterize his domestic policies.

But, say some, Wilson failed. I do not think so. His battle was not in vain. The League of Nations will be his monument when his enemies are forgotten. The enemies of the World Court and the League of Nations exploit the prejudice against them existing among some of our people to represent them as poor instruments to further international co-operation. It is perfectly true that the League of Nations has disappointed some of our hopes. I myself, as one of its godfathers, freely admit its faults. But these faults are largely due to the fact that the United States, which forced the League on the world, refused to take its seat in its Council.

Many events would have taken a different course if the moral and physical force of the United States had been squarely behind Mr. Wilson's creation. Many events would take a different course if the United States were to join the League even now. In spite of inadequacies and difficulties, the League of Nations has scored again and again. I need only refer to the decision regarding the Saar and, on the heels of it, the handling of the Yugoslav-Hungarian dispute. Both settlements were convincing arguments that such controversies could be met without resort to war.

Unhappily, in spite of changes in popular sentiment and in spite of the machinery for adjustment offered by the League of Nations, force is almost as important in international disputes as it was in the Stone Age. What a frightful indictment of our intelligence and our so-called civilization! How long are we to offer youth as a sacrifice to the selfishness and the blindness of elder statesmen?

Unfortunately, so-called statesmen in every country appeal to the primitive passions which lie at the bottom of national prejudices. They have even succeeded in driving a wedge between the two great English-speaking nations. This is all the more deplorable because the hope of world peace depends largely upon co-operation between the United States and Great Britain. We should not join forces with Great Britain when Great Britain is wrong, but we should support her to the limit when she is right. Neither we nor the British are angels. But nothing is gained by exaggerating each other's faults.

The propaganda against Great Britain in the United States, and the propaganda against the United States in Great Britain, have produced a tension unfavorable to co-operation. Many British writers and public men, including several members of the government at London, are singularly unfair to the United States. They rate our intelligence and integrity low and make no effort to disguise their opinion.

Our British enemies may give us credit for building up the richest and most powerful country in history, but they choose to regard us as a nation of mongrels consisting of an ignorant mass of whites poured into one melting pot from the lowest classes of Europe, with millions of blacks.

THERE are citizens of the United States who are as deeply prejudiced against the English as, with some notable exceptions, the English are against us. Looking at England with distorted vision, they see a race which not long ago was the most envied in the world but is now beginning to run downhill. They picture the crumbling of the British Empire. They see Australia and Canada disintegrating from the Empire and taking their own place among the Great Powers.

What are the facts?

America, waxing strong from the blood of many lands, has achieved a maturity somewhat different from the promise of its youth. England is evolving from an Empire into a Commonwealth of Nations. Both English-baiters in America and American-baiters in England maliciously exaggerate certain phenomena accompanying the process of growth and change. Superpatriots in each country attempt to inculcate among their own following a false sense of superiority.

The hostility thus created is augmented materially by

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES

Comm. EDWARD ELLSBERG, U.S.N.R.

Mired in the ooze of the ocean's floor! A close shave off Provincetown, Dec., 1927.

"Of all the close shaves I've ever had —the only ones that I can call pleasant are those I get from Colgate's small bubble lather!"
Comm. Edward Ellsberg

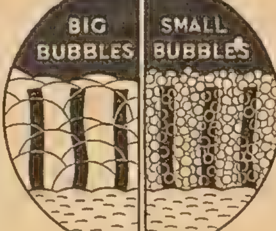
Here's a Close Shave You'll Really Enjoy

. . . because Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream soaks beards soft at the base!

DON'T put up with four o'clock stubble just because your face is too tender for a close shave in the morning! Try Colgate's—and get a comfortable shave that lasts all day!

Most lathers are made of big bubbles, full of air. Shaving close is painful—because the beard isn't softened clear to the base, where your razor works!

Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream lather is made of *small* bubbles—millions of them, fairly dripping with moisture. They strip off the oily coat that makes bristles hard to cut —soak each one *soft* clear down to the skin-line. Shaves last hours longer—but there's no smart —no burn.



The diagrams show why small bubbles soften beards better—why Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream gives smoother, easier shaves that last longer. Get a tube—and really *enjoy* a close shave tomorrow!

Big bubbles hold air, instead of water, against the beard. Small bubbles, full of moisture, soak each whisker soft, clear down to the base.

Look for the big blue package

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

the unliquidated heritage of the World War, including the war debts. When the World War grew to be general, and was conducted on an unprecedented scale, few realized that the adjustments that would have to be made could not be governed by the old rules of the game. There was no peace precedent to guide us when we made the peace treaties of Versailles and St. Germain. The Paris Conference attempted to make a peace treaty upon the old punitive lines of "woe to the vanquished." The result was something of a failure. Most intelligent observers who had a share in making the treaty admit this.

We now try to straighten out the tangle on a better and higher plane. But we cannot succeed unless we drive the scandalmonger and the troublemaker from the temple of public and private life. Let us cultivate tolerance. If we can live pleasantly with those with whom we are in daily contact, with all kinds of problems to solve, why should it be impossible to get along with people living far away with whom one's contacts are slight? If the United States, with its conglomeration of races, including a large *bloc* of Negroes, can maintain domestic peace, why cannot other nations, dwelling side by side in Europe, follow the same path in spite of conflicting racial and economic interests?

Is this thought utopian? I think not. So great was the destruction of life in the last war, and so devastating the aftermath, that the determined demand for an era of peace is becoming articulate through the world, especially in the United States and Great Britain. No matter what those directing governments wish, the ordinary man desires peace. This fact is beginning to trickle into official ears.

When war in Central Europe seemed only a matter of hours, the League of Nations stopped it with but little effort. This would not have been possible a few years ago. We are becoming enlightened: nothing that can be gained by war seems worth while.

With all the talk and bluster, the world may stumble into but does not want war. Nations are afraid of it as never before. It is no longer a question of which is the stronger, or who will win. The winner is about as certain to lose as his defeated opponent. Leaders of governments know that revolution is pending nearly everywhere. War, win or lose, will precipitate it.

The people of the world wish their economic burdens lifted. They want to live in peace and happiness. They are patient and ask merely for the opportunity, and they know this cannot come through wars, which bring further disasters.

This, I reiterate, is America's chance to assume world leadership. We can focus and bind together this mighty force and make it an irresistible instrument for peace. We can promote the movement for a higher and better form of society than one organized for war. But the world will drift into war unless America makes clear that it is willing to cooperate actively with all nations eager to maintain peace.

To the argument that active participation in world affairs will involve us in war, my answer is that if we use discretion and wisdom it will give us peace. Properly exerted, our tremendous man power and resources can give to our diplomatic efforts the potent touch needed to persuade other nations that there are better ways to adjust our differences than by force. We shall not be alone in this undertaking. Light will penetrate many of the heretofore dark places, and we can link shields with sufficient human strength to make certain that any *demand* made by us for the settlement of international disputes by peace rather than by war will be equivalent to a *mandate*.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What does P.P.C. on a visiting card mean?

2—When will the next President of the United States be inaugurated?

3—What is Russia's unfunded indebtedness to the United States?

4—What is the difference between a synonym and an antonym?

5—Who was the first woman judge of a state Supreme Court?

6—What is the duty on dogs imported into the United States?

7—How many people did the Dornier DO-X carry when it flew over Lake Constance, Switzerland, October 21, 1929?

8—What is the West Point of Canada?

9—Referring to the flag, when is it a color, standard, ensign?

10—What states still retain flogging as a punishment for certain crimes?

11—What ruling king succeeded his own son as ruler of his country?

12—What is Flag Day in the United States?

13—What is the difference between void and voidable?

14—How did Ottawa become the capital of Canada?

15—What is the plural of proboscis?

16—In what legislative body are the members privileged to sit with their hats on but must remove them when they rise to speak?

17—What is the capital of Bolivia?

18—How many islands really comprise the so-called Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence?

19—What is the plural of a tailor's goose?

20—Who said "He that is down needs fear no fall; he that is low, no pride"?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

Hot nights ...hot dawns... hot days*

SUMMER, 1934

By Philip Kerby

Nights so hot that even low-hanging stars seemed like jagged points of blue flame. Official shade temperatures rose from 116° to 124°.

These long summer days and nights provided the supreme test for any refrigerator. Frigidaire, with the Super Freezer, which even on the hottest days kept food safely and provided a never-ending flow of ice cubes, met successfully this most gruelling test of heat.

How her snow-white Frigidaire, with the Super Freezer, performed during the sweltering days and nights of last summer was graphically described by Mrs. D. H. Patterson, prominent citrus ranch owner, who said, "After using two other makes of electric refrigerators, we decided to purchase a Frigidaire '34—and find that it fulfills all needs in supplying plenty of ice and refrigeration in this extremely hot climate. We simply would not be without it."

Stories of satisfactory experiences with the Frigidaire Super Freezer came from owners everywhere in the heat belt. They were enthusiastic in their praise of the Super Freezer and its efficiency

NOW IN ITS FOURTH MILLION

YES, THE FRIGIDAIRE SUPER FREEZER

KEEPS FOOD SAFER AND FREEZES MORE ICE...EVEN IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER

When you buy an electric refrigerator, it is vitally important to know its ability to produce dependable refrigeration on the hottest days. When temperatures soar to summer heights, ordinary refrigeration is not enough.

Only the Frigidaire '35 has the Super Freezer. It gives an entirely new idea of cold-producing ability. It freezes more ice, keeps food safer and provides a greater refrigeration service.

Within every Frigidaire cabinet there's the right kind of cold for every purpose. There's fast freezing for making ice cubes, extra cold storage for keeping a reserve supply of ice cubes, frozen storage for meats, moist storage for vegetables and fruits, and normal storage under 50° for foods requiring dry, frosty cold.

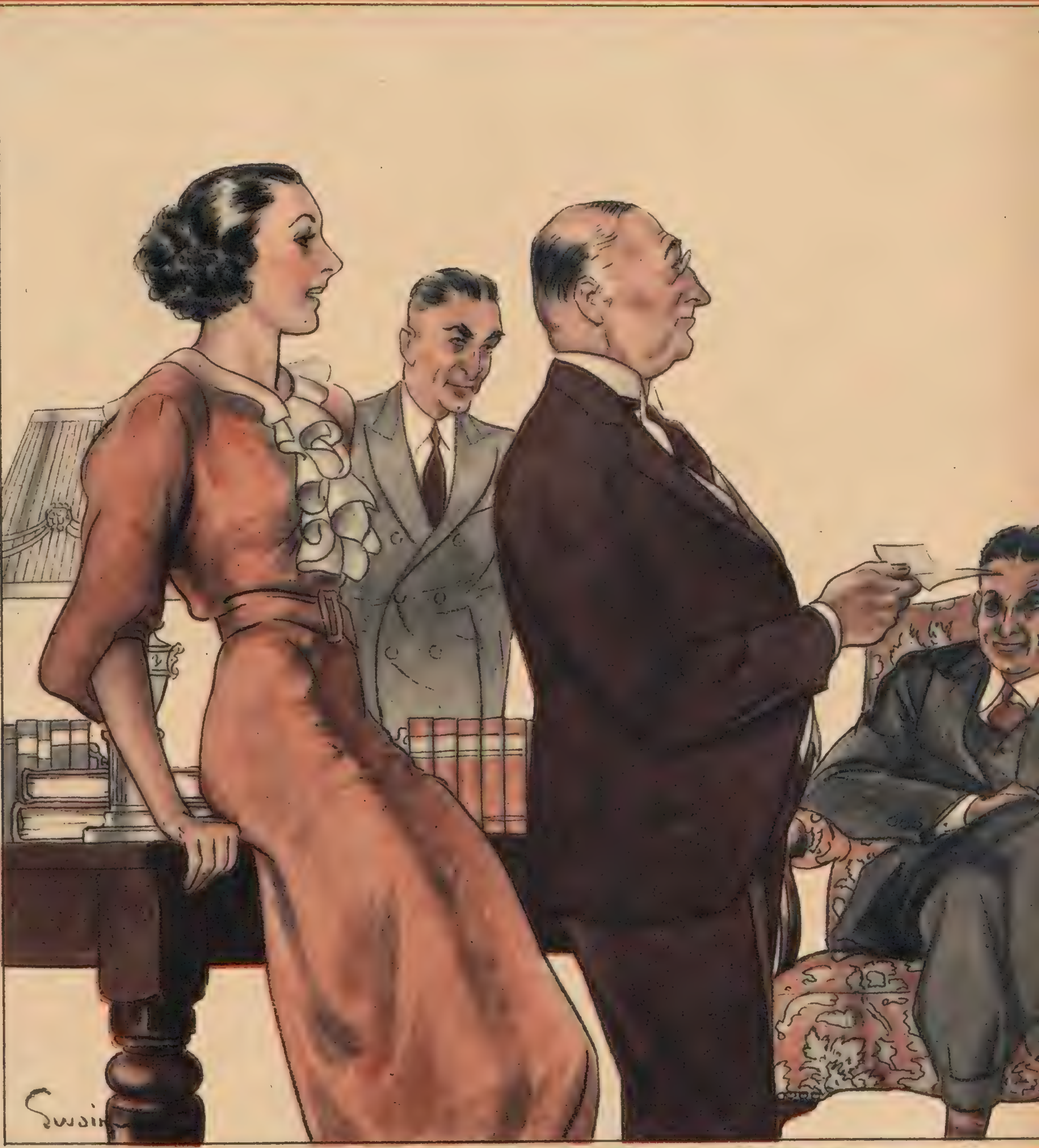
And conveniences! A light flashes on when the door is opened . . . ice trays slide out at the touch of a finger . . . the motor starts automatically when defrosting is completed . . . there's more shelf space for tall bottles. These are just a few.

Before you buy a refrigerator, you owe it to yourself to learn the tremendous difference between the Frigidaire '35 and other refrigerators—not only in the service it renders, but also in its low cost of operation. And with all its advantages, you will be amazed to find that the Frigidaire does not cost any more. Go to the nearest Frigidaire showroom and get the facts for yourself.

FRIGIDAIRE '35

The General Motors Refrigerator

**This story was obtained in one of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, according to U. S. Weather Bureau statistics.*



● The presentation was all very solemn and Bullock huffed and puffed.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

IRENE THE STUBBORN GIRL

Pearls and Peril, and a Yearning Heart's Gentle Havoc . . . Now New Excitements and Complications Arrive in the Year's Most Buoyant Tale of Love and Laughter

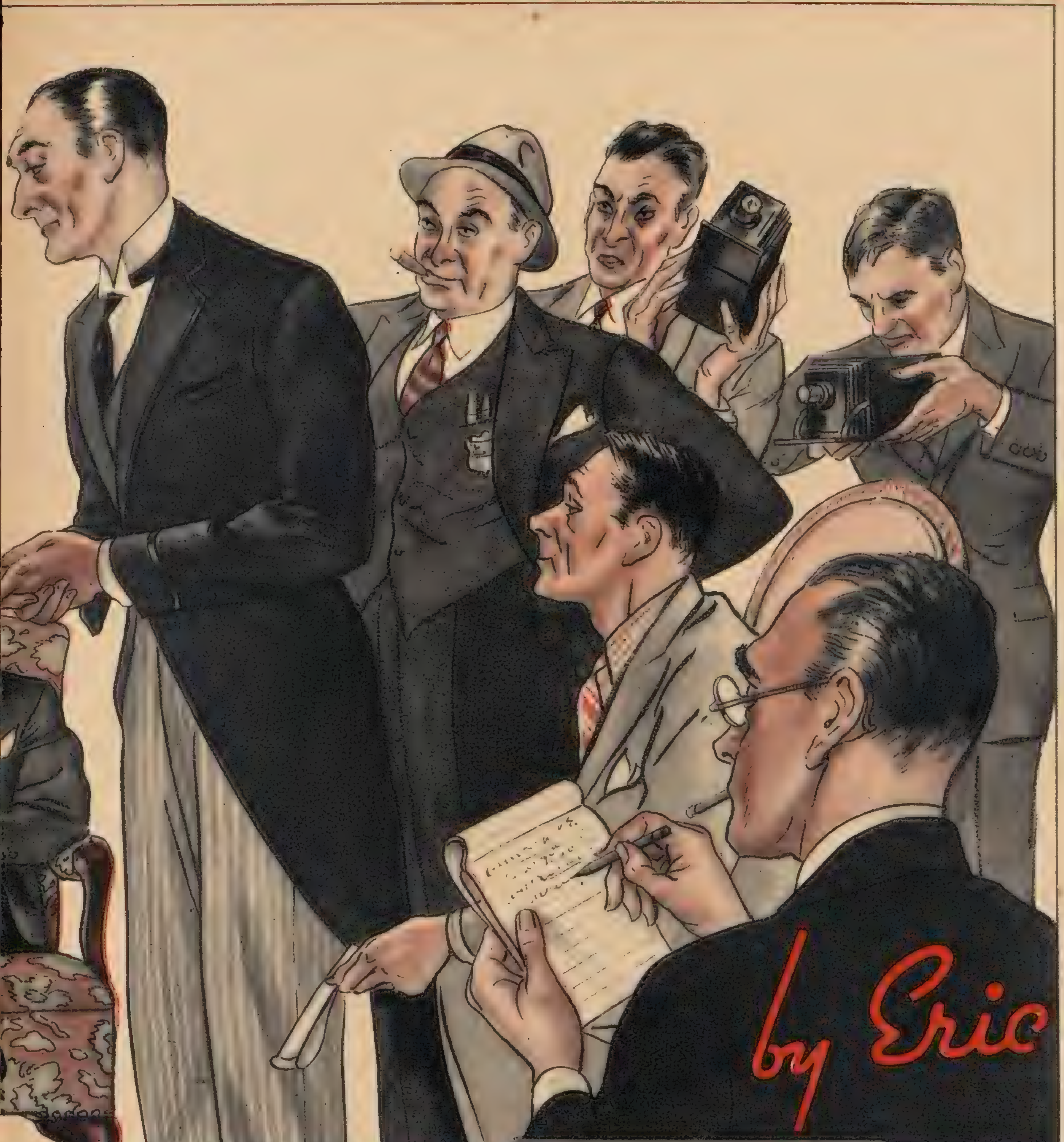
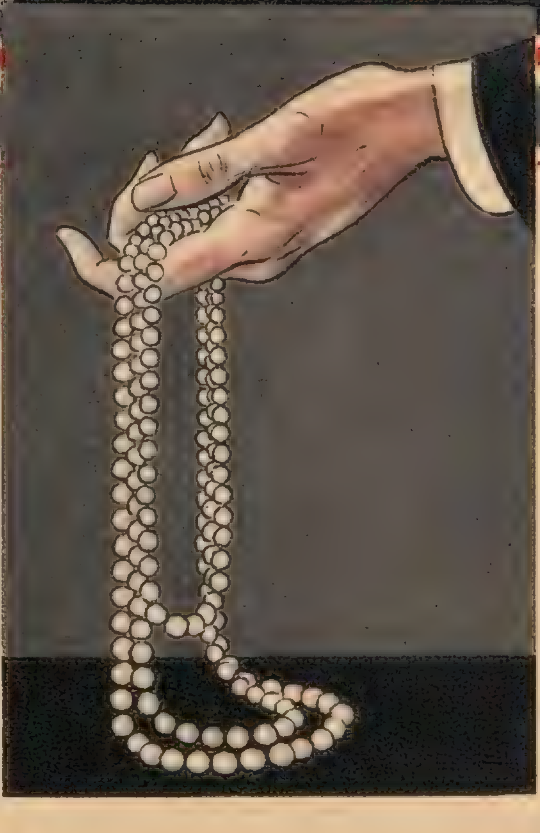


Illustration by FRANK SWAIN

by Eric Hatch



PART THREE—"LADY, KEEP IT CLEAN"

"WHY should I be under arrest?" Godfrey inquired.

"I just hoid de lady say you needed de dough. Der's our motive—an' you always gotta have a motive," the detective assured him.

"You're talking through your horrible hat."

The detective ignored this.

"Will you come along quiet?"

"No," said Godfrey; "I won't come at all."

"Put that in your hat and smoke it," said Irene.

Joe the detective gave her a queer look. He was accustomed to bulldozing butlers, but it seemed to him that if he wasn't careful this huge female might start bulldozing him, and that didn't look like much fun. Furthermore, he couldn't understand this last remark of hers at all and he felt he was losing caste by it somehow; so he said, "Keep it clean, lady, keep it clean!"

"Keep what clean?"

"Just you keep it clean."

Irene turned to Godfrey:

"Do you think that he's a little queer in the head?"

Godfrey inspected the detective and nodded.

"I think he is. Are you a little queer in the head?" he asked. "I mean, do you have fainting spells or ringing in the ears or anything like that?"

All of this was greeted in silence; but it was obvious that Irene and Godfrey were scoring heavily. The pace was beginning to tell.

"You know," said Godfrey, "he doesn't look at all well, I don't think."

"You t'ought wrong," said Joe belligerently.

The three of them filed out of the pantry. . . .

Dinner that evening was eaten in a loud silence. Godfrey served coffee in the living room in the same silence. Then, a few minutes after he'd returned to his pantry, the bell rang. The indicator showed Bullock wanted him in his study; so he took with him a stiff brandy-and-soda on a silver tray. Bullock, who was sitting slouched in a big leather chair, looked up at him in grateful surprise.

"Oh, thanks!" he said. "How did you know that was what I wanted?"

"I thought it was what you needed, sir, what with your trouble and everything."

"What do you mean, my trouble?"

"Well, sir"—here Godfrey drew his bow blind—"with conditions as they are at the bank, sir, it seems to me a great many people might suspect you had, shall we say, hypothecated the jewelry yourself."

He laughed.

"Of course that would be a silly thing to do—but you know how people are."

Bullock took a long sip of the brandy-and-soda.

"Be a silly thing to do indeed!"

"You know, sir, if I had, shall we say, hypothecated those jewels under those circumstances, I think I'd return them pretty damn quickly, sir."

"Just how," said Bullock, "would you go about returning them?" Then he suddenly seemed to realize he was talking to his butler. "What the devil do you mean, talking to me this way?" Another thought struck him. "You're not a Department of Justice man, are you?"

"No," said Godfrey. "I'm as represented—a forgotten man. In my own way I'm trying to keep you from being one too, sir."

BULLOCK went white in the face.

"You mean you really know"—he spoke very slowly—"that I did—what we were talking about a moment ago?"

"I didn't *know* it until now," said Godfrey, "but I was pretty damned sure of it."

"How would you suggest returning the things?"

Godfrey had this all worked out.

"If I were in your position, sir, I would offer a sizable reward—a reward big enough to get a little publicity; it would bolster your credit. Then I would simply have some trusted person find them, and have a little ceremony, with the press and photographers and things, showing the great banker magnificently rewarding the restorer of his wife's pearl necklace."

"By gad, you're right!" said Bullock. He sat up straight now, once again the executive. "Look here, Godfrey. *You* find them—in the back of the town car. I give you the check and then later on you give me the check back and I give you another check for a suitable amount, eh?"

"The more checks you give me the better I'll like it, sir. Are they in the back of the town car?"

Bullock laughed.

"They are not! I believe in leaving things in accessible places. They're shoved into Mrs. Bullock's mattress."

"Oh," said Godfrey. He tried not to smile, and found it hard, because several thoughts had occurred to him at the same time that made him want terribly to smile.

He said, "We'll telephone the advertisement of the reward to the papers tonight; I would suggest the Gazette, sir, and the Star. Then you get the jewels, and tomorrow when you come home from the bank I'll find them in the back of the limousine."

"Town car!" said Bullock.

"Yes, sir," said Godfrey.

"How big d'you think the reward should be?"

"The bigger it sounds the better the effect on the creditors, sir. I should suggest five thousand."

"Make it ten!" said Bullock, waving a fat hand. "It costs me no more and sounds so much better! Call the papers, Godfrey. Have it announced. You're a nice loyal fella—take you into the bank some day!"

"Not while I'm conscious," said Godfrey under his breath, and crossed to the telephone, where in a splendid butler voice he gave the Gazette and the Star the official announcement of the reward.

WHEN it was done, Bullock sank back in his chair.

"You seem like a nice fella," he said. "In fact I think you're the only person in this damned marble house who understands about things. How about you and me having a brandy-and-soda together?"

"You wish a brandy-and-soda, sir?"

"*No!*" said Bullock. "I want to drink one with you!"

Godfrey took the glass, bowed, and left the room to refill it; but before he refilled it he took a certain precaution. He went very quietly to Angelica Bullock's mattress and took from beneath it one of Alexander Bullock's silk handkerchiefs, which he knew was worth, with contents of the moment, a tremendous amount of money. He thought this was good strategy, and he thought too that he could laugh even harder now if ever he had to go back to that packing-box house. . . .

In the morning Godfrey, almost with fear, took Bullock's coffee to him in the dining room. As soon as his head popped through the door, Bullock roared at him, "It's gone!"

Godfrey snapped his fingers in a gee-I-forgot-to-tell-you gesture and smiled.

"I meant to inform you, sir," he said, "as a matter of precaution, just in case you shouldn't be able to get to them, I took them myself last night."

Bullock's emotions mingled anger and relief. He sighed.

"Should have told me, Godfrey. You don't know what I've been through! Where are they now?"

"I took a sporting chance, sir. They're in the back of the town car. I'll find them there when I tuck the old Battle—" He caught himself just in time. "When I send madam off for shopping, sir."

Bullock beamed at him. That is, he beamed as well as he could, which was about the way the sun beams through a wet cloud. Bullock, at heart, was not a beamer.

"Clever," he said. "Then people will see you find them, and they'll know the reward is real and not just a publicity stunt to make credit."

"That's just what I'm hoping," said Godfrey.

For just a second Bullock eyed him queerly. There

WHAT HAS

Engaged in the new high-society pastime of a "scavenger hunt," Irene and Cornelia Bullock, escorted by Faithful George, the latter's adorer, go to the tramps' jungle city in New York to find a "forgotten man" demanded by the game. Triumphantly, Irene brings back a specimen who calls himself Godfrey, wins the prize, and induces her mother, Angelica Bullock, to hire him as their butler.

Things begin to happen. Molly, the maid, discovers Godfrey and Irene holding hands over the breakfast he has served her in bed. Irene seems to be smitten.

Very soon the new butler gathers that Mr. Bullock's bank is due for a scandal; he also realizes the scandal of Mrs. Bullock two-timing her husband with a foreign gigolo called Carlo.

To add to the complications in this crazy household, was something just a little off in the way Godfrey had said this. He passed over it.

"Things not as bad at the bank as you think," he said, his old bravado coming back to him. "News looks much better today. Everything may turn out fine. Was afraid I might need financing for sixty or ninety days."

When he reached the front door, Godfrey was standing, coat held out for him, every inch the perfect butler.

"We shall probably phone you a little after eleven, sir. I would suggest the ceremony with the press take place this afternoon."

Bullock nodded and put on his coat.

"Would you mind, sir," said Godfrey. "If I went under the name of, say, Henry Judkins?"

"Why not under your own name? Why—" He stopped, studied him carefully. Presently he said, "Jailbird, eh?"

"Or what have you," said Godfrey. He bowed. "At the moment, sir, fellow conspirator."

Bullock winced. Then, flinging over his shoulder, "Call yourself James A. Farley, for all I care!" he went out to his car. Godfrey, smiling softly to himself, watched him go. Then, feeling the need of a little friendly companionship, he went to the pantry, got Irene's breakfast tray, and took it up to her.

He handed her the tray and closed the windows. Then he sat himself down in a chair near the bed.

"How's the suspect this fine bright morning?" she said. It was raining pitchforks.

"The suspect," he answered, "this fine bright morning happens to be exceedingly fond of you."

She started as though he'd hit her, spilled coffee all over her tray, and seemed to be on the point of climbing out of bed to get at him. He motioned her back.

"Not that way," he said. "Like a brother."

"Oh, hell!" said Irene. "I thought you'd given in." She sighed and straightened the coffeecup.

"I'M going to tell you something," Godfrey began. "Your mother's pearls are going to be found this morning. I'm going to find them in the back of the town car when I shove her off for the marts of trade at eleven. They weren't really stolen at all—just borrowed; and the person who borrowed them thinks it's better to return them."

"So you did take them! I'm sorry, Godfrey. Of course it isn't that I mind your—borrowing—them, but I'm sorry you lied to me. It hurts—here."

With that, Irene pointed grandly to where she thought her heart was. The fact that she pointed to her liver instead is of no importance. Godfrey went over and sat on the foot of the bed. Then, to her surprise, he took her hand and looked deep into her eyes.

"Irene," he said, "I didn't lie to you. I wouldn't. Things—nasty things—may come up about me, and I wouldn't want to lose the only friend I've got in the world because she believed them." The eyes swam.

"And this afternoon I want you to make Cornelia and your mother call me Henry Judkins."

Irene shook her head and blinked.

"You don't get it," said Godfrey.

Godfrey explained about the offered reward, and told her that morning it was more or less blazoned in the newspapers, and he told her that already reporters, photographers, and what not had been telephoning. Irene finished her ample breakfast while he talked. Then she said, "Who swiped 'em—father?"

Godfrey said nothing.

"NATURALLY he did; but don't think I don't think it's splendid of you to be loyal, Godfrey. Can I come down and watch you find them? I could cry out or something."

Godfrey ignored this.

"Your father," he said, "is having a pretty tough time right now. Did you know that?"

"He's had a pretty tough time ever since he married ma and had us," said Irene.

"I didn't mean it that way. I meant at the bank."

"Is it busted?"

"Not yet."

Irene shoved the tray to the foot of the bed, lay back luxuriantly on her silk pillows and stretched.

"When it does," she said, "and we're all broke and can't live here any more or anything, you'll take care of me, won't you, Godfrey?"

"How on earth could I?"

"You could," said Irene, "if you wanted to. We could hire out as a couple: 'Upstairs maid and butler, willing, competent, ree-fined.' And I know you get along swell with upstairs maids, so there wouldn't be any trouble about that; don't you think so?"

"No," said Godfrey. "You'll help me about the Henry Judkins business, though, won't you?"

Irene shook her head. "Not unless you'll promise to take care of me when we're all broke and can't live here any more or anything and I'm out on the—"

"*Yes!*" he said savagely, and went to the door. As he opened it he heard Irene laughing. He turned to glare at her. She was just swinging a leg over the gunwale of the bed, so to speak. He looked away quickly, because he knew perfectly well she'd just done that to embarrass him. . . .

The discovery of the jewels in the back seat of the town car took place promptly as per schedule at eleven. Not only were the reporters on hand, still storming the house in a vain effort to get an interview with Angelica Bullock, but the insurance man and Joe the detective had also opportunely arrived for the morning's questioning.

As Godfrey reached quickly behind Mrs. Bullock, and she squealed appreciatively, and then he hauled out the necklace, the reporters cheered. Joe the detective's mouth dropped open in surprised disgust. The insurance man heaved a long vast sigh of relief.

"Madam," said Godfrey, "your pearls."

Mrs. Bullock beamed on everybody, wrapped the pearls around her neck, and said, "You can say that I said I'm very glad Godfrey is to receive the reward. He is a most *devoted* servant."

The reporters looked curiously at one another, nodding solemnly as they scribbled. Mrs. Bullock said, "Drive on, Humphrey," the chauffeur rasped the gears, started with a terrific jerk, and the car went off.

The reporters and Joe now devoted their exclusive attention to Godfrey. He didn't care for it, so he inched his way toward the open front door, popped into the house, and swiftly closed the door behind him.

However, since Joe the detective was hammering on the glass of the door so violently Godfrey was afraid it might break, he put the chain on it and opened it a crack. Joe promptly stuck his face in the opening.

"When did you put dose poils dere?"

Godfrey, perfectly certain he wouldn't be believed, said, "Last night."

"Come clean," said Joe, sticking his rather long nose as far as possible through the opening. "We got it on you now, I guess. We run down dem poils pretty quick, I guess. Still, I'll split wit' you on it."

GONE BEFORE

Irene comes home tight one night, and Godfrey has to put her to bed after warding off her advances. Finally, to stop her nonsense, he picks her up and puts her under the shower, clothes and all. Irene squeals her protest, and he desists. However, Godfrey likes her a lot and tells her she's a swell sport.

Next morning the priceless pearls of Mrs. Angelica Bullock are missing. Of course, the mysterious butler is suspected. But the only thing that upsets Irene is that Godfrey seems to be fond of the maid!

Insurance men and detectives are sent for. Under questioning, Godfrey admits to a prison record.

"You're under arrest," says Joe, the hard-boiled dick, "for de t'eft of de famous Bullock boils!"

"Theft of what?" echoes Godfrey.

"De Bullock poils," laughs the detective.

With a little pouncing motion Godfrey grabbed the intruding nose between thumb and forefinger and tweaked it roundly. Joe the detective emitted a yelp. Godfrey said, "Cheap skate! Trying to chisel in on me!"

As the detective withdrew, completely routed, Godfrey closed the door again, locked it, and took his way upstairs. Here he met Cornelia jittering her way along the hall in peignoir and anger. She looked at him curiously.

"You know," she said, "I don't believe you're really a butler at all!"

Godfrey smiled.

"Your maid," he said, "told me yesterday she thought I was the pawn of an international gang of crooks."

"Are you?" said Cornelia, interested. "You wouldn't annoy me half as much if you were. At *least* you'd be something to talk about."

Godfrey couldn't resist it. Besides, he was pretty sure it would come out anyway. He said, "I *have* a prison record."

This was the last thing Cornelia had expected this man to say. She shrank away from him, the way little girls shrink away from large strangers.

"I'm supposed to be homicidal," Godfrey said calmly. Cornelia's education apparently hadn't gone as far as the h's, for she looked at him blankly. He raised his hands, talon fashion, at the same time widening his eyes and glaring.

"A *killer!*"

Cornelia shrank farther.

"I shall report it to the police!" she said.

Godfrey smiled—good-naturedly this time.

"Why? They're supposed to know it already, and if they don't know it you're only going to get some stupid filing clerk into trouble. I told them so myself yesterday, but they let it pass." He stiffened. His face was tightened into bitter lines.

"I've paid my debt to the state!" he said. "They charged me so many years of my life for the chance I had of killing somebody who should have been killed! I owe—no one—anything!"

Cornelia stood quite still, staring at him, for some time. Presently she turned about and, speaking to him over her shoulder, said, "You can bring my breakfast to me in the breakfast room, Godfrey. I'd like to talk to you."

With that she was off. Then quite suddenly a voice behind him, evidently coming from the bottom of the stairway, called:

"You have breakfast with her and I'll gawdamn well strangle her!"

Godfrey closed his eyes. He was afraid that if he left them open he'd see Irene sweep past, probably having forgotten her negligee and undoubtedly swinging a lariat.

HE served the breakfast decorously and withdrew to the living room. While he fiddled around, the telephone rang. Bullock, speaking in jubilant voice:

"Hello, Godfrey? Boys from the newspapers are here—tell me you found the pearls this morning. Splendid! Fine!" Then, though Godfrey hadn't yet spoken a word, "Don't be silly; of *course* I'm paying you the reward. Ten thousand? Ten thousand is nothing to the sentimental value I place on getting those particular pearls back. We'll be up at the house in about an hour. See if you can reach Mrs. Bullock. I want her there for it."

Godfrey hung up the receiver. A smile began spreading over his face.

Then the smile vanished. He had remembered that not only Mrs. Bullock but her husband had both called him Godfrey within hearing of the reporters. There were several reasons why he didn't care for this. One was that if the newspapers murmured it around that a mysterious buttling person known only by the name of Godfrey had suddenly been handed a check for ten thousand dollars, he was perfectly certain the Cow Shed's front door would in a few days resemble a cross between a bread line and the mess hall of a certain Massachusetts state prison. The fact that his picture had undoubtedly been snapped that morning made this certain.

He sat down on the sofa and began trying to think of ways out. Suddenly he lifted the telephone and called Bullock's insurance company.

"Mr. Bullock's butler speaking," he said. "I wish to talk with a detective in your employ named Joe."

A moment later a voice said, "So it's wise guy, eh?"

"Look here," Godfrey said softly. "It happens to be worth half a G to me not to have any pictures of me that were shot this morning come out in the papers—to have 'em confiscated and not to have any taken of me an hour from now when Bullock pays the reward."

"Half a G's not enough. Make it a G an' it's oke."

"You kid yourself. I'll make it half a G and a century."

"O. K., pal. But when do I get paid?"

"When I see the proof of your work."

"You mean de proofs of de pictures?"

"Proofs of the pictures in your hat!" said Godfrey. "When I see the plates or films or whatever it is they use. *And* when they don't get any pictures *now*. You've got an hour, boy—and that's all you've got. Hop it!"

"Yes, sir," said Joe, and hung up.

THE presentation ceremony was all very solemn. Bullock huffed and puffed and made a little speech that sounded as though he were reading a scroll.

The only relieving factors in the situation were Irene, who laughed every time Godfrey was called Henry Judkins, and Joe the detective, who kept getting between the cameramen and Godfrey in the most accidental-appearing way whenever they started to take his picture.

Godfrey made a little speech of acceptance; explained to the reporters how he happened to go by two different names, and knew none of them believed him; and then, as the reporters were shooed into Bullock's den to be refreshed, Joe called him out into the hall. "Got 'em!" said Joe, and reaching in his pocket pulled out several photographic negatives.

"Ah!" said Godfrey, reaching for them. Joe shook his head.

"When I get paid you gets 'em."

"Come to the back door tomorrow morning—after I've seen the papers."

"O. K., sir," said Joe.

Godfrey nodded to Joe and went into the library, where the female Bullocks were sitting about.

"Madam," he said, "might I be excused from serving luncheon today?"

"Why, *Godfrey!*" It was such an unheard-of request that Angelica Bullock didn't know just how to take it. Godfrey went on:

"You see, madam, after all those things Mr. Bullock said, and the publicity and everything, I'm a little upset. I—I think I'd like to take a walk, if I might, madam."

Cornelia looked at him sharply through half-closed eyes. Irene lumbered out of her chair and said, "I'll go with you. We can lunch at the Tavern in the park."

"*Irene!*" said Angelica Bullock.

Irene caught Godfrey's eye. He was shaking his head and muttering "Ixnay, ixnay, ixnay" under his breath. "Oh, well, I suppose he *can* take care of himself." She shrugged her shoulders.

"Thank you, madam," said Godfrey, and withdrew.

Mrs. Bullock took a short sharp breath and said, "Well, I must say our Godfrey is acting *very* queerly about this."

Cornelia yawned aloud and stretched.

"Of course, ma, you knew he'd been to prison, didn't you?"

"Beentoprison?" The way Angelica Bullock said this made it sound like "Ouch!"

Irene, who had relapsed into her chair again as soon as Godfrey left the room, stared blankly at her sister. Her eyes were of course glazed, but under the glaze and around the edges of her mouth there was a look of hurt incredulity.

"Yes," said Cornelia. She stretched again and yawned boredly. "He told me so this morning."

"You're lying!" said Irene.

"No," said Cornelia; "I happen not to be." One more yawn and she got up. "Well, I'm lunching out. I've got to get rushing now." She laughed a nasty laugh and turned to her sister. "If *I* was a jailbird and had a ten-thousand-dollar certified check in *my* pants pocket you wouldn't see my handsome face around *this* dump again." She paused, trying to fill the pause with languidness, for effect. "He wanted to go for a *walk!*" A trilling laugh now. "*That's* the funniest one I ever heard!"

With that she completed her exit. Irene stared glassily after her.

"Oh!" said Angelica Bullock, thinking about herself, "to think that this man should do this thing! This—this person! Ten—oh, dear, and we *do* need the money so badly now!" She rose to her feet, said, "Well, that's the last we'll see of *that* one!" and started to leave the room.

She got as far as the doorway. Then she stopped. She stopped suddenly, because Godfrey happened to be entering the room through the doorway just at that particular moment.

Now, faced with the villain in the piece, she found she didn't dare confront him with his perfidy, so she simply said, "Going out, Godfrey?"

"Yes, madam."

She shook her finger at him coyly. "Be careful you don't lose that check, now!"

Godfrey laughed.

"Of course, madam; but, after all, since it's made out to me, it couldn't be much use to any one else."

"Umph!" said Mrs. Bullock. "I never thought of that."

"If you'll excuse me now, madam—"

He started toward the door.

IRENE followed him. At the head of the stairs she reached out a long arm and caught his coat tail. Naturally he stopped and turned.

"If you're bolting the course," she said, "I'll go with you if you'd like."

He looked at her long and intently. Her eyes, for the first time since he'd known her, were clear and deep and seemed to have human intelligence in them. Godfrey smiled at her a little crookedly and there was an odd look in his eyes now, with at least a trace of the look Adam must have given his lady shortly before certain eviction proceedings took place.

Irene saw this and gasped softly. Then she realized Godfrey, who had taken her hand, was slowly shaking his head.

"I'm not going to bolt the course," he said; "but thanks, lady."

"You know, don't you, that I mean it?"

"I know."

He stepped beside her, and swiftly, for the third time since they'd met, he kissed her. Then he quickly 'bout-faced and hurried down the stairway muttering to himself:

"Damn that girl—can't stand her round—does something funny to me all the time—brought up badly, I guess—no sense of what's right and what's wrong. What the hell business has she got offering to jump ship with me on ten thousand smackers? Ten thousand smackers wouldn't dress that lovely body of hers for a year, let alone feed two people for a lifetime; yet the damned fool's willing to—"

He slammed on his hat and went out into the street.

He walked on quickly through the bright afternoon sunshine. In a downtown subway express, he began rehearsing in his mind the things he was going to say to the man he was going to see:

"BEEN a long time, old man, hasn't it? No, I haven't changed much, have I—considering?" That "considering" would embarrass this man a good deal and he would sputter and make funny noises and look out of the window as though he hadn't heard. Then he, Godfrey, would go on: "Of course you realize all this must be considered absolutely confidential." And the man would say, "Of course, of course," and think about his wife in the Fifth Avenue apartment and his mistress in the Park Avenue one, and wonder which one of them really most deserved the new kolinsky coat he'd be able to afford to give one of them as a result of what might be about to happen.

Godfrey got out of the subway car, passed through the absurdly prison-like turnstile of the Wall and Broadway exit, climbed the stairs, and found himself looking down the long and narrow street.

He walked for a few minutes with the same determined stride he'd used when he left the Cow Shed, and headed for the subway. Presently he turned into a huge building, and went to study the big board that told the room numbers of the firms in the building who still dared let their room numbers be told. He ran his finger down the list until he found the name he wanted, then he sought an elevator.

The car stopped at the thirtieth floor. He was going to the fortieth, but he thought awfully hard about getting out at this first stop of its sky riding. His nerve was leaving him. Then he remembered the way Irene had looked at him and had asked him if he was bolting the course and had offered to go along, and he shut his teeth.

"The hell with it!" he said. "I promised I would, didn't I?"

Laconically, the elevator man, who was used to mutterings in his car, looked at him and shrugged.

"How should *I* know?" he said.

Godfrey, somewhat after the manner of Irene, frankly looked at him and said, "Well, I did. So that's that!"

The car stopped at the fortieth floor and Godfrey stepped out of it.

What is taking Godfrey on that mysterious errand to the fortieth floor of the downtown skyscraper? There's something startling in the wind, that's sure. Read the next still more surprising installment in Liberty for the answer.

SHE:
"You certainly are serving grand drinks these days, did a rich uncle leave you his cellar?"
HE:
"Not at all, Jane. It's Shipping Port, and it costs practically nothing."

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If you prefer Rye, ask for Wolf Creek, a fine Maryland straight Rye whiskey.

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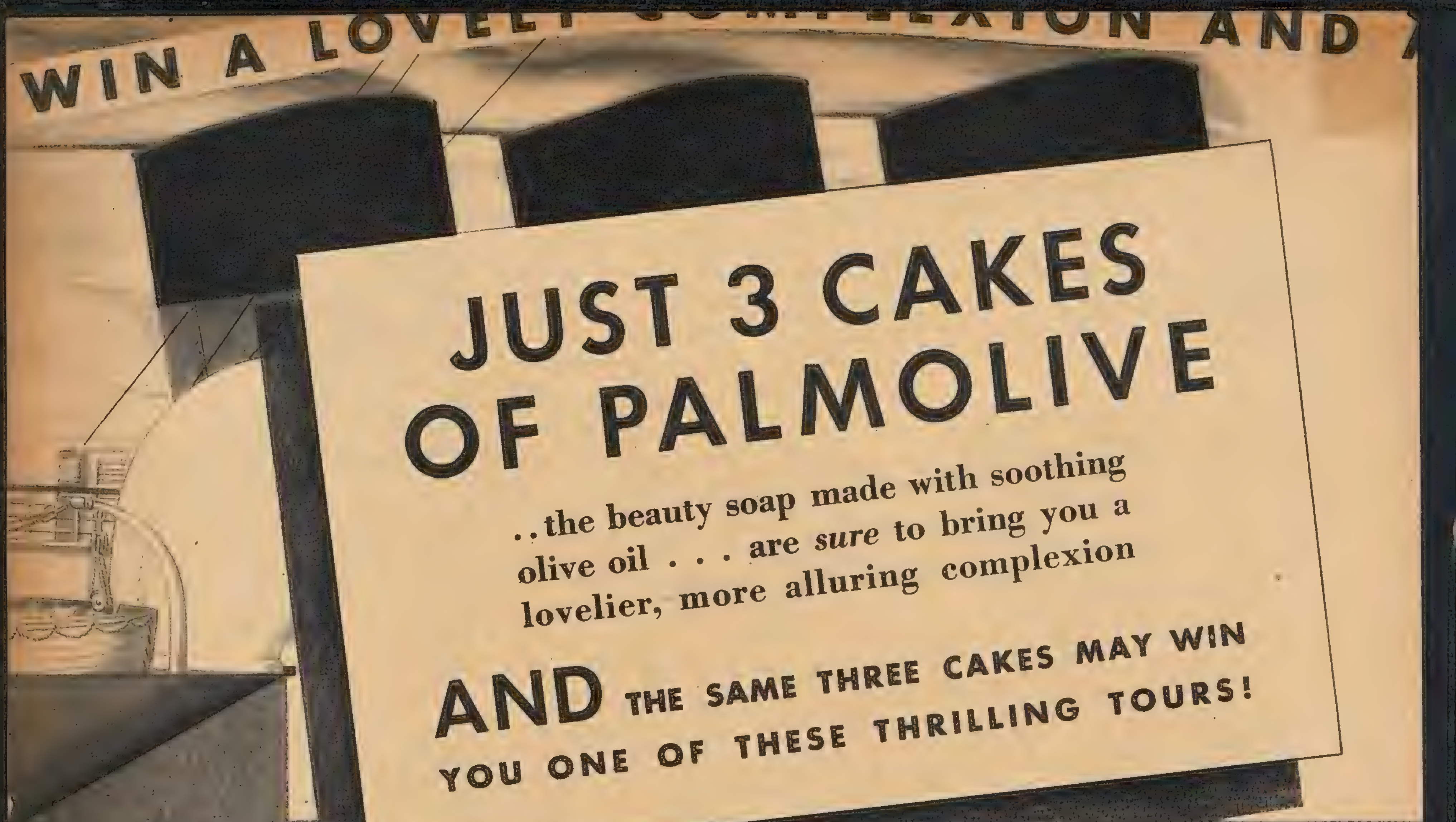
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AT LAST! A contest in which you just can't lose! A contest so simple that you may *easily* win a trip that will be the most thrilling experience of your life! And you are *certain* to win the most precious prize of all—the glamour and allure of a soft, smooth, *youthful* skin!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just write us a short, simple letter, accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies) . . . That's all you need do to enter this thrilling Palmolive contest.

Get your three cakes of Palmolive today. Try it . . . and see how this marvelous beauty soap will give *your* skin the thrilling loveliness that every man adores!

Every night and morning use this simple 2-minute beauty treatment . . . Massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather thoroughly into your skin. See how gently, but deeply, it cleanses your pores . . . Then rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Watch your skin grow lovelier, more radiant, day by day! Even before the third cake is gone . . . see what a marvelous improvement Palmolive has made in your skin!

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Why does Palmolive do such wonders for your skin? Because Palmolive, unlike other soaps, is made from precious cosmetic oils . . . a scientific blend of soothing olive and palm oils . . . used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time to keep skin exquisitely soft and smooth!

That is why Beauty Experts the world over say: "Use only Palmolive for daily complexion care." And that is why millions of women the world over use a prefer Palmolive Soap!

HERE ARE THE DETAILS

A contest so simple—so easy! you do is tell us in your own wo *"Why I use and prefer Palmo Soap."* You don't need to be clev Just write as to a friend. (Cont rules explain how easy it is.)

There are 20 first prizes . . . chances to win, *entirely at our pense,* a glorious 34-day tour seven European countries. (Or you prefer, $1,000 in cash . about *half* what such a tour wo

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UROPE

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nners of the 20 first prizes will on the palatial new "Nordie", pride of the French Line, the world's largest, newest p. Leaves New York July 31, res September 2.

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representative of the Colgate-molive-Peet Company (makers Palmolive Soap) will accom- the winners throughout the re tour.

hat a glorious, care-free vaca- And you have every chance in world to win it! So be sure to e that letter today!

A LETTER AS SIMPLE AS THIS CAN WIN!

"First of all, I prefer Palmolive because of all the olive oil that goes into the making of every cake. I am sure it is just for that reason that my skin is so much softer and smoother than before I used Palmolive.

"Then, I've learned by actual experience that no other soap cleanses my skin so thoroughly, or keeps my complexion so clear and free from blemishes. I honestly think Palmolive is wonderful, and I'm not a bit surprised to hear that it is the world's largest-selling beauty soap."

1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

In addition to the 20 European tours (or $1,000 cash in place of each trip), there are 1,000 other prizes . . . For women, Beauty Boxes, containing creams, powder, lipstick and of course Palmolive Soap . . . everything you need to keep you lovely and well-groomed. For/ men, attractive Palmolive Shaving Kits.

CONTEST RULES

(Clip and save for reference.)

1. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and their families).

2. Write a letter of 100 words, or less, telling "Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap." Print your full name and address, and the name of the dealer from whom you bought your Palmolive Soap.

3. All letters will be judged on their clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write as if you were writing to a friend. Simple, easy-to-write letters will win the prizes! (You may submit as many letters as you wish.)

4. Each letter you submit must be accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. L-5, Jersey City, New Jersey.

5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.

6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., Nat'l Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; and Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. All entries become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

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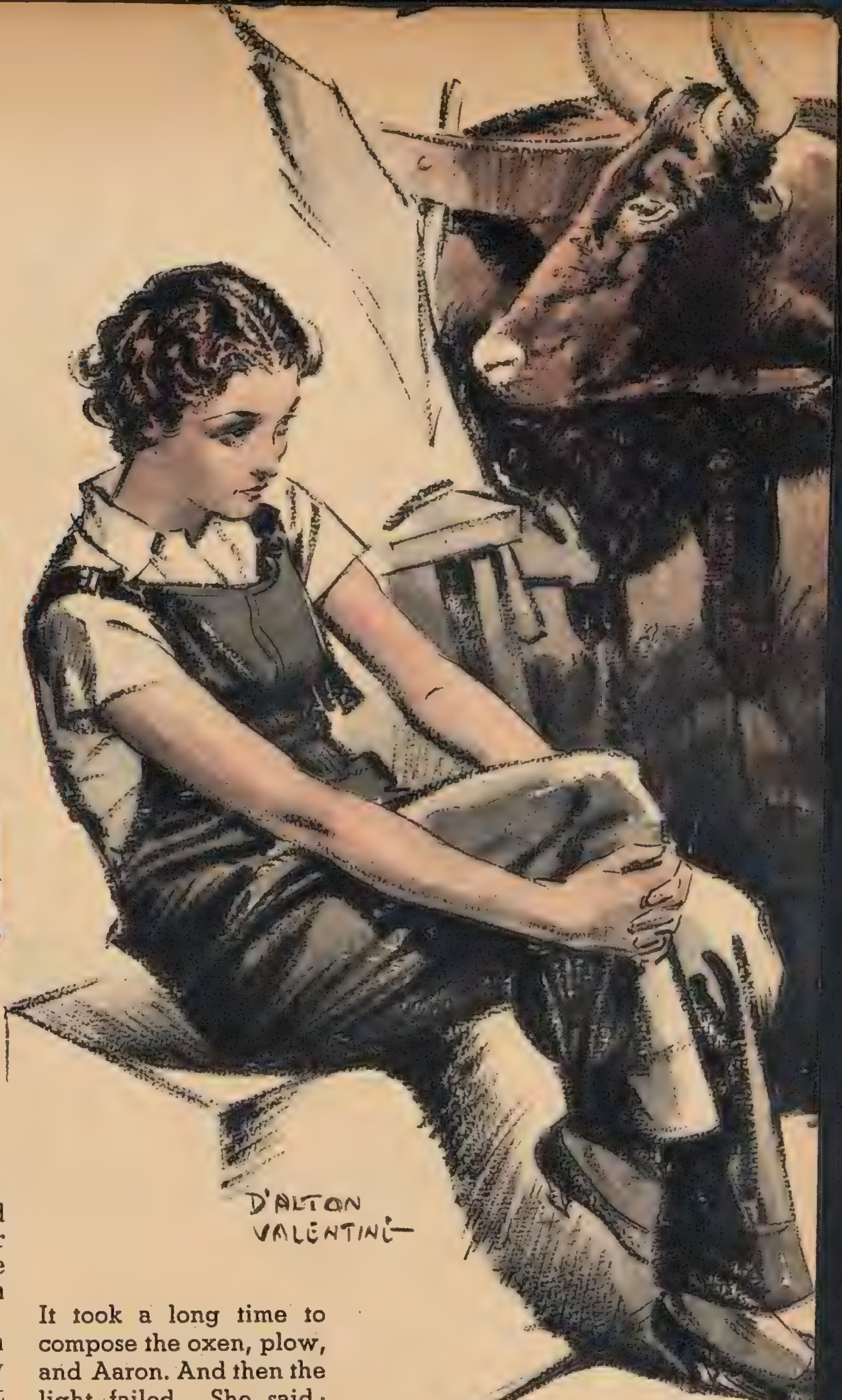

It took a long time to compose the oxen, plow, and Aaron. And then the light failed. She said: "Time all artists and models should knock off."

KENDAL CODY, who weighed one hundred and ten in her mink coat, was putting out of her studio an Estonian man who would have weighed two hundred and thirty-two pounds in his wrestler's shoes.

The studio was on the third floor of a building in Bleecker Street that had been condemned by the city because it was unsafe for commercial purposes. Except for the wrestler model and some misguided rats, she was alone in the building. At least—she thought she was.

Her New York home—one of eight—was a twenty-room apartment in Sutton Place. Her father was the eighth most important man in the steel industry. Kendal was one of the first twenty American heiresses. That's all for statistics. Kendal wanted to be an artist. Her father thought she was cuckoo—not only because she wanted to be an artist but because she had picked out the messiest of all forms of art—sculpture. He told her so in a million words and silences.

Kendal—who was small but whose hair was the color of a maple leaf in autumn when it can't make up its mind whether to be red or brown; who had a chin that could show as much defiance as her father's, and blue eyes that could be as cold as his—went on with her studies and became a pretty good sculptress. Now, because she needed a lot of room, she had taken a floor in this old building where no one was supposed to tread, and presently she found herself having to evict a vast blond grinning wrestler.

"Get out, Ivan, and don't come back!"

"Hey! Don't shove. I go. I get two-three little drinks—I come back. I pose for you good, all afternoon."

"You've had too many now, and I told you the last time—"

She gave him a push and he went back against the wall of the hall so that echoes shot through the building. Now he was ugly. "*Say!* Who you think you are, you push Ivan?"

Along the dusty hall came a tall young man, much more slender than the wrestler. As Ivan advanced on Kendal, his arms hooked stiffly like a crab's, the young man took one of Ivan's wrists and then the other, and kept on walking. Ivan went right along. He was glad to go, because both his wrists were pinned by a grip of steel to his shoulder blades.

There was a scuffle at the end of the hall, then a scrambling as of hoofs on the stairs, a very loud crash, and then silence. Kendal gaped, and still was gaping when the young man came back. "The front door is all right," he said. "That noise you heard was Ivan hitting the door frame as he departed."

"What are you doing here in this building?"

"I might ask you the same."

"Why—why—" She laughed unconvincingly, stopped laughing, and looked at him.

He seemed to have stepped out of a book of Civil War

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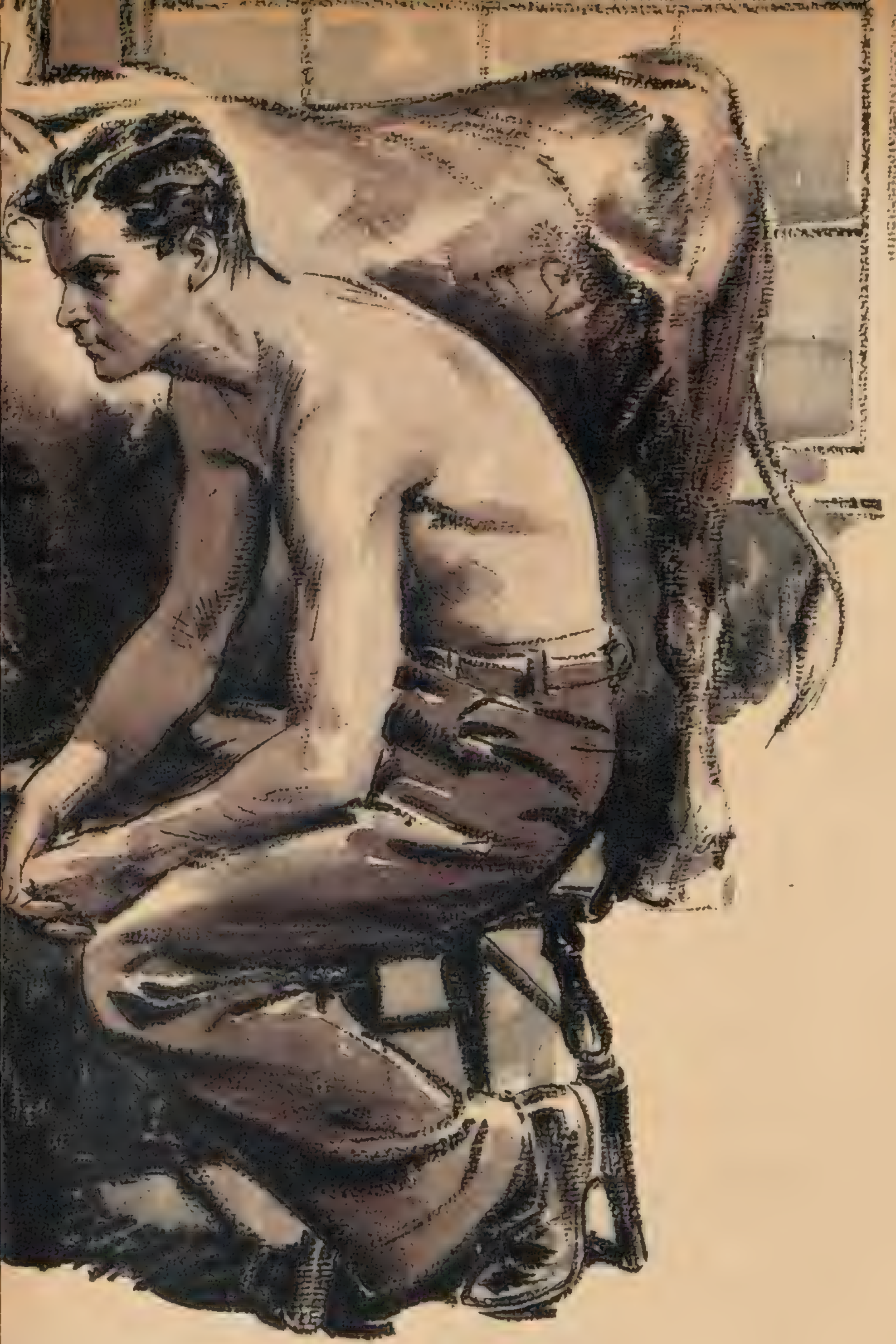


Art and Romance and a Golden Girl . . . a Stubborn Young Man and a Pair of Oxen . . . in as Effervescent and Unexpected a Love Story as You'll Read in a Month of Sundays

by FRANK LEON SMITH

photographs. Producers tried to find young men who looked like him when they made covered-wagon pictures. He had Indian-black hair and high cheekbones, and a big rugged face that must have been chopped out with an ax.

He didn't seem so slender, now that Ivan wasn't there for contrast, for he was broad of shoulder, big of bone, and he had the wide thick wrists of a fellow who had started milking cows before he was eight. He had "country" written all over him, and deeply.

He looked at the heiress in her mink coat, and he said pleasantly, "If you must have a studio in a dump like this, don't hire models like Ivan."

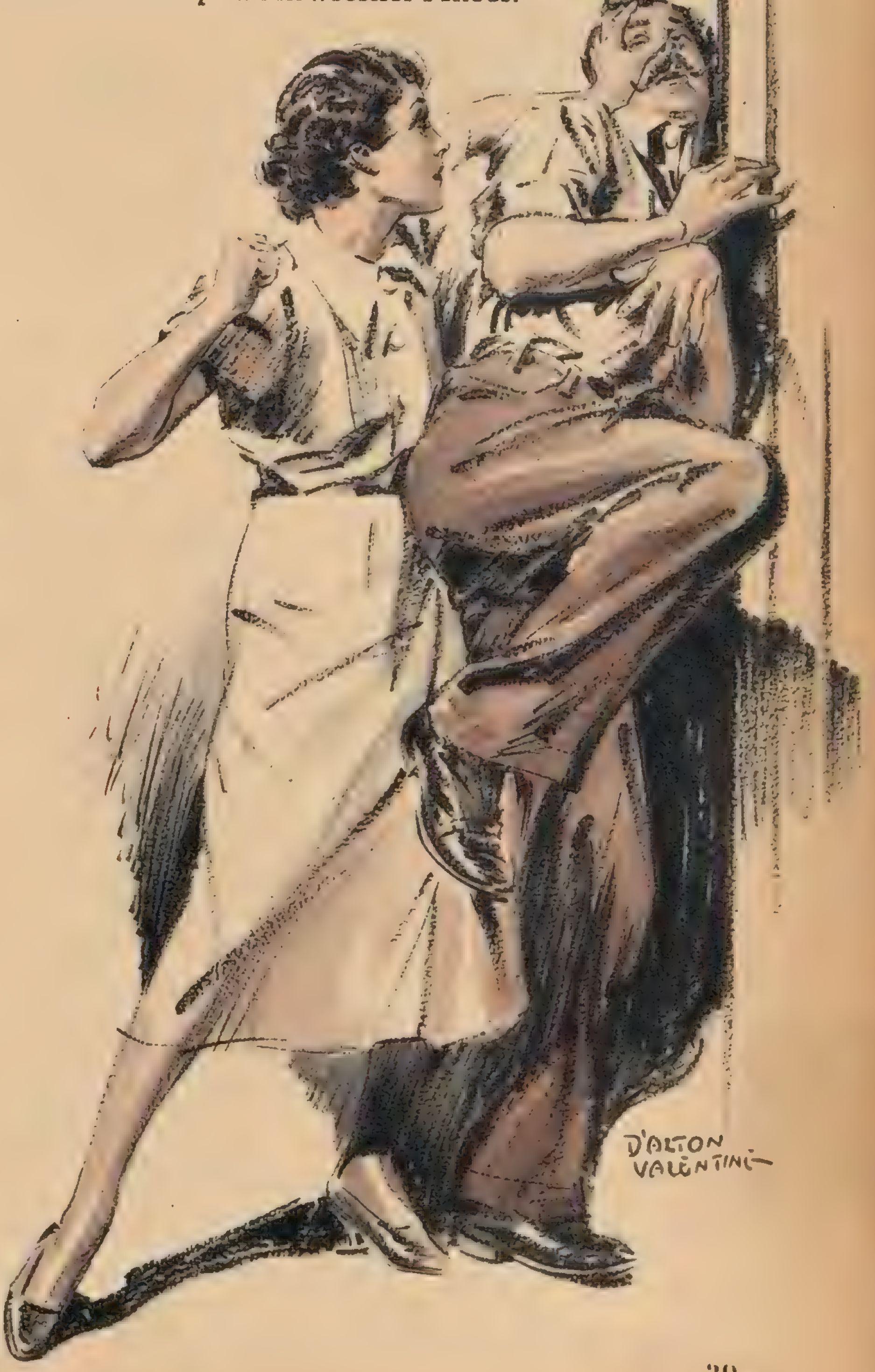
He went along the hall, turned back. "I'm camping out on the floor below you. If you want to turn me in to the owners, go ahead. I'll move." Once more he walked away.

"Hi! You-Abraham-Lincoln-as-a-boy! Come back here!"

He came back. She laughed at him and made him

D'ALTON VALENTINE

Kendal was putting out an Estonian who would have weighed two hundred and thirty-two in wrestler's shoes.



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WHEN IT RAINS • IT POURS

laugh. She shoved out her hand and made him take it. She said, "Kendal Cody."

"How d'you do, Miss Cody? My name's Meady—Aaron Meady."

"Aaron! How nice. Come in here, Aaron. I want to talk to you."

She led him inside and closed the door. They were in a huge loft room with no partitions and only pillars to break the space. Light came from north windows. There were stacks of materials, tools; there was a model stand and some odds and ends of furniture, and some casts on tall stands covered with wet cloths—and the floor still was damp where she had sloshed her work the night before with buckets of water.

She pulled out a box for him and an orange crate for herself. He sat, after she did, and he pulled out some cigarettes and offered them. They lit up. She said, "Aaron Meady—I can't figure you out."

He leaned forward and whispered, "Neither can I."

"But—frankly, Aaron—you look like a country boy."

"I am, born and bred."

"But—is that the way country boys talk?"

"That's the way I do."

"And you're camping out downstairs?"

"I am. Just an Alger boy, come to the great city to seek his fortune."

Her eyes sparkled. "Oh, my Lord! A country boy—but articulate!"

He grinned. "We've had radio sets and things for years—and—and they tore down the old red-brick schoolhouse—so I had to go to a real high school."

She rubbed out her cigarette on the crate. He saw she was giving him an inspection much more thorough than her first one had been. He blushed. Not that he was self-conscious at the scrutiny, but—defiantly he had been taking a long bold look at her, and now he was wishing he hadn't—at least that he hadn't when she could notice. Gosh—he'd had no idea in the hall—that she was so—well, so—

"WONDERFUL!" she said. "Perfect!"

Brick red, he went beet color. She'd taken the words right out of his mind. She said, "Aaron—am I in luck, or am I not? If you need work—and will work for me—I'm in luck, I mean."

"Then you're in luck. What can I do for you?"

She got up, went to a stand and pulled off the wet cloths. There was the figure of a sturdy man digging with a long-handled shovel. She said, "Ivan was posing for me—and I was just getting ready for a real start—and then he began acting silly, and wanting to dance and sing and talk about wrestling all the time and show me holds."

Aaron looked at the figure. "Huh. Guess Ivan had to hold his breath all the time to make a chest out of that big stomach."

"What? Oh!" She laughed.

"Posing job?" he asked, and when she nodded, he said, "Excuse me." He went behind a big square pillar, and when he came back he was bare to the waist. He found the shovel and leaned on it in the pose Ivan had taken.

She cried, "Aaron—that's perfect! You've just the figure. You look like a man who has really toiled in the fields."

"I have. It makes me laugh—all this talk of three or four hours a day, four or five days a week. My father averaged sixteen hours a day—and—and we were a happy family." He straightened. "Miss Cody—just what is it you have in mind?"

She said, "Put something over you—your coat or something. It's cold and damp in here."

"I'm all right. I just was interested."

"THEN I'll tell you. I'm not a bit morbid, but I can't get over the feeling that the soil's the thing, and all our funny civilization is a joke that only nature can laugh at. Now I wanted to get a figure—not a sad one but a strong man—a simple Millet man—a man who works with the soil and is happy at it—and I haven't my idea worked out thoroughly—but I wanted him to be spading up objects symbolical of our civilization."

"I have a suggestion—but I wouldn't make it if I didn't think you had the ability to go through with it."

He thought she had the ability! This from—well, after all, he was a tramp, because he made his bivouac in an old loft building. But she was thrilled. She nodded for him to go on.

He said, "Instead of just having a man digging—why not have a man holding a plow, drawn by—"

"Splendid! Drawn by an old horse!"

He gestured with the first impatience he had shown. "Not at all. By a yoke of oxen. Slow-going, patient, built close to the soil. And that would get you away from the problem of reins and harness—"

"Mr. Aaron! Who are you—an artist in disguise?"

He laughed. "I should say not."

"I believe you're sent from heaven. But—go on."

"All right. I'd use the oxen. Then I'd have the plowshare turning out a couple of big cogwheels, and maybe the butt ends of broken muskets, and maybe some bayonets. That would show war—and war seems to be the prize harvest of most civilizations."

She pounded his back. "Aaron Meady! That's exactly the idea I've wanted and didn't know how to get! I have a chance to do a group for a competition, and it means everything to me—and here you drop out of the skies and start dictating the idea just as though I had filed an order for it in my prayers!"

He grinned. He was pleased. Then her face clouded, as she went on to say, "But oxen—I haven't the faintest idea—"

"I have."

"But where could I find them?"

"Right here. Say the word and I'll get you a yoke."

"Aaron! You darling! I could—"

He knew she was going to say, "I could kiss you." He said, "Excuse me," and he went again behind the pillar, and when he came back he was fully clothed and was adjusting his tie. He said abruptly, "You're not kidding me? You're serious?"

"I was never more serious. Couldn't be."

"If you're doing this for a competition, you haven't all the time in the world?"

"I should say not! I'll have to hurry like everything."

He pulled out an old silver watch that weighed a pound. He rubbed the crystal with his thumb as he had seen his father rub it. "There's a train I can catch if I go now. I'll have your oxen here day after tomorrow."

He started toward the door. "But—Aaron—wait a minute. You'll want money—" She was fumbling in her purse.

He blushed. "I don't know yet how much it'll cost. You wait till I deliver the goods. I'll do it as cheaply as it can be done."

He went out and banged the door. Instantly he opened it, stuck his head in. "Say, Miss Cody, I got all my stuff downstairs—trunk and everything. If you're going to be here, will you see it don't get stolen? Or should I take everything out?—because maybe it would get you in a jam if it was found."

She came to him and said gravely, "I'll see that it's all right. I—I kind of have something on the owner of the building."

He said, "Thanks. See you here day after tomorrow," and he went away. She didn't tell him (1) that her father owned this and all the other structures in the block; (2) that she had no more right to be there than Aaron had.

ALL that day and the next Kendal gave every second or third thought to him. He was fascinating. The country boy in him had an honest incandescence that defied city clothes and city scene. She liked his frankness of gaze. His speech was charming to her—nothing of ignorance in its tones, no drawl, but of a slowness that carried conviction, integrity.

An Alger boy camping in an abandoned building while he made a start at career and fortune! What was his ambition? She must help him. Perhaps he had talent and wished to be an artist. If he had talent, well and good; if not, she must discourage him gently and divert him into the best channel.

That first night and the next there were people at her father's apartment for cocktails, for dinner, and to mobilize for festivities elsewhere. Kendal, always a slapstick hostess, deserted her guests and spent both evenings on the floor of her library, studying prints and photographs in great tomes pertaining to sculpture and to draft beasts.

"Goodness! Take a look at Candy! Look at her autographed collection of cows! Scandals of the barnyard! Candy's gone bucolic!"—and words to this effect people would shout from the doorway, and she would either throw things at them, or ask them in to admire the stance and mien of noble oxen.

The morning of the day Aaron said he'd be back, she let herself in to the loft building with the key she'd had made, and started for the stairs, then stopped in alarm, for she heard strange clankings, hummings, and bumpings. Machinery noises—when there was no machinery in operation in the place. Why, there wasn't even electricity. To reach the stairs she had to pass a big freight-elevator well. Then her eyes flew wide open.

The platform of the elevator was rising slowly, and she looked straight into the blue eyes of Aaron Meady, and into the big brown eyes of two mildly curious tan-colored oxen who were making chewing motions with their mouths.

"Hi!" said Aaron. "Here we are. Meet you at your floor!"

She raced up the stairs. She was waiting for him at the gate that barred the shaft when the car came up. "Aaron Meady! You're priceless! I know you just conjured those beautiful golden oxen into existence—but

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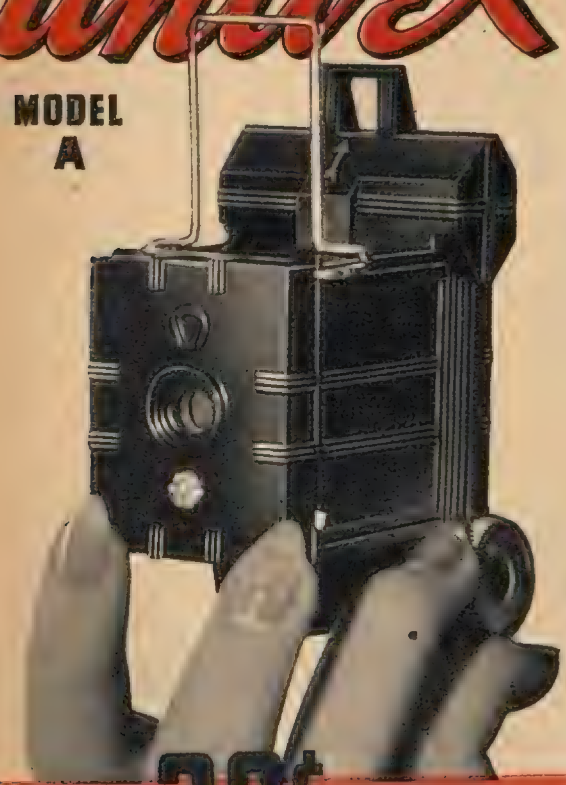

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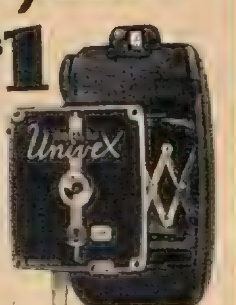

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what about the elevator? How did you get it to run?"

He raised the gate, stepped out, grinned. "Ssh! Not so loud. Don't let these two great pantomime artists hear! This off ox is Charlie Chaplin. The nigh one is Ben Turpin. Don't let on to them that I snuck into the cellar with some wire and tapped into the feed line!"

The oxen bore an old, old yoke, beautiful with the polish of hands, wear, and time. Aaron picked up a gad and with a mild, "Haw, Charlie! Hud up there, Ben!" he marched them off the platform and down the hall. Kendal skipped ahead and threw open some double doors, and Aaron, Charlie, and Ben trooped in. "They'll stand," Aaron said.

He ran out and came backing in, dragging a heavy old plow.

"Why—you thought of everything!"

"Oh, sure. I even brought some planks and nails, and when we got here last night I made a nice pen in the basement. I brought hay and feed and some water buckets, and a barn broom and bedding and a fork. I'll do all the barn work—so you'll have nothing to fret about."

She went to Charlie and Ben, and for the first time in their lives the oxen were caressed by a pretty girl in a mink coat. She turned to Aaron. "This must have cost you an awful lot. I want you to give me every detail right now, and I'll—"

He pulled out a paper. "You owe me eight dollars and twelve cents."

"What?"

"I didn't charge for my trip home on the train and the bus, because I wanted to see my folks anyway. I borrowed the oxen and I'll have to be responsible for 'em. The plow's mine, and we had plenty of hay and feed in the barn. My brother drove us down in his truck, but I think it's only fair and square to pay for the gas and oil coming down and his trip back. Then I had to buy some heavy wire and electric cable and some fuses for the elevator, and oil for the motors. Oh, yes—and some bulbs, so we'd have some light in the basement."

She leaned against Charlie and laughed and laughed.

"WELL, all three of you are on the pay roll from now on. And look, Aaron—no argument, but I'm also going to pay you a salary for helping me with the heavy work—the armatures, you know—the heavy frames to hold the casts—"

"I understand. We'll make them of heavy gas piping."

She stared. "Are you an artist by any chance?"

He grimaced. "You asked me that before. I am not an artist—but I did spend a lot of time in the library when I was in agricultural school."

"You've been to college?"

"Amherst Aggie. Now let's have an understanding."

"Of course. That's what I want, and I'll pay in advance—"

He held up a hand to halt her. "I know how it is with sculptors. It's a long hard battle—and it's a safe bet you wouldn't be here in this old shack if you could afford a good studio."

Kendal stared at him. Was he naïve? Or impertinent? Or just stupid? Did a mink coat and thirty-dollar pumps, and nine-dollar stockings, and rare jewelry mean nothing to him? He went on:

"I'll play ball with you for, say, two or three months. After that I'll have to take my ball and glove and go home. Of course, if you get stuck on the job and need me for an extra month or so, I guess we can work it out some way."

"Aaron—will you hush?"

"When I've finished. I want you to know one thing: I don't want to be an artist's model. Neither do my friends Charlie and Ben here. But—call it feeling, or what you will—I have a sneaking fondness for the kind of job you propose to do. I don't know how good you are, but at least I can be here to see you don't make any technical blunders."

SHE was so startled she could only say, "Thanks, Aaron. I'm not the best in the world, but I'll try not to let you down. It happens that I can finance this thing, and today I can give you back your—eight dollars and twelve cents, and each day I'll pay you for yourself and for—for the two pantomime artists. Now just let me get into my overalls and jumper, and we'll tear right into it."

It took a long time to compose the oxen, the plow, and Aaron Meady to her liking and in a favorable light. And then the light failed. She said, "Four o'clock, Aaron, and time all good little artists and models should knock off and relax and refresh. Supposing you take Chas and Benjamin below and serve them hay and things, then I can be changing. When you come back we'll go out and I'll blow you to tea and things."

He said, "Aye aye, sir—only, I won't be back. I'll see you here tomorrow—and at what time?"

She was disappointed and showed it. "But you've been such a dear and so patient—and there are a lot of nice places here in the Village—and I want to talk to you."

The tall dark youth who was pulling a sweater over his brawny bare shoulders shook his head. "I'd like to talk to you, too—but—but I don't like Greenwich Village, Miss Cody—and—I don't exactly dislike artists—but—well, you go on. I'll see you here tomorrow. I have a lot of chores to do."

"Well, if he isn't the odd stick!" she thought on her way home. "He doesn't like the Village and artists, yet he's camping out down there—and posing for me. Well, I give it up." And then she added in a great shout to herself, "No I don't either! I like Aaron. He's the freshest, honestest, decentest man I know—and—and he's so kind to the oxen!"

By the wreckage in her father's room when she got home, she knew the great Mr. Cody was back from

Pittsburgh. Mr. Cody had a way of unpacking by opening his bags, elevating them upside down, and letting the contents distribute themselves over the rugs. He had a valet here at Sutton Place and another chap who took care of him in Pittsburgh. Mr. Cody believed in giving them something to do.

By the water on the ceiling, walls, mirrors, and Venetian blinds of his bathroom she knew he'd had a bracing shower. By one sign and another, and guarded remarks of tense servants, she trailed him to the sun bar overlooking the East River, where he was shouting politics fiercely at Fredericks, their butler.

Seated, and seated deeply in the most comfortable of chairs, Mr. Cody, fresh and glistening from his bath, and very natty in a lounge suit, was gesturing with his highball, his cold gray-green eyes fixing the standing Fredericks, who said, "Yes, sir," "No, sir," and "Quite so, sir."

"H'lo, Candy!" Mr. Cody leaped up, a bulky jolly-faced man made of gun barrels, chromium, armor plate, and barbed wire which came through if he was opposed. He kissed her, managing to say "Don't go 'way, Fred—I want to explain—" at the same time. He said, "Candy, you look fit, but the trip will do you good. I told Edna to rally around and get you packed. We're sailing at midnight."

"Sir to you, and you may be sailing, but I'm not." She smiled at the butler, winked, and with twiddling motions of her fingers, dismissed him.

"I told him to stay!" Mr. Cody roared.

"That's all, and thanks, Fredericks," she said. The butler went. She pulled up a chair and shoved her father back into his. "Now, Mr. Cody, you're going so many directions at once you'll get all blistered. Where are you off to, and why?"

"Order for twenty railway-gun mounts!" he said, and named a cocky little European country that always had its fists doubled up. "You're coming along. Premier's going to order out the guard for us, and maybe I'll come home with two medals, and they'll give you a coronet studded with beer caps, or something."

"Sorry. No can do. But I'll promise to miss you."

THE barbed wire raised its points like porcupine quills. She was immune. She said calmly, "Papa, I'd love to go—but I have work. I've obligated myself to people."

With his own lips and heart he'd taught her things about integrity. He blew off steam in grunts, oaths, and angry little yelps. He put his highball on a table, leaned forward, and said, "What are you doing that's so important?"

"A farm group. Competition. Permanent state fair building." She named the state.

He considered. He beamed. "I know the governor and also the attorney general. I'll wire Pittsburgh right now to get things started. Competition, hell! I guess a Cody—"

She leaped up, her eyes blazing. She said things and hotly. When she finished, or rather when she paused for breath, Mr. Cody gathered that the word competition meant just that. He was irritated. He shouted, "Enough! I never heard so much silly twaddle in my life! My daughter! My own flesh and blood! All I've got in this world! The one I toil for and work my fingers to the bone—"

As she smiled and patted one of his pudgy hands, he got up, rushed to the door, and then he turned back. He lowered his head like a bull about to charge, pointed a stiff finger at her. "How do I know who you're running around with down in those artists' dens? What riffraff are you in touch with now? Answer me that. Is that a guilty look I see—"

She stiffened, dropped her jaw, her eyes angry as she got ready for a siege-gun blast. Then she blew out her breath. She said mildly, "I'll never shame you, papa. The people I meet down there may be a darned sight more respectable than those we entertain here. Now come along. I want to see you get packed all right."

So away over the seas went Mr. Cody, and he finished his work and was back before Kendal got well advanced in hers. Day after day and many hours a day she worked

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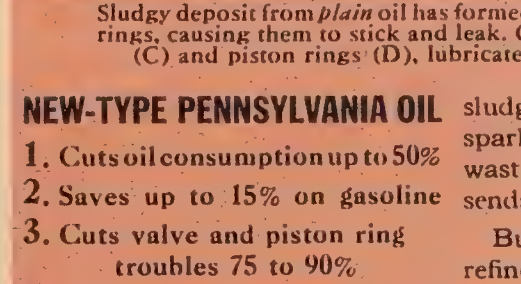
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SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

with Aaron and the oxen. Spring came and went, and they were into summer. Work and daily contact with Aaron got to be as routine as the daily papers. Of course there were headline days that meant more than others, but mostly they were routine.

Steadily there grew two oxen, a plow, and a man where only an idea had been before. As so often happens in a long-drawn-out job, there were times when she got discouraged. "It's no use, Aaron. I'll never be a sculptor. I'm going to take something and knock the horns off those awful cartoons I've made of those splendid beasts. I'm going to smash everything and quit."

Then Aaron would chuck his reserve—the reserve that kept her from learning much more about him than she knew the first day—and he would joke and scold until once more she was in a good working mood.

ONE day, when to his mind the job was done, and she was just tinkering here and there, she surprised him by bursting into tears. He came to her solicitously. "Now, now. What are you crying about? You've done a grand job and you should be giving three loud cheers."

She sobbed, "Aaron—I'm so stupid. I got so interested I lost track of time. And I lost the folder from the competition committee. I—I'm ashamed to tell you—but I found out this morning the competition closed two weeks ago. It's too late to submit my—our group!"

He said, "Gosh!" with feeling, and because she was so sad and downcast, he put his arms around her. Then he was electrified. She clung to him and kissed him on the lips, and nestled her head on his chest. Awkwardly he patted her back and said, "There, there, now. You just take it easy and don't worry. You've got a fine thing here and somebody will buy it, and you'll make a lot of money."

"Money? Who said anything about money?" she murmured, still clinging to him. "I have more than I'll ever need. Aaron—Aaron darling, will you marry me?"

He went rigid. "Why—why, honey—you don't know what you're saying."

"I do so. And we've worked together for weeks and weeks, and we understand each other, and I just know we'd get along like a streak."

"But—but—"

"Don't you love me—even a little bit, Aaron?"

"I never said I didn't love you. I thought you were just an artist, and now you say you have a lot of money, so I suppose you must be one of those society girls—"

She stamped her foot but stayed in his embrace. "I am not a society girl! Don't you be like all the rest and try to push me into a life I don't want to lead!"

"But, any way you figure it, your kind of life wouldn't be my kind."

Then she got rigid and tried to pull away. He was very miserable. He said, "Please don't misunderstand. Do you think I'd have stuck it out here, long past the time I had set, if I hadn't liked—well, darn it all—loved you?"

"Then, what's to hinder us, as you would say?"

He groaned. "It's no use. I couldn't explain, and you wouldn't understand."

"But we could be so happy together. We'd have a big studio and get clear away from society people—and work hard and play hard. We'd travel—visit all the great art centers—maybe have a studio in Paris, too. I have a lot of artist friends you'd like—and they'd be just crazy about you."

"That's just it," he said bitterly. "It's no use, Kendal. I'm crazy about you, and it'll be a long time before I get you out of my mind—if I ever do, but your kind of people just ain't my kind. And don't think I don't know what I'm talking about, for I do."

Then she pulled away. She went to the windows, her back to him, and made repairs on her tearstained face. Then she turned to him with a wan smile, thrust out her hand, and said, "We can be friends, can't we?"

"Oh, gosh, Kendal!" He was afraid he'd blubber when they shook hands. "I—I'll wire my brother to come down with the truck for me and Charlie and Ben and the plow, now't you won't need us any more."

She said gravely, "Aaron, the days I've spent here working with you have been the happiest of my life. I have to go now. You see—I'm not very used to proposing to a man and being turned down."

"Kendal! Don't go away like that!"

She said, over her shoulder, "I'll come down to see you off tomorrow, and get all our accounts squared. Good-by, Aaron."

BUT their next meeting wasn't at all what she had planned. To begin with, her maid came to wake her in the morning, saying excitedly, "Miss Kendal! Miss Kendal! Miss Kendal! Look! Look! This must mean you! There couldn't be another Kendal Cody that makes sculpture, could there?"

Kendal sat up in bed and seized the newspapers Edna had brought. FARM BOY RISKS LIFE IN VAIN ATTEMPT TO SAVE WORK OF SOCIETY GIRL ARTIST was the theme of the headlines.

There had been a big fire in the night in some old buildings in Bleecker Street. That wasn't news. But it seemed that a young farmer and two oxen had been living in one of the buildings, and the firemen found man and beasts trying to tow a huge sculptured group to the elevator on the third floor. The firemen made him get out with his oxen. He left the oxen safely in an alley, and a few moments later, while the building blazed, the firemen caught him trying to inch the group to the elevator with a crowbar. They had to use force to get him out of the building, and he was furious because he claimed if the firemen had let him alone he could have gotten the group, oxen and all, into the alley.

There were flashlight photographs of Aaron and the astonished oxen, with modern fire-fighting apparatus for a background.

In dressing gown and slippers Kendal's father charged into her room. "Candy! What's all this? Reporters are calling up every two minutes—and Fredericks has had to put out a dozen that came here! What's the meaning of all this?"

She sent Edna away and had her father sit on the bed, and she told him the whole story. He kept staring at the photographs. He muttered, "My father had oxen when I was a boy on the farm."

She said, "Where is Aaron? We must get hold of him. Oh, dear—if he was hurt!"

HER father looked at her. "Now just who is this Aaron fellow?"

She told him. "And yesterday, when I proposed to him—he—he turned me down."

Mr. Cody gasped. "You—what? He—what?"

She nodded and looked very woebegone. Mr. Cody demanded, "Turned you down? Does he—did he know who you are?"

"He thought I was just another girl who wanted to be an artist. But it wouldn't make any difference. Oh—papa—I love him—and I'm so unhappy!"

This was the first time she'd ever said anything of the kind, and he knew she meant it. He put his arms around her and comforted her, meanwhile reading news stories over her shoulder. "It says here they took the oxen to McCarthy's Livery Stable—"

"But Aaron! We must find Aaron!"

Edna came to the door. "For you—on your telephone, Miss Kendal."

Kendal answered. She heard Aaron's voice. She cried, "Aaron, where are you? Are you sure you're all right?"

"Oh, sure. But look, Miss Kendal, I'm awful sorry about your group—"

"Forget it! I can make a hundred better ones—but, Aaron—"

Mr. Cody reached over her shoulder, took the receiver from her hand. "Mr. Meady? Kendal's father speaking. I want to see you right away. Jump into a taxi. Come have breakfast with us. The doorman will take care of the taxi."

Kendal's face, against her pillows, was fiery red when her father hung up. "Papa, what are you up to? Don't do anything foolish—and don't be loud and pistol-shotty with him. He's—he's just as proud as you!"

"I guess I know how to talk to a farm boy. Now, if you want to see this lad—"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Well, get out so I can get dressed! Edna!"

Half an hour later Aaron appeared in the Cody foyer, and he gave Kendal's father his left hand, because his

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—when he tried to get by without shaving

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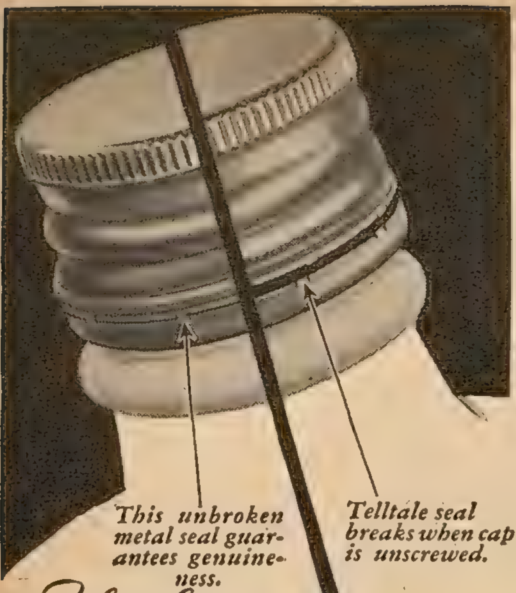
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right hand was bandaged and thrust into the front of his coat. Mr. Cody said, "Well, young man, you've had a busy night."

Aaron grinned. "It was all right, only they wouldn't let me get the group out."

"Hand got burned?"

"No. Torn a little. The elevator has an old-fashioned cable control, and I forgot and grabbed it where the wires were frayed."

Mr. Cody brought him to the breakfast room overlooking the river. Aaron said, "Mind if I look around? I've never been in a place like this."

"Go right ahead." And while Aaron reconnoitered, Mr. Cody studied him. Suddenly Mr. Cody said, "Look here, Meady—I mean Aaron,

Mr. Cody shouted, "Well, go ahead and kiss him, if you want to! Don't mind me."

"Papa!" Kendal's face was flaming. So was Aaron's, but he crossed the room quickly and kissed her and turned defiantly to Mr. Cody.

"Hah!" said Mr. Cody. "Pretty cocky, eh? Look here, young man, my daughter says that she proposed to you yesterday and you turned her down!"

"*Papa!*"

"Quiet! Do you mind telling me just why you turned her down?"

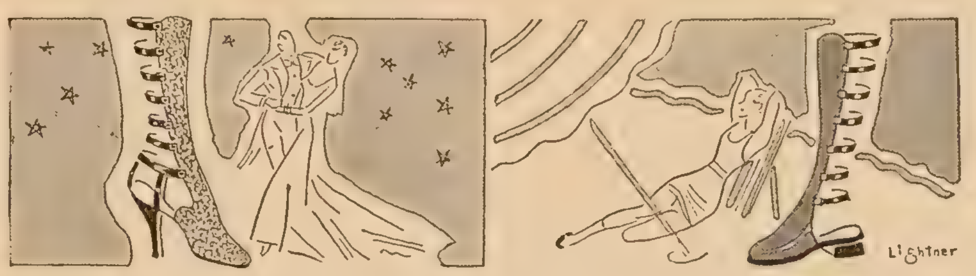
"For one reason—she's an artist," said Aaron.

"What!" cried Kendal, and her father got to laughing and choking so, Kendal had to pound his back.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

SHOES have gone on a new rampage—boot-high in front and nothing behind—like the uniform of Kipling's water carrier in Gunga Din, "rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind." Julienne, the noted society bottier, says the trend is a direct heritage of evening décolletage—chin-high in front and waist-low in back. She advises, for these styles in hot weather, bright-colored linen and silk, trimmed kid, or heavy lace with scintillating bands of cellophane. The style holds good for all occasions—from beach wear to evening affairs—with three-and-a-half-inch heels and with only straps to hold the front of the shoe in place.

—DORAMILLER.



what do you want to do in this life? What's your ambition?"

"Farming," said Aaron simply.

"So? How'd you happen to come to the city?"

"I went through Amherst Agricultural, but there were some special things about commercial law and business management I wanted to plug up on, so I came down to take some night courses at New York University. I was traveling light—not much money—so I camped in that old building, and that's how I met—well, she's your daughter, it seems."

"Aaron!" cried Kendal from the doorway. She'd gotten herself into a lovely blue morning gown, and as Aaron shot to his feet he was thinking he had never seen her look so adorable. She said, "That's why you looked so tired sometimes in the morning. You poor dear, working all day and studying all night. And your hand—you're hurt!"

"Aw, it's nothing."

"Quit it," said Mr. Cody, squirming away. He looked Aaron in the eye and then he got up and stuck out his left hand so it would match the only one Aaron could use. "I'm for you! So you don't like artists?"

"I didn't say so, sir," said Aaron. "You see, I was raised in an art colony, and—"

"What!" Kendal cried. "Why, you never said—"

Aaron went on, addressing her father:

"We had a beautiful valley. None of our folks getting rich, but we were content. When I was a kid the artists came. They killed the place as a farming community."

Mr. Cody said abruptly, "Do you love my daughter?"

Aaron got very red. He said, "I do—very much."

Mr. Cody swung around to Kendal. "And you love him?"

"Well—*yes, I do!* I told you so and I told him so!"

Aaron spoke up: "This can't be very pleasant for Miss Kendal, sir, and I must explain something. I didn't know if she was rich or poor. That didn't matter—but I want to be a farmer—a successful farmer. I'd—I'd suffocate, living around in studios. And I'd have no right to ask Kendal to be a farmer's wife, even if she kept up with her art work—which she should do because she certainly has a very fine talent, Mr. Cody."

Kendal said, "You might have explained, Aaron—"

Her father interrupted. "Now listen, you two. Aaron, could you run a farm on a big scale?"

"I could, and run it well."

"Good. Now, Kendal—how does this sound to you? I've been picking up a lot of acreage in Pennsylvania. Don't know exactly how much—but a lot. I was a farm boy myself, and I can afford to have a farm to play with—but I'd rather have it pay.

"Kendal, here's where you come in. I'd like to buy the old schoolhouse where I went as a boy, and some taverns and houses that used to mean something to me. I'd like to move them to my farm and furnish them just as they used to be. Furnished the same way. That calls for a lot of artistic talent, Kendal. You could have a big studio and keep up with your sculpture, and superintend these things for me on the side. You could build some studios for your artist friends to use when they came to visit you. Aaron would run the farm. When you got fed up, and when Aaron had the 'crawps' laid by, you both could travel. And if you couldn't make out on the salary I'd give him—well—"

"Papa!" cried Kendal.

"Gosh, Mr. Cody!" said Aaron. He thrust out his bandaged hand and didn't wince when Mr. Cody gripped it. He said, "Look, Mr. Cody. You've been wonderful, and I'm so excited I can't even think straight. This is your house and all—but will you rush out of here for just about five minutes?"

Mr. Cody "rushed out"—grinning. Aaron and Kendal rushed into each other's arms. She murmured, "I love farms—if you'd only thought to ask, Aaron darling—but you don't like artists—"

"I never said so—and anyway, I *love* my favorite artist—and always will," he said—and demonstrated.

THE END

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MAJOR GOLDSMITH'S phenomenal hero began life as Boris Ignatieff, scion of an old Russian family. At seventeen, while a cadet in the Crimea, he rescued his wounded captain from a Tatar ambush and won the Cross of St. George. In later years he was to win it again twice and to receive it; this first time, his malevolent stepfather, a Prussian colonel, caused it to be denied him and got him transferred to the Russian navy as a midshipman.

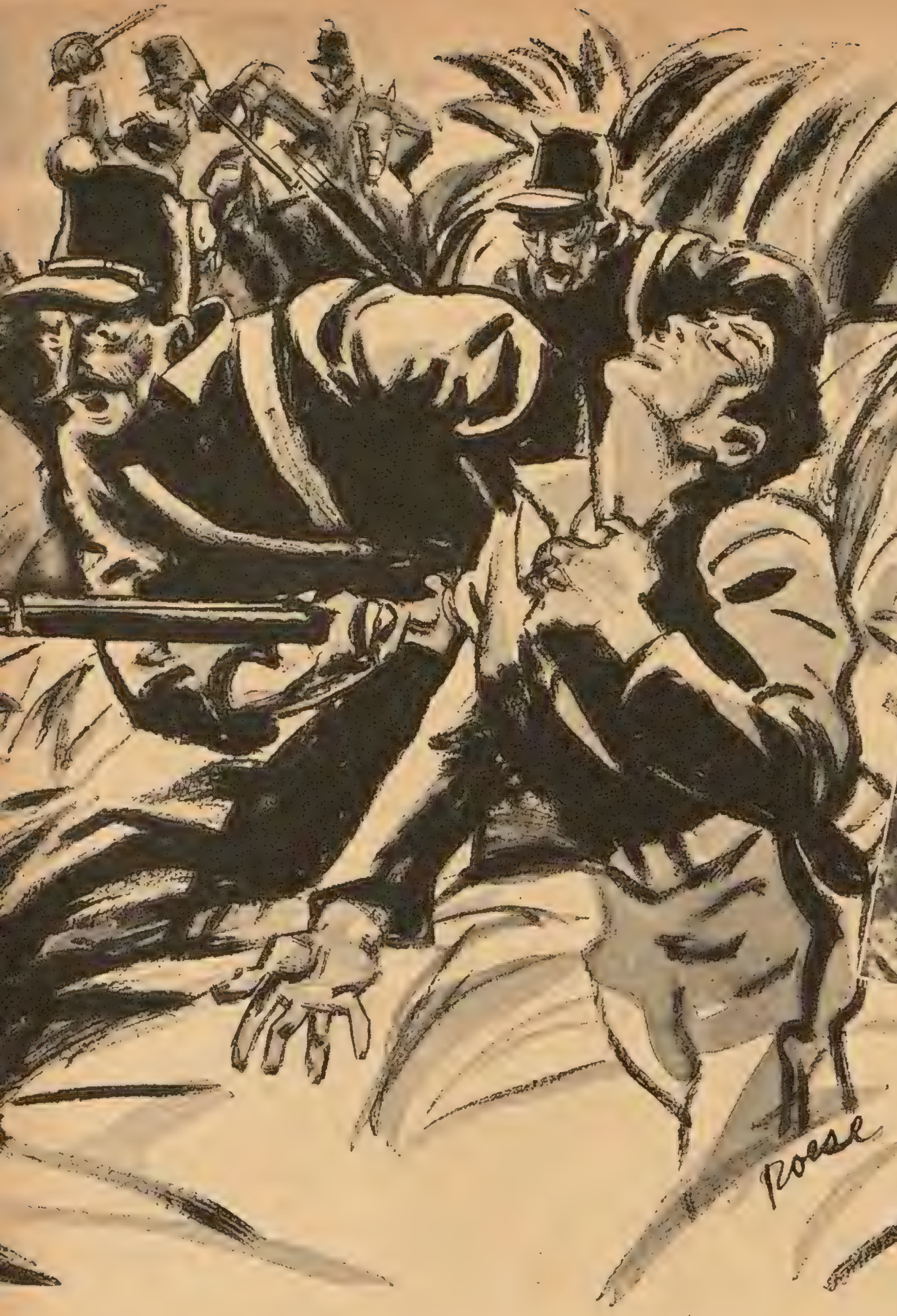
Aboard the training ship Alexandrovsky on a world cruise he was persecuted by a Lieutenant Seminsky, whom he discovered to be in touch with his stepfather. He wounded Seminsky in a duel and later caned him for brutality to a seaman; in consequence Boris was put in irons, to be kept there through the remainder of the cruise. Escaping in Philadelphia harbor, he was befriended by a tramp sailor, Liverpool Joe, and with Joe he went to sea before the mast. In Portland, Maine, the two were shanghaied—to find themselves on board the " good old hellship " Samuel H. Johnson and at the mercy of her bucko mate, Yam Larson. One of their shipmates was Jack London, then unknown.

When Larson lined the hapless crew up on deck and, hazing them, demanded their names, Boris gave the ship's name with its middle H omitted as his own.

PART TWO—FOR THE LOVE OF MARGARITA

ALL hands on deck! Tumble out, you filthy sons o' mongrels! "

The watch pulled on their oilskins and scurried out through the fo'c'sle door, where Mate Yam Larson stood urging them on with kicks and blows.



"With the Tatar wolf cry on his lips Sam rushed into the nearest trench, shooting, hacking, thrusting." Above: The young and romantic Sam Johnson as a fiery recruit to the revolutionary Beach Combers' Brigade in Argentina.

A heavy sea was thundering over the break of the forepeak. Black clouds raced overhead. Forks of lightning lit the night. Sails and gear aloft were thrashing.

Sam Johnson—the old name was lost with his nationality and his career—stood on the heaving deck, trying to rub the sleep out of his eyes, to rub away a dream.

A loud voice was crying in his ear, a voice he didn't understand: "Get aloft! Slack off the mizzen yards. Move—damn your ugly hide!"

Liverpool Joe and Jack London, who were in the boy's watch, sprang for the shrouds. Sam was about to follow when the mate approached from the rear, swinging a belaying pin. The blow caught Sam on his collarbone and spun him around.

The mate shifted the weapon to his left hand, and with his right dealt the boy a slap that sent him to the deck. Then he kicked him repeatedly in the ribs.

"Damn your stinking soul!" he cried. "Refuse to obey an order, will you?"

He jerked the boy to his feet.

"Get aloft, you Russky louse, before I kill you!"

Sam Johnson learned as much English from the mate's belaying pin as he did from Liverpool Joe or Jack London. A little to Joe's chagrin, London made the boy unlearn some of the English he had been taught.

"Mikin' a bloomink toff of 'im, you are," Joe complained. "Mikin' 'im a Hoxford man. 'Er Majesty's Henglish is good henough for me, says I, God syve 'er. But it ayn't good henough for you, it ayn't."

The work and boxing with Joe when he had leisure developed Sam's muscles enormously, widened his shoulders, increased his endurance.

"Can you swim?" he asked Joe.

"Like a bloomink 'erring, mitey."

"Then we'll go overboard at the first port and swim ashore."

"Roight-o."

They asked London to come along. But London smiled and shook his head. He'd like to; but he'd rather stay. This was a curious man, this mate—a great character for a book he meant to write some day.

SAM didn't laugh, though he felt inclined to. It seemed odd that a common sailor such as Jack London should think himself able to write a book.

The Samuel H. Johnson sailed into the River Plate one dark night. The two friends said good-by to London, dropped overboard, and swam ashore.

They found work as stevedores the next day, and in the weeks that followed they managed to save some money. Sam was the interpreter now, since he had learned Spanish in his boyhood. But life was tame. There was only work and sleep, sleep and work. There were only ships and cargoes; only holds to be emptied or loaded. And they were young and wanted adventure.

Sam in his youthful glory as an acrobat with the Cardozo circus.

They started afoot, taking it easy, acquainting themselves with Argentina. Food was no problem to them. Hospitable rancheros fed them wherever they stopped, and sometimes sheltered them. Money was no problem.

But the long miles put blisters on their feet. Imagining what might happen around the next turn was no cure for blisters. Neither were Cossack songs nor Cockney ballads, nor the unfamiliar sights.

"We ayn't goin' on like this, mitey," Joe complained. "St'y in one plyce arf a mo' an' rest, says I. Hawsk some blighter for work. Hadventure? I 'ave me belly full of it."

There was a small two-ring circus camped on the fringe of Rosario. Posters announced it as the stupendous and amazing show of the brothers Cardozo. The sailors limped their way through red-and-gold wagons parked haphazardly, through tarnished finery thrown in heaps, through signs streaked with red and black paint, around canvas tents. Not a soul was awake.

A man lay fast asleep outside the big tent. Joe shook him until he opened his eyes.

"Sorry, mite," he said. "Thought you was dead. Ayn't hanybody alive 'ere?"

The man said it was the hour of siesta, when all honest creatures slept. He closed his eyes and returned to his siesta. Joe and Sam grinned at each other, curled up in shady spots, and slept. But not for long.

Sam woke, hearing a blood-chilling cry that echoed and re-echoed, a startling sound in that silent dreaming city of canvas. It came from Joe. The living skeleton, troubled in his dreams, had ventured from his cot and inadvertently trodden on Joe's feet. Joe, wakened, thought the devil had come for him.

A lion roared. Elephants trumpeted. Animals squealed, barked, brayed, and whinnied. Heads appeared between tent flaps. A head that seemed to be important asked petulantly what had happened. Sam explained.

A LITTLE man, Manuel Cardozo, half angry and half amused, led the sailors to the elephant stalls and gave them buckets. "To these six elephants," he said, "you will be nursemaids. You will water them, wash them, bed them down at night. During the show you will wear uniforms and make yourselves useful in the rings. Now, señores, go back, with God, to your siesta."

After a time the blisters healed and Joe wanted to go on. But Sam was determined to stay. A new ambition had come to him. He wanted to be an acrobat, to join the flashy Manganini brothers, who swung through the air in tights and spangles. The life of a sailor, he believed, had partly fitted him for the work. He was used to heights, used to ropes. His muscles were supple, powerful, ready for anything. And besides—besides, there was a girl.

She was little and slim, black-haired, black-eyed. She was lovely. She was graceful. She was unapproachable. She was full of fire and grace and piety and pride. Her name was Margarita, and she rode bareback on a white horse around and around inside the ring.

Sam used to watch her every night. She would bless herself as she rode into the arena. The audience began to clap at her first appearance. She was so dainty, so charming, so expert! She jumped her steed over obstacles. She rode him standing up, kneeling. She rode underneath his belly. She leaped from the horse, ran across the ring, and jumped up on him again.

One night a half-breed, drunk and whooping, vaulted into the ring and stumbled before the horse. The animal bolted and threw its rider. He ran in panic about the ring—and he was bearing down on the girl. Inevitably his hoofs must strike her.

SAM, watching as usual, started to run when the horse bolted. He yelled like a Cossack, jumped like a Cossack on to the horse's back, checked him, turned him a trifle, and as he hurried by the girl, throwing showers of tanbark into the air, Sam reached down, caught her about the waist, and lifted her to safety.

The spectators believed it was part of the act. They thundered their appreciation. But there was no encore, for Sam had ridden the frightened horse out of the tent and taken the girl to her dressing room.

It was shortly after this that one of the Manganinis fell and hurt himself seriously. The brothers Cardozo gave Sam his chance. He proved he could do the work. And no one was more pleased than Liverpool Joe.

"You win, mitey," he said. "We'll st'y. Some d'y you'll be a fymous hacrobat."

On Sundays most of the performers and roustabouts went to Buenos Aires. Margarita's mother lived in that city and kept a boardinghouse. Sam spent his Sundays there; and learned that Margarita was a rebel patriot.

When she talked of her country, holy lights burned in her eyes. She ached with the wrongs of her people. She prayed for the revolution that would give them liberty. Don Luis Saenz Peña, the President, she said, was a tyrant. He must be overthrown.

Margarita's mother agreed. Her house was a rendezvous for revolutionary leaders. Sam and Joe met some of them, particularly one José Alvarez.

"In the Corrientes Province," this man confided, "we already have an army. Near Rosario we are collecting a foreign legion, brave men who will be well armed—and well rewarded for their devotion to our ideals."

The young Don Cossack began to itch for war.

"I'm with you," he said.

"Roight-o," said Joe.

There were eventually about three hundred men in the "foreign legion"—deserters from ships, beachcombers, bums, fugitives from justice, men of all nations. There was no attempt to enforce discipline nor to dress the men in uniforms. They slept in the shade. They drilled but little. They spent the night carousing, dicing, robbing each other, fighting among themselves, and boasting of what they would do.

Joe went about telling all the English-speaking men that Sam'l Johnson had been a colonel of Cossacks.

"Looks a bit of a lad, 'e does. But 'e's older than 'e looks. 'E'd ort to be a bloomink general!"

Sam wasn't eighteen yet, but the "Beach Combers' Brigade" voted him a captaincy. He grew a mustache to celebrate. He was proud of the honor, a little touched, and tremendously grateful.

Margarita came to see him several times, and once stood by while he drilled his three hundred tattered *soldados.* On that occasion she brought three letters with her. Sam had written home from Buenos Aires and had given the address of Margarita's mother as his own.

Two of the letters Sam had written himself. They had been returned unopened. The third was from his brother:

"You have disgraced your country, your family, your service. You have been reported dead. Stay dead."

Sam had difficulty to keep from crying. And Margarita — perhaps because she saw the misery and homesickness in his eyes, perhaps because she was proud of him, a boy commanding troops, or perhaps just because she loved him—she kissed him quickly, wept for him, and hurried away.

The revolution gained momentum. The Beach Combers obtained recruits every day. An army of a few thousand natives camped near by. War was imminent.

General Roca, it was learned, had taken command of the Federal Army just in time to keep it from mutiny. He had thrown many radical officers into prison. Some he had shot. He had strengthened his forces. He was moving against Rosario.

One morning an excited staff officer wakened the young captain.

"During the night," he said, "the enemy entrenched themselves. They are beyond the woods—about six thousand men. We will surprise them as they sleep. You will form the advance. You will move at once. When your brave legionnaires get through the woods you will know where to go. We will follow."

SAM roused his men and led them through the woods. They emerged, with the first faint light of dawn, on to a wide plain. But as they rushed out of the woods, the Federals opened a murderous fire on them.

"Come on, Combers, follow me!" Captain Sam shouted.

He ran forward, three hundred men surging after him, yelling like maniacs. Some fell headlong. A few cried out that they were hit. But none turned back.

Sam threw himself down and waved to them to do likewise. "Advance by short rushes," he commanded. "Pass the word."

He waited until the last man had heard the order. Then with the Tatar wolf cry on his lips he jumped up and rushed into the nearest trench. The wild men from all parts of the world followed him, all who could, shooting, stabbing, hacking, thrusting, killing every Federal soldier in the trench.

They paused to gain their breath, to rest their arms from killing, to let the native rebels come up and occupy the territory they had won. But there were no native rebels. There were no soldiers of any kind, save dead and wounded, between the trench and the woods. The foreign legion had been sacrificed to save the native troops—and even now a regiment of Federal cavalry was galloping around its flank to cut off any retreat.

"Rally round!" Sam called. "Form a hollow square. Start moving back toward the rear."

The Beach Combers were shooting and slashing, facing the horsemen on one side and the emboldened infantry that poured out of the trenches in the rear. They had formed a square; they were keeping it.

"Shoulder to shoulder!" shouted Sam. "Stab at the horses first! Guard against sabers!"

A RACING cavalryman discharged his carbine as he sped by. Joe fell on his face, dead before he hit the ground. Sam bent to see if he could help his friend. The swish of a saber caused him to straighten up. A trooper had barely missed him. The saber swished again. Sam parried it but was unable to ward off a backhand swing that caught him on the right temple. He dropped.

It was late in the day when he came to himself. He was inside a squalid native hut, and two Federal soldiers squatted in the doorway.

"*Agua,*" he called faintly.

One of the guards arose and looked at him.

"So, my gringo friend, you are not dead yet! We shall have to hang you in the morning. Will you eat?"

"I am too sick to eat. But I do need water. And as for hanging me, I will disappoint you, *amigos.* I will not be alive tomorrow."

The festering gash in his scalp, the dried blood in his matted hair, made his captors agree with him. That was good. But Sam wanted to make it better. He feigned unconsciousness. The guards kicked him several times, then squatted in the doorway.

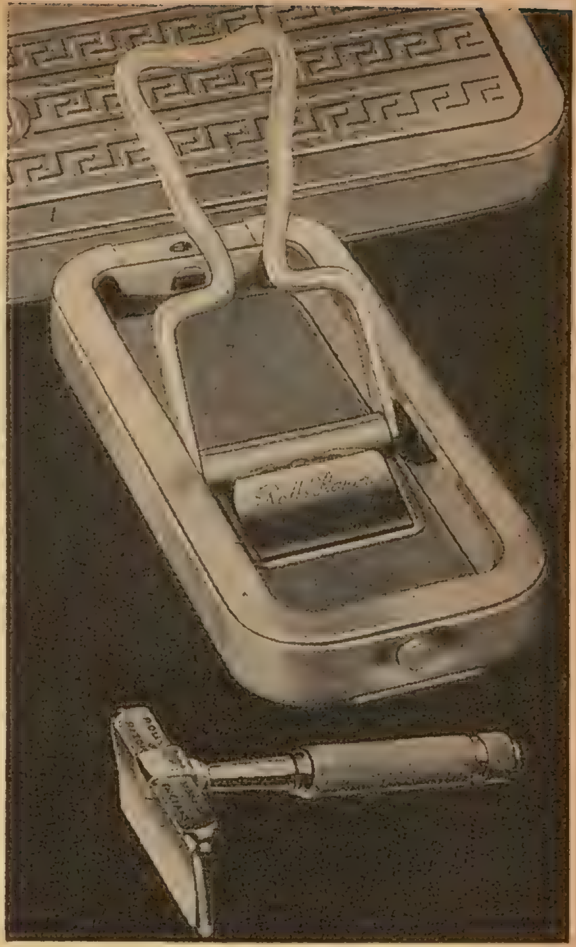
Sam let some minutes pass and again called for water.

"There is no water. But we can get wine—if you have money."

Sam felt in his pockets and found a few coins. By some miracle he had not been robbed. "Here," he said. "Get wine. Get plenty. Whether I live or die, *amigos,* you have a long night ahead of you."

He was "unconscious" again when the sentry brought back the wine—two gallons of it. He could not be roused. He lay very still as they drank—listening, never opening his eyes until he heard them snoring.

Then he tiptoed across the room, stepped over their recumbent figures, and stole through the night toward the blackness between two campfires. Crawling on hands and knees, he passed picket after picket, some of them drowsy, some alert. He had almost reached the woods when he stumbled over a sleeping vedette. He



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*a year in Blade Money**"

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Minneapolis, Minn.
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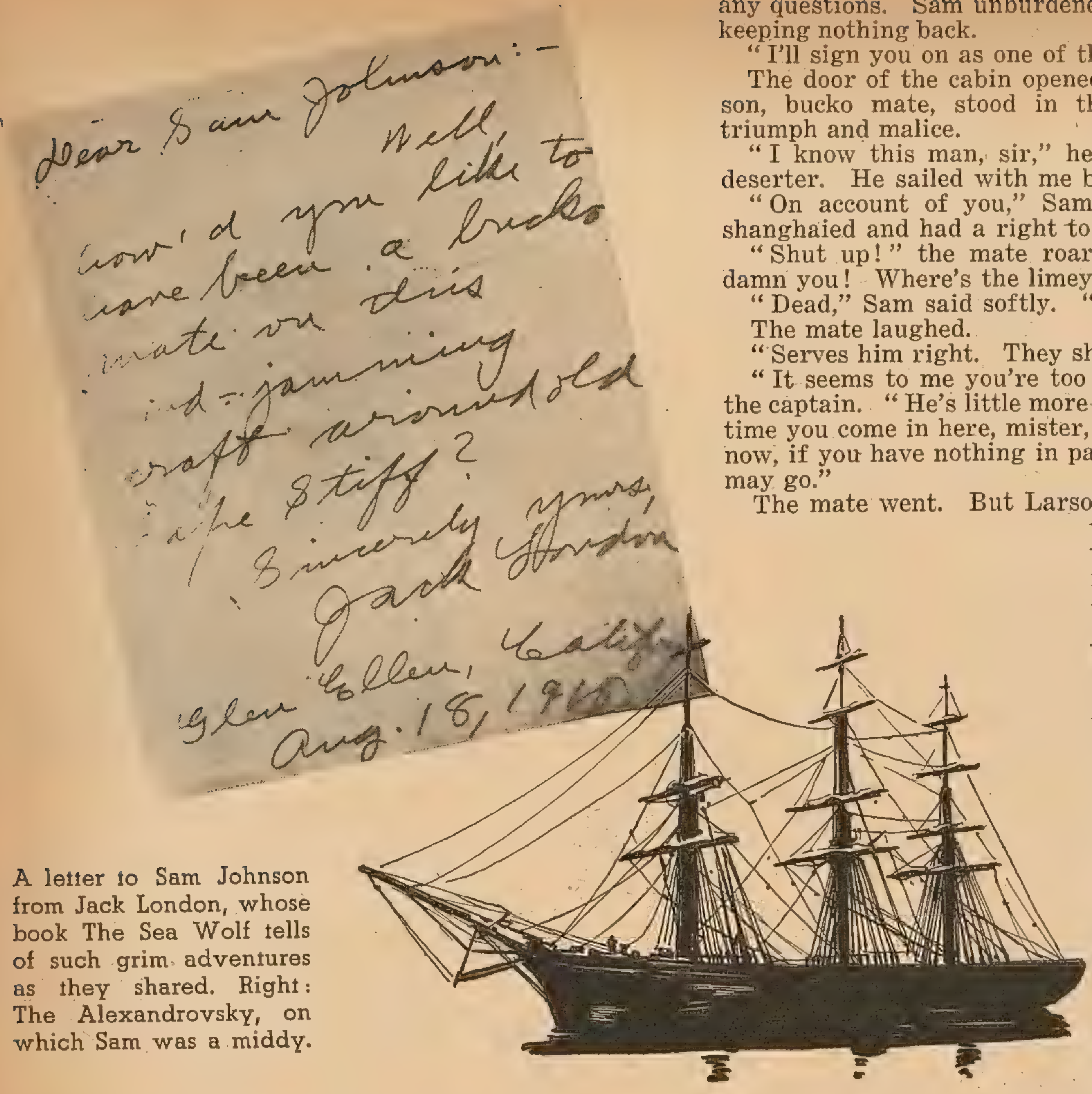

Dear Sam Johnson:—
Well,
ow'd you like to
ave been a bucko
mate on this
d-jamming
raft aroundold
he Stiff?
Sincerely yours,
Jack London
Glen Ellen, Calif.
Aug. 18, 1916

A letter to Sam Johnson from Jack London, whose book The Sea Wolf tells of such grim adventures as they shared. Right: The Alexandrovsky, on which Sam was a middy.

flattened himself on the earth, his hand encountering a rock.

"Quien vivo?"

The boy hurled the rock. The man fell, discharging his gun.

Immediately guns fired in all directions. Bugles blew. Soldiers came out of the ground, expecting an attack. Sam sprinted for the woods, but there was no pursuit.

The stars guided him south, toward Buenos Aires. He must not go near Margarita or her mother. Not now. That might involve them. The revolution was dead. Luis Saenz Peña's enemies would be shot against a wall.

Daylight found him far from the battlefield. Night found him at the city's water front, peering at a bark that lay at anchor a short distance from the shore. He rested a moment, then began to swim.

HE swam slowly, for he was tired. The watch were hanging over the rail, smoking pipes. The bark was the Jack Ragnar—American or English, he supposed.

He swam to the starboard side, found the slimy links of the anchor chain, and pulled himself upward. It was dreadful work to one so weakened by loss of blood, so tired from walking and running and swimming. He was almost spent when he reached the rail and tumbled over it to the deck. The smell of raw hides assailed his nostrils but promised him shelter. He had just strength enough to crawl to that stinking cargo, unfasten the lashings, and squeeze himself beneath the tarpaulin. Sleep came to him immediately.

For two days and nights he remained in the hides, in the putrid air, in the stifling heat that beat through the tarpaulin, in the dark. Not until the roll of the vessel told him he was at sea did he come out.

The skipper proved to be a kindly man who ordered him fed and clothed and cared for before he asked him any questions. Sam unburdened himself to the skipper, keeping nothing back.

"I'll sign you on as one of the crew. But—"

The door of the cabin opened abruptly and Yam Larson, bucko mate, stood in the doorway, scowling in triumph and malice.

"I know this man, sir," he said. "He's a Russian deserter. He sailed with me before, and jumped ship."

"On account of you," Sam said. "Besides, I was shanghaied and had a right to jump ship."

"Shut up!" the mate roared. "And call me 'sir,' damn you! Where's the limey?"

"Dead," Sam said softly. "Killed in action."

The mate laughed.

"Serves him right. They should have got you too."

"It seems to me you're too harsh, Mr. Larson," said the captain. "He's little more than a boy. And the next time you come in here, mister, see that you knock. And now, if you have nothing in particular to say to me, you may go."

The mate went. But Larson smarted under the captain's rebuke all the way to Barbados — and punished the "Russky" on every occasion.

WITH Barbados coming up just under the bow, Sam went to him and faced him. "What you doin' here, you rat?" the mate bellowed. "Get forward where you belong!"

Sam's right fist shot up and struck the mate on the point of the jaw.

"That's for Joe," he said; "for laughing at his death."

Yam Larson was knocked too silly to realize for a moment that he had been hit. Then he jumped up and rushed, starting a kick.

Sam stepped aside, caught the outstretched ankle, and pulled it. Yam Larson fell again.

Members of the crew stopped working and gathered around to watch the fight. The captain, standing on the bridge, pretended he saw nothing wrong.

Larson rolled toward the rail where the belaying pins were stowed; but young Sam blocked his path.

"Get up and take it!" he cried. "I want to hit you once just for myself."

The mate sprang up, but he went down again, this time from a right to the pit of his stomach. He stayed down.

"Who's the rat now?" the boy demanded.

Some of the crew cheered. Others began to run. Sam saw the second mate bearing down on him with a belaying pin. He leaped to the rail, waved to the captain, called *"Adios!"* and dived into the blue water.

Only when he came up and started toward the shore did it occur to him that there might be sharks in these waters. A fin was cutting the surface of the sea, far away, but coming toward him swiftly. Another fin followed it, two, three, a dozen.

He swam with all the vigor and speed at his command, trying to pray, trying to remember all he had ever read about sharks. Some had said that if you keep splashing water, sharks won't touch you. Others had laughed at that. Sam splashed with hands and feet and raced ahead.

"Some sharks won't hurt you," he remembered somebody's saying. "But then again, there do be some as will bite you in half and swallow the pieces!"

Swim as fast as he might, he could not outswim those gray scavengers—and the beach was so far away, so impossibly far! The fins came closer, closer.

Suddenly his feet touched something hard and solid. He almost screamed. Was it a shark? It was a rock! He had reached shoal water where the sharks couldn't follow.

He felt a little drunk as he waded ashore. He was safe. He was free. But he had no money, no food, not a thing he could sell. The clothes he had on were worthless.

But he lay in the sun an hour, and felt dry and brave enough for any fate. And he was glad he had settled with Yam Larson.

That day he got a job stevedoring. He worked shoulder to shoulder with native Negroes until he had a chance to ship before the mast again. A small coastal vessel landed him in Pensacola, Florida, and there he found a ship bound for Buenos Aires—the Russian-Finn bark Ilos.

He would see Margarita again! She might be still riding the white horse in the circus. She must be wondering about him, weeping about him. Maybe she was wearing mourning for him!

The days went by quickly aboard the Ilos, with nothing to break the monotony—and the dreams—save a knife fight and a squall. And presently there was the city of his hopes, calm and inviting, serene.

He went ashore in a clean uniform, unafraid. Even if he were recognized now as captain of the Beach Combers' Brigade, nothing would happen. The revolution had been forgotten weeks ago.

Straight to the little boardinghouse he marched. He would take her mother in his arms when she appeared. He would call her *mamacita*, as her daughter did.

A strange woman answered his knock. "But that woman is in jail," she said. "Her part in the revolution was well known. It was a mercy she was not shot."

"And her daughter?" he managed to say. "Margarita?"

"Look for her in the Calle de Courtesan."

The woman slammed the door in his face.

The Street of the Courtesan? It was a lie! Such rage came over the boy that he wanted to batter down the door. After a while he turned and walked away.

Night came and he was still walking. He did not know where he was. But there was gaiety about him, drunken men, policemen, soldiers in gaudy uniforms, women standing in doorways or peering from half-shuttered windows. Music played in every house. Bright lights burned.

"Sam," a woman's voice called, stabbing him like a knife. "Sam! Dear friend! You have come back?"

He looked up and saw a girl in a window, a slim little girl with dark hair and eyes bright with tears.

He looked for a long time, saying no word. Downstairs, in the room beneath her, women were laughing and a phonograph was playing.

THIS, then, was the Street of the Courtesan! The woman hadn't lied! He reeled to the curb. He sat down, held his hands to his face, and wet his fingers with his tears.

A passing policeman stopped and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Move, drunken one," he said.

Sam rose and moved on—moved on for hours, and found himself in the forecastle of the Ilos.

"I must go back to her," he thought. "It isn't her fault. It couldn't be her fault."

He remembered how she blessed herself as she rode into the arena.

"After they threw her mother in jail," he thought, "those devils put her there."

He went back. But it was morning and the house was shuttered. He beat on the door without answer for a time. Then a woman thrust her head from an upstairs window, a middle-aged woman in a bright kimono.

"Margarita," Sam said.

"Go away!" the woman cried shrilly. "She is not here, that one. She poisoned herself last night. Look in the morgue for her. *Vamos!*"

Sam's breath-taking deeds in Hawaii, followed by his amazing self-demotion from brigadier general to private in the hope of fighting in France—these will be among the fireworks in next week's installment. It will also include his life-or-death encounters with wartime espionage in the Malay Peninsula.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—*Pour prendre congé* (French): To take leave.

2—On January 20, 1937.

3—On November 15, 1934, it was $192,601,297, with $154,241,903 accrued interest.

4—A synonym is one of two or more words having the same or nearly the same meaning. An antonym is a word of opposite meaning—as white is an antonym of black.

5—Florence E. Allen, elected judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1922.

6—Fifteen per cent on appraised value. Dogs imported by a citizen for breeding purposes are admitted free on approval of pedigrees by the Department of Agriculture.

7—One hundred and sixty-nine.

8—The Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario.

9—A flag carried by unmounted units is designated a color; by mounted or motorized troops, a standard; and an ensign when flown on ships.

10—Maryland and Delaware.

11—King Carol II of Rumania.

12—June 14, the anniversary of the date on which the Continental Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes in 1777.

13—A void is an empty or unfilled space. Voidable is capable of being voided. (In law, judged invalid and of no force.)

14—By order of Queen Victoria in 1858.

15—Proboscises or proboscides.

16—In the British House of Commons.

17—Sucre is the official capital, while La Paz is the *de facto* capital.

18—Approximately 1,700.

19—A tailor's gooses.

20—Bunyan, in Pilgrim's Progress.

I KNEW THEY'D MAKE YOU FOOT HAPPY!
WE HAD A GRAND TIME TODAY, JOHN. MY FEET NEVER HURT ME ONCE! DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS ARE WONDERFUL!

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

From Washington...

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

● Dinner tonight at the White House.

My nerves are on the jump more than a little as I dress for this affair. It will be my first experience with White House formality—and the White House *is* the most important official residence in the world.

But all nervousness leaves me as soon as I get there. I feel at once the friendly, pleasant atmosphere. Under this Roosevelt administration the White House is a thoroughly *homelike* home.

The rooms are filled with flowers—pink roses, African daisies, big vases of pink snapdragons. The floral note is pink. Slip covers on the furniture in the private drawing room are of pinkish chintz. Mrs. Roosevelt, in a gown of rose-colored satin, walks here with grace and dignity inimitable. It is a picture I never shall forget—this beautiful house, this woman of a heart uniquely generous and open to all.

We are twenty at dinner. What a good host the President is! We laugh, we are gay, noisy, and at our ease. At this table the spirit of hospitality is never dampened by the foggy formalities of official life.

After-dinner music for us ladies in an upstairs sitting room while the gentlemen remain for cigars and half an hour of men's talk. When they rejoin us I am honored by the President, who talks with me at some length.

He teases me—gently recalling historical and literary facts which I have carelessly forgotten. President Roosevelt forgets nothing. He is a born teacher.

What an educator, what a college president Franklin D. Roosevelt could have been! A teacher born with the power to enlighten us—if only we had the power to learn.

● I am a clock stopper. I stopped a White House clock. I stopped the big bronze clock that Lafayette presented to George Washington. That clock had been going continuously since the year 1800—but I stopped it. And I didn't even touch it. I just walked into the room where it stands. J. M. Branlett, White House officer for thirty-eight years, said he never had known the Lafayette clock to stop before.

Something happens to clocks when I am near them. My own clocks never go. I told my editor about this—thought he should know. He looked at me and said, "Ah-hah! The face that stopped a thousand clocks!"

● A lady from California sat next to me at one of Mrs. Roosevelt's luncheons. Next to the California lady sat a lady from Colorado. With pride the Colorado lady pointed at the magnificent silver chandelier and wall candelabra. "Colorado silver," she announced.

The California lady was a quick one. Immediately she pointed at an imposing console table supported by large eagles of carved wood.

"California wood," she declared.

"Is it?" I asked innocently.

"I hope so," she whispered. "Anyhow, we have fine wood in California—and I couldn't let Colorado grab *all* the glory."

● Some White House notes at random:

In the oval-shaped Blue Room, where foreign diplomats present their credentials, the brocade chairs never wear out because nobody ever sits on 'em. Chairs in other White House rooms need frequent reupholstering. . . . The President likes caviar, wild duck, pâté de foie gras, Wisconsin cheese. He doesn't care for sweet desserts. . . . To discourage souvenir swipers the new spoons for White House garden parties bear no White House insignia. . . . No more smoking at large White House receptions; too many gals got their best dresses burned. . . . After-dinner coffee is served at the table, not in the drawing room. . . . Louise (Hacky) Heckmeister, wizard phone operator for the White House, can locate people *anywhere* by telephone and have them on the wire in almost no time. . . . Dainty Mrs. Claude Swanson, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was the tiniest lady I saw at White House receptions. . . . Secretary Morgenthau of the Treasury was the tallest gent I saw there. . . . And oh, what those long, long receptions do to a poor girl's feet! Standing up all that time! Mrs. Cordell Hull, wife of the Secretary of State, told me her shoes always feel at least three sizes too small by the end of the evening. . . . Hard to find in the White House is that place of desirable seclusion where we ladies go to powder our noses. . . . White House attendants have the *nicest* voices, softly yet clearly modulated, and with perfect diction. They talk like actors.

● Another woman and I were terribly thirsty at a pack-jammed White House reception, but the crowd around the punch bowl was too fierce for us. A kind gentleman took pity, fought his way to the bowl, and we followed.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Secretary," said we. Yes, the man to get you a drink at one of these Washington crushes is Mr. George H. Dern, Secretary of War. With or without his army. He played football at college.

● Blair Niles explores and writes about wild places such as Devil's Island, savage Borneo, New York City, the

To the Ladies!

KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

South American tropics, private insane asylums, etc. She finds her stories in jungles of nature and jungles of the soul.

The French didn't like what she wrote about their notorious prison colony on Devil's Island, but they admitted that her book was true, and they made a moving picture from it.

"Borneo," she says, "is the most complete storybook land I ever have seen. The Dyak head-hunters—tattooed and befeathered—appear just as outlandish as the most romantic traveler could wish. In Borneo you can lose every trace of our civilization."

On her expeditions Blair Niles takes medicines and safety pins for the natives. She says they love safety pins, even though they don't wear any clothes. The Borneo women are especially beautiful, she thinks. They wear a few coils of brass wire.

"They enjoy giving presents," she said, "as well as receiving them. Often they bring you an egg as a gift. Usually the egg is very, very bad."

Born on an old Virginia plantation, Blair Niles is married to an architect and lives now in New York when she isn't traveling. Her hobby is reading up on more strange places to go.

● June brides may be interested in the following information about wedding rings: Jewelers tell me that gold wedding rings are popular again. (Before depression platinum was monopolizing the field.) Gold wedding rings now cost around ten dollars, while wedding rings of platinum start at around twenty dollars. The boosted price of gold has made considerable difference, but gold is still that much cheaper.

Some brides prefer gold wedding rings for sentimental reasons (their mothers had gold ones, etc.). To accommodate those who desire both platinum and sentiment, one famous jeweler has put out a new wedding ring with a gold band made to fit inside the platinum. Plain or chased bands are still the platinum leaders. De luxe wedding rings for this year have round and baguette diamonds set alternately or in groups. Recently one bride and groom thought up the original idea of having both their first names cut through a heavy gold band.

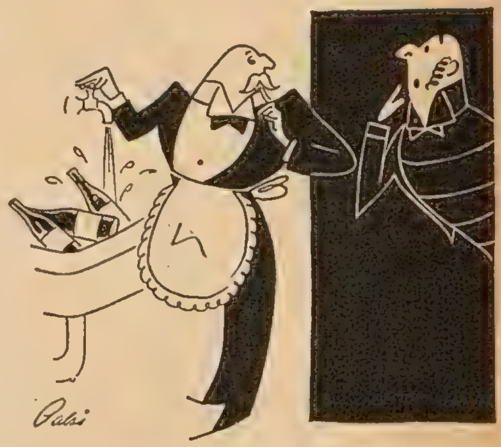
BLAIR NILES

● A woman in her early forties has been obliged by business circumstances to leave the city where she has lived most of her married life, and return to the smaller town where she and her husband grew up. When this step became necessary she told me how she dreaded it. She said, "Everybody back home knows exactly how old I am. I'll feel so *dated* among them."

But that is not at all how it worked out. She has written me a letter in which she says:

"I thought I'd feel older back here. I don't. I feel younger. So many of our friends and neighbors knew me when I was a little girl—and they still think of me as a kid. What a relief!"

Her discovery has been a happy one—one worth knowing. Old friends help us stay young because they remember us as part of their own youth.



● At a party the other evening one of the men guests disappeared. We were surprised to learn that he was out in the kitchen washing the labels off wine bottles. Why? He collects wine labels. What for? He is papering the walls of his den with them. Invite him for dinner and the first thing you know he has you in a corner asking for permission to wash the labels off your empty wine bottles.

He spends his social hours now at other people's kitchen sinks.

Aren't *men* peculiar?

● Do baby faces and baby antics reveal character even when babies are less than a year old? I think they do. Some friends and I have been trying to decide from their published photographs how the Dionne quintuplets show their separate personalities already at the age of eleven months.

It seems quite plain to us that Yvonne is the frivolous one, Marie the thinker, Annette the dreamer, Cécile the skeptic—while Emilie is a born little actress who just adores posing for the camera.

Maybe this character reading will turn out all wrong when the Dionne quins grow up—but that's how they impress me now.

How do they look to you?

● To stay-at-home travelers I recommend Provence—Ford Madox Ford's delightful book about the south of France. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

● A lady from Alabama gave me this recipe for broiled squabs. I have tried it, and found it the best ever. To me it was absolutely new.

Have your squabs split down the back with the breast bones removed. Dip squabs in butter and broil. On crisp slices of toast spread peanut butter with a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Top with a slice of broiled ham, then your broiled squab, sprinkled with chopped watercress.

Serve with quince jelly.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Panic A. C.,
Boston, Mass.

DEAREST GINGER,

I would have wrote you before Darling, but a plastic surgeon has been takin my pan apart.

It was all caused by my new manager Jack Downey matchin me up with a human gorilla by the name of Horizontal McSwivel.

I'm goin to give you the lowdown in my own words of just what happened.

Leave us see, it was like this:

At ten bells the night of the fracas I'm sitting in my corner awaitin the arrival of my opponent when my manager whispers in my mudguard, " Listen, Socko, this mill is gonna be a yell. I just got a squint at Horizontal and on the level, he's a pipe."

" Whatdyer mean a pipe? " I says eyeing him sirspiciously. " That's exactly what my other manager told me before the last go, and when the palooka bopped me I went out like a mazda."

" Be your weight," he hollers. " Here he comes now."

Glory be to Heaven Ginger, he was built like a light house. He had a bullet shape dome an his hair stood out like the whiskers on a carpet sweeper. No kiddin, between his collapsable beezer pointin uptown an his toadstool ears, he was a ringer for somethin that lived in a tree.

While I'm parked there figurin the quickest way to wing him off, clang went the gong an the fun was on.

Well Sweetie, Horizontal flew out of his corner like he'd been fired from an aunty aircraft gun. He tossed the referee aside an rushed me like he was all set to assinate me.

Somehow I managed to duck under his guard and we clinched. In the mixup, Horizontal let go a wild swing which I very foolishly stopped with my eye. I made up my mind that there was only one thing for me to do an that was to rush right in an finish him off while I was still upright an hittin on all five.

My next immitation was a left hook that landed smack on his kisser. This shook his china closet so bad he began staggerin around the ring spittin out cups an saucers. I rushed in with a snappy series of jabs to his grocery department.

" Finish the tramp, Horizontal! Finish him off! " the mob yelled.

This seemed to revive my pal. He socked me on the smeller with a right upper cut which I mistook for a grand piano. I was so overcome by this that I allowed the referee to count eight before I was able to get my kisser off the canvas.

The cave man leered over me all set to slap me around the arena. I ducked through his legs and broke into an Olympic with him chasin me. Just as I was about to surprize him with a sizzlin left to the ear, he smacked me on the bum lamp, an if it hadnt been for the gong I would have been colder than Daniel Boom.

After that, I staggered to my corner.

Exhausted, I says to one of my handlers:

" How am I doin? "

" Swell! " he says. " Your right glim is closed for good an your snozzle hangs like a shoemakers apron."

" Can the comedy," I squarked.

One of my dizzy seconds drops the hot ashes off his cigarette square in my only good lamp, an everything went Republican. The other dumb cluck got so excited he dumped the pail of water includin the big rough sponge right inside my trunks, nearly drownin me.

The bell clangs an out I wobble as blind as a bat with the sponge doin the Lindy Glide inside my trunks.

I'm no sooner in the center of the ring than Horizontal sinks his knee into my lunch room for no good reason. Immediately I beefs to the referee.

" Hey, what about that foul? " I yells.

" Shut up an get goin! " he roars.

I take a slant at Horizontal an he's grinnin at me like I was Popeye. Oh, I got red-headed! I drove him in a corner with the full intention of laying him like a floor. But somethin went haywire. From nowhere, he hoisted a haymaker which landed on my infra-red nose. I went through the ropes an made a one-point landin on the business end of an Oliver Underwood.

I don't know what happened after that. All I remember was bein awakened the next mornin by the scrubwoman askin me to move over so she could mop the ring.

Listen Cutie, before I sign off theys two things I want to tell you about. First, my kid brother, the crooner, is going to broadcast over your station. Get a load of his act, will you, an let me know how he goes over?

Another thing, Ginger. I met a cute little red headed nurse up at the hospital where I had my pan fixed. She says I got the build of a great scrapper an if I care to come up to her flat a couple or three times a week she will give me kyropratic treatments. So, if its alright with *you*, I'm in.

Please write soon Love Lips, an tell me how youre making out in Hollywood.

Your ever lovin dream boy, SOCKO.

Hollywood,
Califilmia.

Dearest Socko,

I just received your letter telling me about your battle with Horizontal McSwivel and the less said the better.

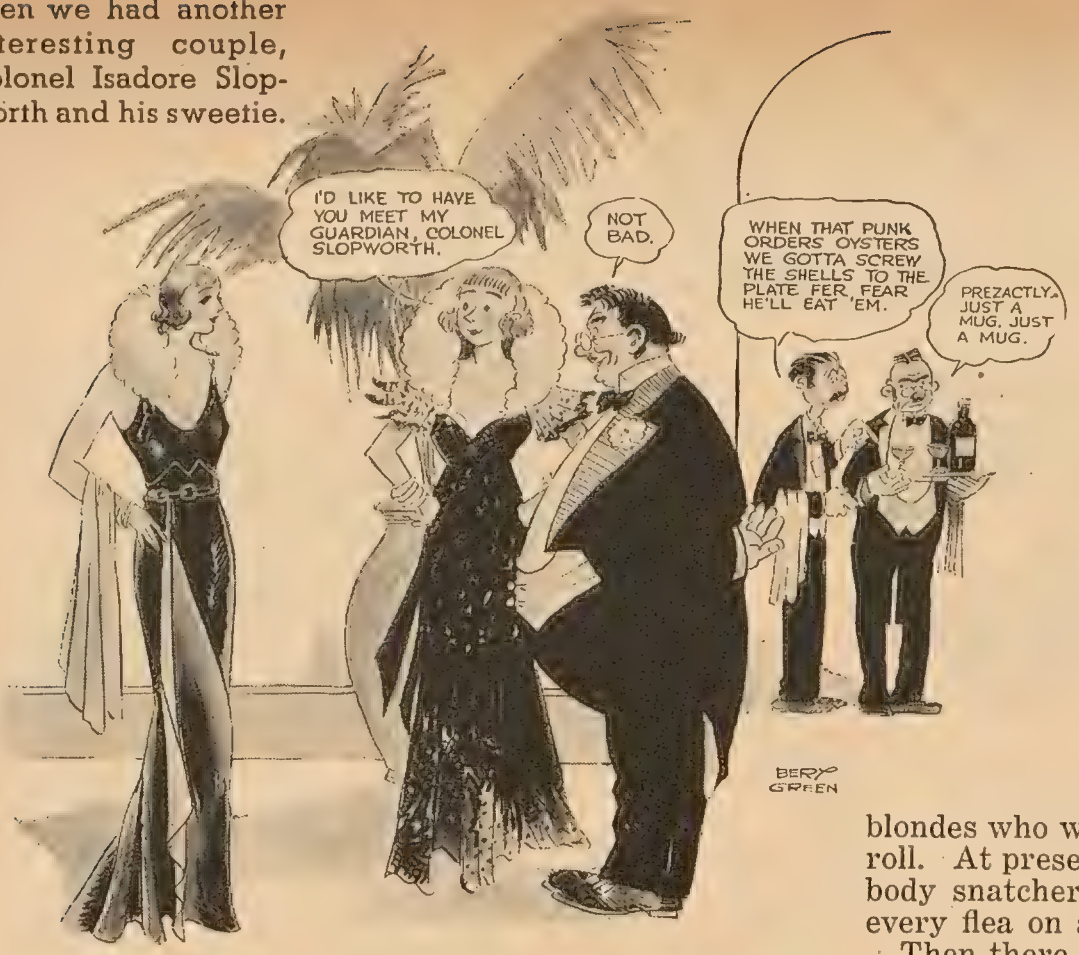
The trouble with you is, you let those dizzy managers make a sucker out of you. The result is, the front man takes the gravy and you take the shellacking. You just need to be measured for a *new set of brains!*

Listen Foolish, I made a special trip to the Broadcasting Station to hear your kid brother, the crooner you

A Chilling Punch Kayoes Socko and a Sizzling Party Almost Does the Same to Ginger—Skip This if You Don't Feel Like Chuckling

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN


I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU MEET MY GUARDIAN, COLONEL SLOPWORTH.
NOT BAD.
WHEN THAT PUNK ORDERS OYSTERS WE GOTTA SCREW THE SHELLS TO THE PLATE FER FEAR HE'LL EAT 'EM.
PREZACTLY. JUST A MUG. JUST A MUG.
BERT GREEN

Then we had another interesting couple, Colonel Isadore Slopworth and his sweetie.

raved about and just arrived at the studio in time to hear the announcer say:

"—and now, ladies and gentlemen, Vita-Nuts presents Sonny O'Brien, radios golden throated tenor direct from his triumphant personal appearance."

Oh boy, and when your brother walked *in*, he looked as though he'd thumbed his nose at a cops parade. He sported a crutch, two compound fractures and a black eye. No foolin', the audience must have hit him with everything but the seats.

And now I'm going to change the subject by telling you about my trip to Caliente with Eddie Goodwin. He's the good looking director I told you about.

When the day came for me to go on the trip, I was almost frantic. I didnt have a decent gown to my name. I was just in the midst of giving my last years silhouette ensemble the business when who trapsed in but Hazel Dawn, my room mate.

"What on earth are you doing?" she blurted out.

"Hells bells," I said, "I'm trying to bat out a ball room creation that will promote me into the sinema snapshots."

"Slough the comedy," she laughed. "I'll loan you a nifty outfit thatll put a permanent wave in any guys neck."

Well, she dug through her wardrobe and handed me a georgeous emerald green chiffon gown trimmed with a white fox collar. Hazels a dear.

Instead of having my escort meet me at my broom closet and bath, I arranged to have him call for me at the Roosevelt lobby where I could put on the big flash.

Driving along Hollywood Boulevard he said:

"Honest Ginger, you look so beautiful I could fall in love with you myself."

Now listen Socko, I dont want you to get *thick* just because Mr. Goodwin made that crack. Get me? Its business! So for the love of Mike, dont start beefing and putting on the blast.

When we arrived at the Glendale airport, we climbed aboard Mr. Goodwins swanky sport plane and took off. We landed in Mexico alongside the most beautiful Spanish hotel I ever hung my eye shadow over. It happens to be the whoopie spot where the snapshot heroes go to kick the gong around.

We no sooner reached the lobby than Mr. Goodwin ran into a friend of his who insisted we join his party.

Our table was the nuts. We featured a collection of prize Hollywood maniacs, and to watch them get in touch with the silly syrup was worth the price of entry.

On my right was a little doll by the name of Jaculine Forbes. She was one of those itty witty chronium blondes who was trying to kiss herself in on a movie pay roll. At present she is acing around with a good looking body snatcher who happens to have a buck eighty for every flea on a great dane.

Then there was another bedroom bandit in our midst by the name of Eleaner Winston-Pratt, a giggling disturbance of some fifty odd summers who was sewing her wild oats. She was accompanied by her playboy ViCount Shapiro whom I'm inclined to believe used to set waves in a Bronx beauty parlor.

Then we had another interesting couple, Colonel Isadore Slopworth and his sweetie Peaches De Haven. Peaches was an ex-Scandals girl. She was spending the week end with the Colonel because the Colonels wife didnt understand him. The Colonel was about sixty. He wore a one man top and had the thing sprinkled with pie crust to make it look like dandruff.

Well, as the night wore on and the guests wore out, the party got what you might call slightly binged.

The scene that followed was very scenario. I'm sorry I havent time to give you the rest of the dope right now, but I'll continue it in my next letter.

Before I sign off I'll have to tell you a little story about the Colonel thats very sad. Some time ago he was suffering from *terrific pains* in the head. They were so bad the Colonel nearly went goofy. At last, he barged off to a big specialist.

The specialist took one look at the Colonel and sawed the top of his head off. As soon as the doc had the lid removed, he lifted out the Colonels brains and was just about to examine them when the phone rang and the doc grabbed his hat, coat and tool box and scrammed, forgetting all about the Colonel.

Two hours later the patient got very restless. Seeing his lid laying on the table, he picked it up, clapped it on his head and quit the office in disgust.

For two years he wandered around with the inside of his head empty. The authorities hunted him high and low but nothing happened. At last they *found* the Colonel. Yes, and where do you think he was, Socko? Right here in Hollywood. He's *president* of one of the *biggest movie studios*.

Play that, Rubinoff! So long, Kid.

Your little pal, GINGER.

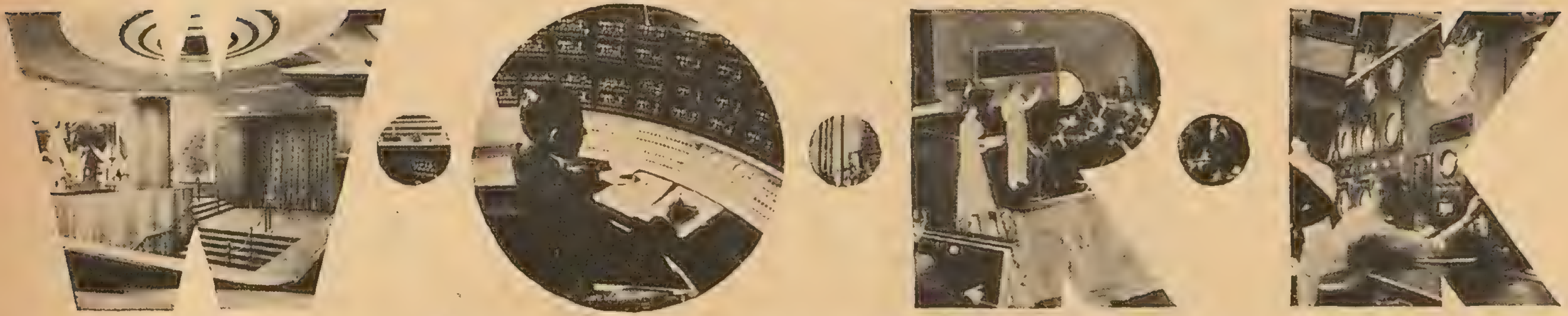
WESTERN
UNION

GINGER RYAN
HYLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

LAY OFF THAT MEGAPHONE MANIAC BEFORE I HOP OUT THERE AND BROADCAST HIM OVER THE NATION SOCKO

More revelations of this romantic courtship will be published in an early issue.

THIS IS Station W·O·R·K



YOUR ANNOUNCER, ELSIE JANIS

A Famous Comedienne Broadcasts Her Play-by-Play Impressions of the Game of Being a Pioneer Mistress of Ceremonies on the Air

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

"THE first official lady staff announcer of the National Broadcasting Company." I am very much impressed by my new title. The lady part gets me down a bit. I would naturally say dame, Jane, female, skirt, or even woman, myself, but I must live up to Radio City.

So far it's the most exciting experience I have had since the war. What I find thrilling, exciting, and a little nerve-racking is being just a tiny part, a human bolt (or should I say nut?) which functions as the gigantic wheels of the radio industry turn endlessly and miraculously.

Sometime ago in Liberty I was bemoaning the fact that kings rule the ether waves and that queens were conspicuous by their absence. I added with all sincerity that I wished the gals would start shooting for a crown or two, as I would like a small hunk of the air myself. How I got it may interest you. I hope so.

When I was broadcasting for thirteen weeks in 1932 I spent most of my time worrying, though my mail was heavy and mostly heart-warming. My happiest broadcast was my last one. Since that time I have held back, sniffing suspiciously at any radio proposition and yet simply longing to meet the "mike" again socially.

On a Monday morning I decided that to be a radio announcer was the ambition I had hoped would stir in my breast for some time. Boy! I was going into action again. Knowing a bit about war tactics, I stepped right over the noncoms, first and second louies, and even captains. I went via telephone right to the general—Mr. John Royal of the National Broadcasting Company—who happens to have known me since I was Little Elsie playing Keith's Theater in Cleveland.

"I have an idea!" said I to Mr. NBC.

"Bring it in," says he. "Today at five."

Mr. Royal is more democratic than his name. At four minutes past five I was telling him what I wanted to do. That I didn't want any star privileges. That I wanted to do just what any junior announcer would do. Take anything from the news bulletin to how to bake a cake, but that I did want to be on the staff. Mind you, there are many women narrators and announcers of special programs. One in particular, Claudine Macdonald, who does such a fine job on Woman's Radio Hour. There's Nellie Revel, Lady Esther, and many more, but what I wanted and what, so far, I've got, was the right to walk in to the boss of all the announcers, Pat Kelly, and receive my assignments for the day.

At a quarter past five Mr. Royal reached across his desk, shook my hand, and said, "It's all set! We'll have an initiation where the Ace Announcers will welcome you to the staff. We'll broadcast it, and your first official program will be the Christmas party at Ellis Island."

I flew out of Radio City on the wings of joy. It was not until they called me to rehearse for the "welcome" program that I considered just how all the Ace Announcers might feel about my invasion of their private world. Suppose they resented me? Suppose they didn't want to broadcast my welcome but couldn't very well refuse to do so? By the time the Aces had all arrived in one rather small studio I felt like a dirty deuce in a brand-new deck. Inside of five minutes that grand bunch of regular guys made me feel as if they had been waiting for my advent to make their busy lives complete.

Just glance at the cast of my initiation program—Graham McNamee, Alois Havrilla, James Wallington, Don Wilson, Alwyn Bach, George Hicks, and Pat Kelly, the kindly Irishman who tells us all when to announce and what. In this excellent company and with its wholehearted support, I was not even nervous during the broadcast. It was all a great lark. They instructed me in my duties as an announcer, put me over the jumps humorously, and finished by singing when I suggested that all announcers were really frustrated crooners.

No wonder the personalities of these men zoom through the ether as they do. No one asked for my impressions, but I would like to give them. What's more, I will.

Graham McNamee. Just as peppy as he sounds. Great sense of comedy. Always has time for a yarn to brighten the routine existence of office employees, musicians, and others. A swell smile.

James Wallington. Jimmy looks like an ad for "what the well dressed man should wear." A devoted bridegroom of four months, he gave up his night off to attend my initiation program. Need I say more?

Alois Havrilla. Does not look the way that name sounds. Quietly humorous. Twinkling eyes that are very kind when they watch me struggling with the buttons.

NBC photos
Elsie at the mike, with " the board " at her elbow, and the ace announcers of whom she is giving you her impressions. Left to right: Graham McNamee, James Wallington, Alois Havrilla, Don Wilson, Alwyn Bach, George Hicks, Kelvin Keech, John S. Young, Pat Kelly, Milton J. Cross, Ben Grauer.

Don Wilson. Don is a big fellow—I'd say his largess applies to both heart and mind.

Alwyn Bach. Looks as if he might have been head of the dramatic class in college, but breaks out with wisecracks delivered in perfect tone and diction. And *does* he know about music!

George Hicks. About the busiest guy you ever saw. He it is who can make a news bulletin sound like a Pulitzer Prize play. Very young.

Kelvin Keech. Cosmopolite. Swift mover and thinker. His teeth look like a composite recommendation for all the dentifrices that clutter up the air lanes.

John Young. Looks like a motion-picture star. Could be one, judging from his acting in the air reports of the Hauptmann trial. Hope he doesn't go Hollywood. It's too nice watching him breeze in and out of Pat Kelly's offices.

AH! And there is a one—that *Pat Kelly*—a darlin'. He sings every morning on the Cheerio program at eight thirty and then spends the rest of the day handing out assignments, bits of Irish wit, and friendly words.

Milton Cross. I don't see enough of him, though there is plenty to see when he is about. As Saturday is my day off I listen to his Metropolitan Opera announcements admiringly.

Ben Grauer. I've only seen him twice. He's slim, dark, and apparently very active, for he is either out on some lightship broadcasting or giving you the " direct from the scene " account of something all the time.

Howard Petrie. The Clark Gable of the networks. If the listening ladies could see that six feet three of blond masculine pulchritude, they would surely buy everything his unctuous voice recommends.

There is a group of junior announcers whose names you wouldn't know, and if you saw them all gathered around the assignment board you would wonder why so many good-looking lads would choose to remain unseen.

In no other industry could one encounter so much education. They have to speak several languages. Know music, high- and low-brow. Know literature. And above or below all, they have to know the board—a small black and shining board which has just enough things you mustn't push on it to make you forget the things you must push.

Fortunately for me they don't allow any new announcers the freedom of the buttons without an expert pusher standing by.

I frankly and proudly admit that I am not mechanically minded, and I am being allowed more time to achieve my button-pushing ambitions. I've handled the board twice alone. I'd rather toy with a stick of dynamite in a forest fire, but I'm getting it slowly. To push correctly and read from a manuscript at the same time is like that old stunt of rubbing your head one way and your tummy the opposite. I excel in that trick, but I learned it in the home and not with WJZ and WEAF waiting for me to do it.

Just in case you're thinking, " If she can be an announcer, I can," I submit the routine which must be followed before listeners can hear any program on their radios:

1. Test " mike " with engineer.
2. Plug in preceding program.
3. Wait for chime and green light.
4. Push local and announcement buttons.
5. Make station identification announcement.
6. Push network button.
7. Push studio button. (From number three to number seven you have just twenty seconds.)
8. Make program announcement. Kill announcer button.
9. At finish, push announcer button. Sign off. Give signal to fade. Wait for O. K. from engineer. Kill studio. Ring chimes. Kill network. Kill studio. Wait for final signal from engineer and dump carrier.

Sounds sort of bloodthirsty? Well, the terrible part is that those innocent buttons do just that. They kill definitely. If you accidentally kill the network, twenty-odd stations all over the country hear gobs of silence.

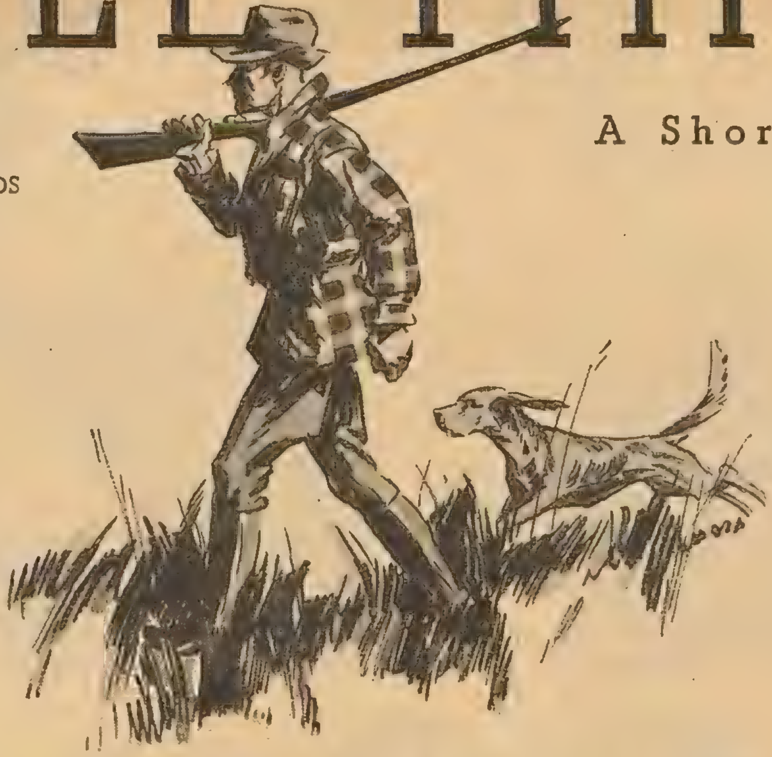
Of course I'm so fascinated by the whole thing that I could go on indefinitely, but my first assignment is tomorrow at ten forty-five, so I'll sign off.

THE END

LITTLE THINGS

A Short Short Story

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 7 SECONDS



by MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

FRANK DARRIEN had had that old mackinaw since he'd been in prep school. It was an ugly jacket, thick as a blanket and with red and black checks that fairly shrieked. He always wore it on hunting trips, and sometimes at home, in winter, when he and Ann were first married.

He had it on when they found him.

Ann, his first wife, always said (but laughingly) that she hated it. Frank conceded it was no beauty.

"But warm," he'd say, holding it up and patting it. "It's got a real patina on it now," he'd say. "Women don't appreciate that. A warm jacket like this is like an old pipe: the more you use it, the better it gets."

He had some one type the label on linen and Ann sewed it in the pocket, just for a joke.

Return to Ann Darrien,
The Old House,
Lingford, Conn.

That was a little thing—the label. Ann always said it was the little things that counted.

You mustn't suppose their marriage came to grief over such a matter as Frank's hunting jacket. No. When first they were married, they hadn't much money. Ann had been left the Old House by her aunt. They lived there the year round, and Frank did whatever jobs turned up—commercial work, tailpieces for cheap magazines—anything. But before long he was "in the money." His illustrations were in demand and he could name his own price. Frank wasn't a bad sort: he was very good-looking, with that thick blue-black hair and gray eyes that looked bolder than he meant them to. There was always some woman around who thought that bold look was for her.

Ann was tying up rosebushes in the walled garden one day in late November when Frank and Denise Bagley came around the corner. They didn't see her. They had been riding. Ann knew that Frank had been riding a lot with Denise lately, but she hadn't fussed about it—there were so many girls always smiling at Frank, and he never seemed to pay too much attention to any of them.

Denise was a young widow with the most beautiful yellow hair and a thin mouth that curled up a trace cruelly when she smiled. She was going to stay at the Inn at Lingford all winter, she said. New York got on your nerves terribly after a while.

Well, it did, too. Ann could understand that.

Denise and Frank didn't see her. She had on old brown slacks and a dun-colored sweater, and her brown hair, in its dark beret, melted into the surrounding landscape.

Ann was just going to say "Hello." Very brightly, too. She was going to say: "How about a cocktail? You look darned cold."

Always afterward she would remember the feel of that afternoon in early winter: the sorrel-colored background of the shrubs all about. And Denise and Frank, in each other's arms, lost in a kiss.

Afterward, Frank said, rather sullenly:

"What's a kiss? Such a little thing . . ."

But it was the little things that counted, Ann knew.

Frank had his divorce by the New Year. Ann didn't have to pack the mackinaw away in moth balls any more, come summer. She was at the Old House again when June came: the rosebushes she had been tying that November afternoon blazed forth again in a riot of pink and white and scarlet and yellow.

Two years went by. She made a life for herself. She wouldn't say it was perfect, but it wasn't a bad life, made up mostly of little things. The newest books to read, and little dinners, letters from old friends, her garden in season . . . Little things counted. But they didn't make up the sum of the whole.

You heard of Frank and Denise now and then. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Darrien were here—there. They went to the Beaux-Arts Ball and Denise looked beautiful. She was the Duchess of Something. You couldn't blame Ann for burning that rotogravure section.

But mostly she closed her eyes to news of them, and her ears, too. She tried to forget. It was the best way.

She was getting ready to go down to a dinner at the Inn one evening in late fall, during the third year of Frank's marriage to Denise. She had on a new black lace dress and she was feeling pretty good, although usually she hated going alone to parties.

Mina, her maid of all work, appeared at the door, gingerly handling a telegram.

"Funny they didn't telephone it instead of sending," Ann said. The telegraph office at Lingford seldom sent typed wires. She opened it carelessly.

"Your husband fatally injured come at once," read the telegram. It had been sent from an obscure village in southern Illinois, and a doctor's name was signed to it.

Ann was at the telephone. She made some arrangement about planes. Mina packed a bag. Ann took a train out of Chicago at daybreak.

It was a little town crouching on the banks of the lower Mississippi. Mallards in the hunting season. You saw hunters everywhere.

The doctor met her with a sympathetic face. He put out a kindly hand to steady her. Mr. Darrien had not regained consciousness, he said. He had been found, shot near the heart, floating in his duck blind, the day before. There had been no papers among his things. Only the label in his jacket. . . .

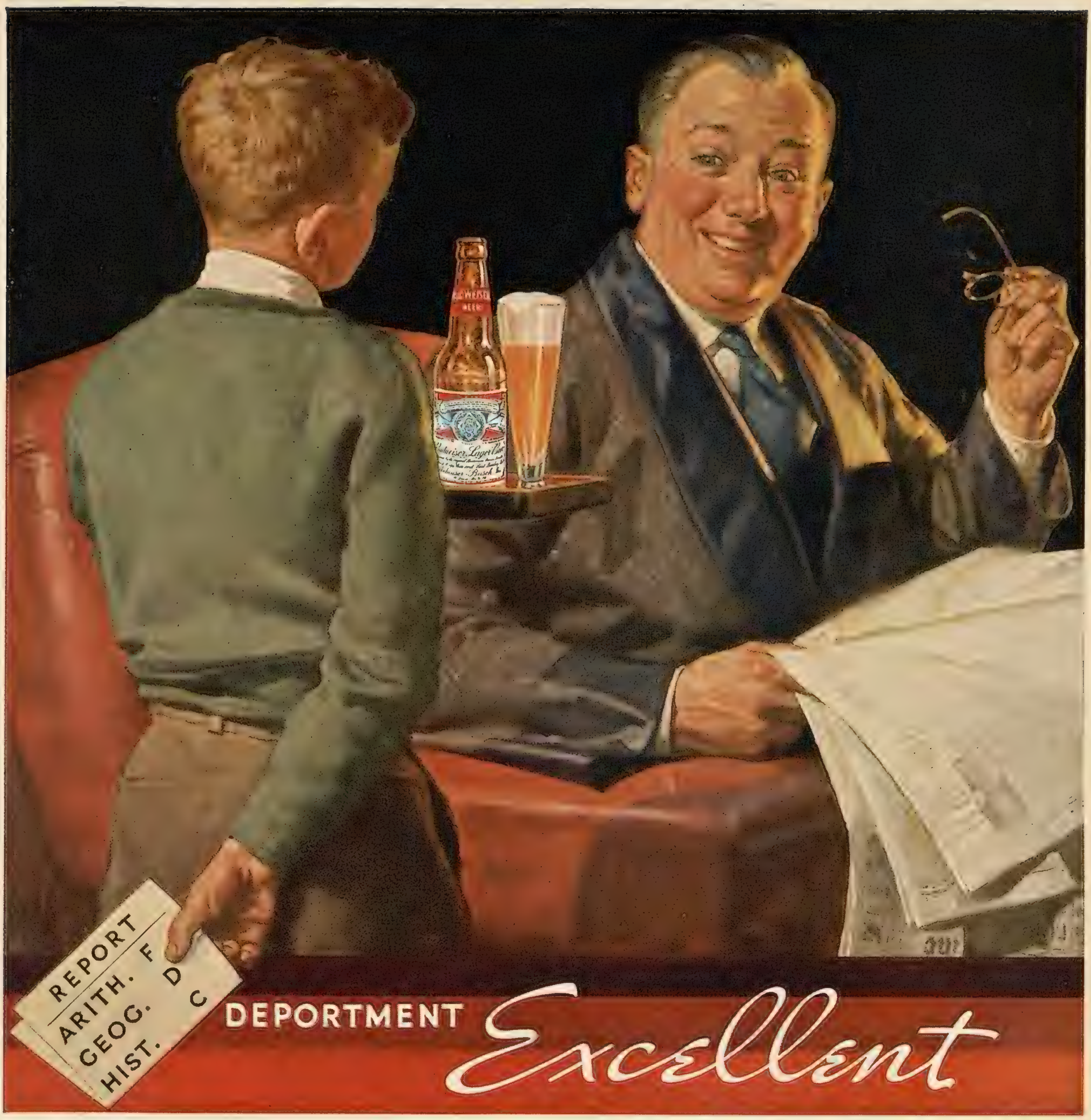
Ann went in. Frank looked big and forlorn in the narrow bed. She sat with him till sundown. Just at five o'clock he opened his eyes and saw her.

"Swell sport," he murmured. "Missed you like hell." He had his hand gripped around her little finger when they put the screen around his bed.

Ann didn't cry. She didn't wait to see Denise, who arrived, twenty-four hours later, from a Bermuda cruise. Denise had all the sympathy—the funeral, telegrams, and things. She made the most of it. Ann had those six words, a ghost of a smile, and the mackinaw.

It's the little things that count.

THE END

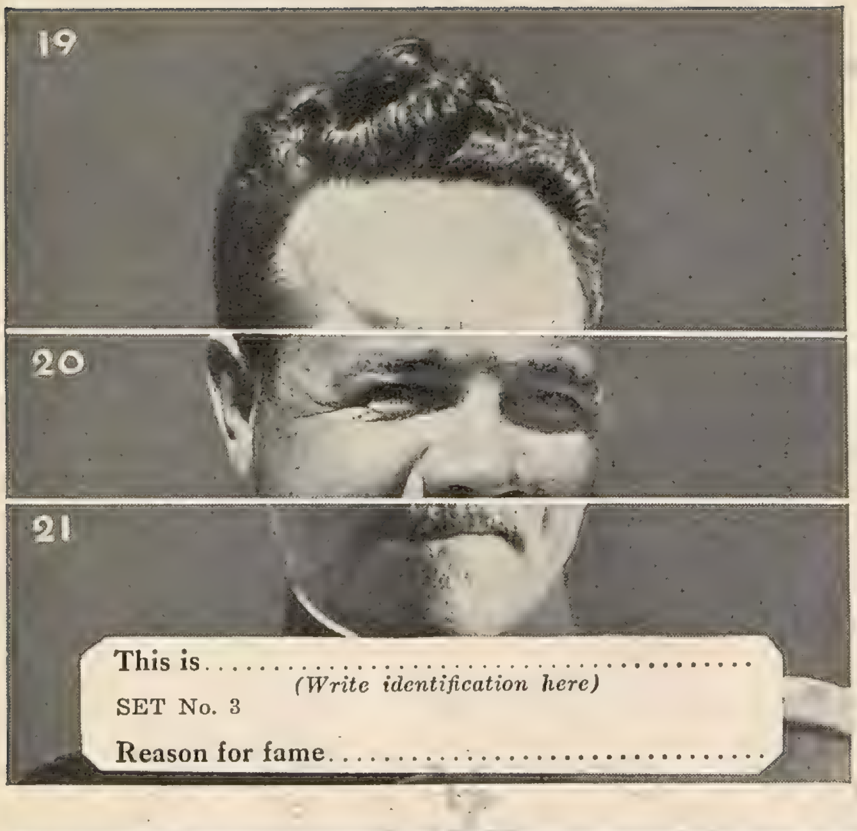


This fine beer paves the way to good humor and good fellowship. Its age-old taste, found in no other beer, makes friends quickly—and holds them long after they have forgotten less distinguished brews. Nor has any other beer that spirited Bohemian hops bouquet of good, old reliable BUDWEISER. These distinctive qualities have made it the biggest-selling bottled beer in history. The demand for it has built the largest brewery in the world. Order by the case for your home.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . ST. LOUIS

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER



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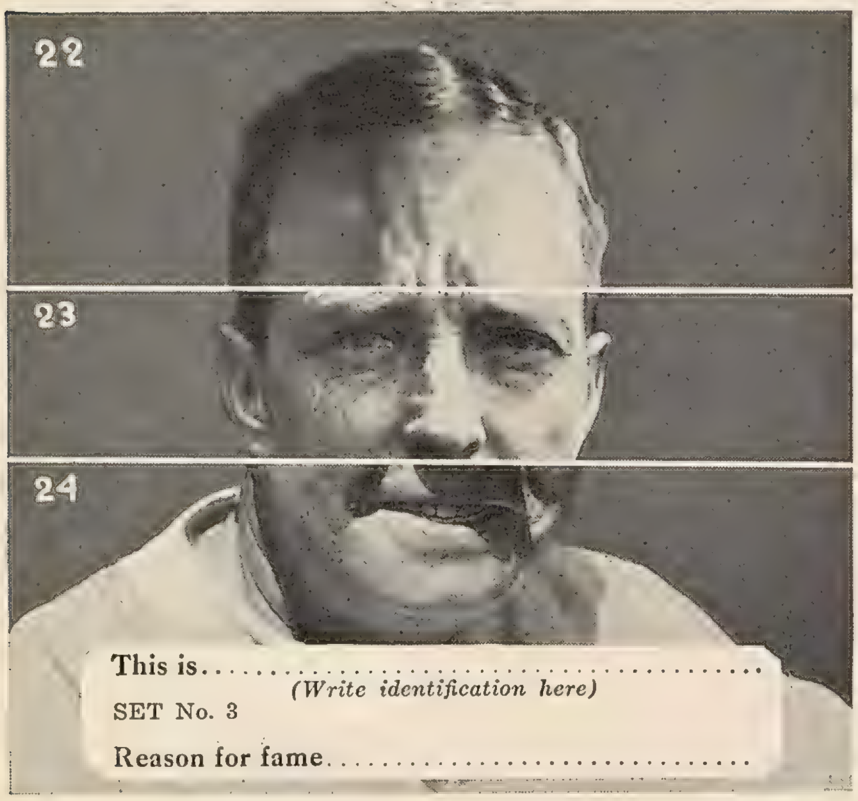

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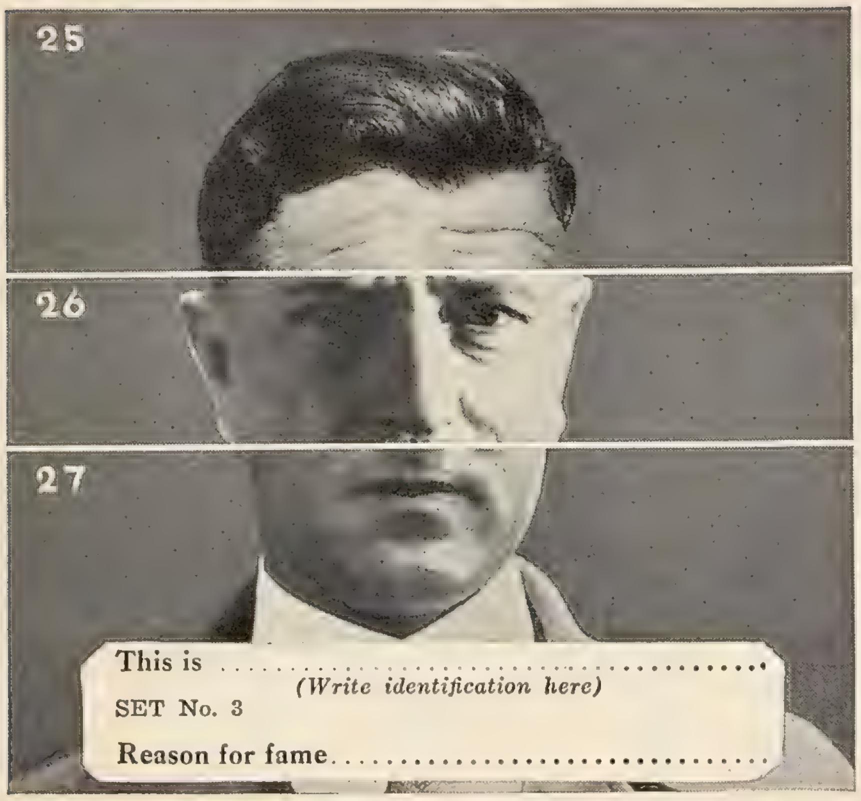

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$5,000 CASH PRIZE GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

YOU CAN WIN!

START your entry right from this page. The rules give full instructions on how to win one of Liberty's 334 cash awards in this game. Read them carefully and then solve and identify this week's three pictures. Be sure that you give the event or work that made each famous, as well as the name of each. To give you a helpful clue, you will find the army, the navy, and Hollywood represented here. When you have solved these composites, put them aside pending the completion of your set of thirty. Now you will need the first two sets of composites. If you have given away or mislaid the two preceding copies of Liberty, mail a request for a free reprint of Sets 1 and 2 to the contest address in Rule 5.

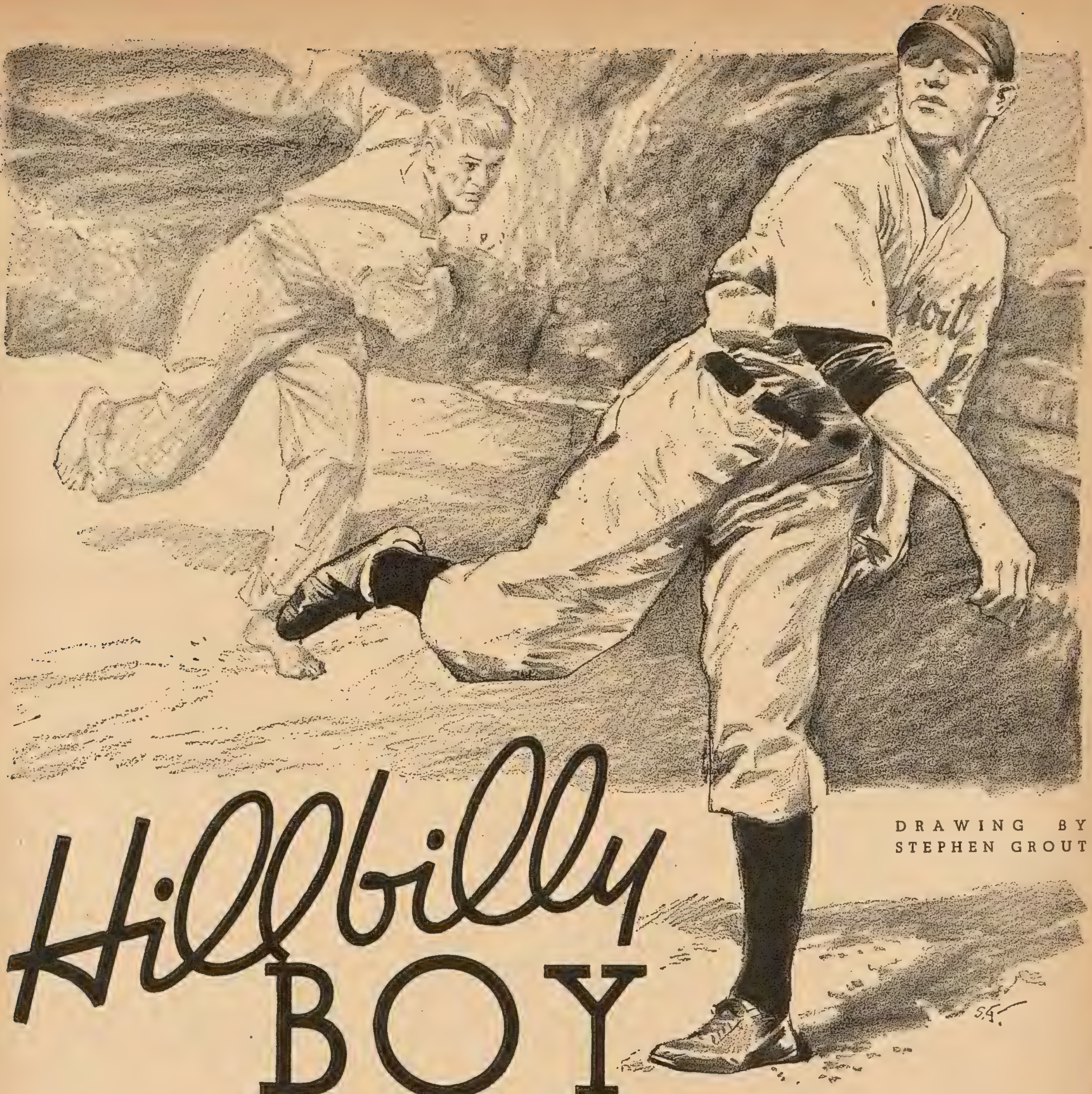
WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$2,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
THIRD PRIZE	100
FOURTH PRIZE	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $25	250
100 PRIZES, Each $10	1,000
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.
2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.
3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.
4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.
5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

ANOTHER SET OF CONTEST COMPOSITES NEXT WEEK!



DRAWING BY STEPHEN GROUT

Hillbilly BOY

The Surprising Success Story of a Remarkable Young Man Who Pitched His Team to the Edge of the 1934 World Championship — Fans, Meet Schoolboy Rowe!

by EDGAR FOREST WOLFE

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ONE year ago this month the Detroit baseball club was in the doldrums and floundering around like a fish in a sand pile. It had been picked to finish down in the second division and seemed about to justify the prediction. Its star pitcher had a sore arm and the outfielders were running their shoes into spats chasing the line drives that whistled off the outfield fences.

Then the Athletics came to town. They knocked the starting Detroit pitcher bowlegged, and Mickey Cochrane frantically wigwagged to the bull pen. "Schoolboy" Rowe walked across the field, and the fans let out a roar of protest accompanied by razzberries.

A year before, the Schoolboy had broken into the big leagues with the most sensational pitching any first-year pitcher had ever shown, and Detroit fans had taken him to their hearts. But that had been a year before. Misfortune had caught up with him. He had developed a sore arm and still had it. He didn't seem to be able to get anybody out. Hence the razzberries on that May day when he walked in from the bull pen and Mickey Cochrane was all set to send him back to the bushes. Then the Schoolboy spoke in that hillbilly tongue of his:

"Just send me in theah again tomorrow. You can send me in theah any time—I'm agoin' to win if I have to throw this heah ahm down somebody's throat!"

Mickey started him against the White Sox on June 1—and he won 3 to 1, striking out eight. On June 6 he pitched again and beat Cleveland 2 to 1, despite the fact that the Detroit team made only one hit. In this game he struck out seven and didn't give a base on balls. The White Sox beat him 3 to 1 on June 10—and then he started on a sensational winning stretch of sixteen consecutive victories that pitched his team into the World Series, and followed up that performance by coming within one pitched ball of pitching his team into the World's Championship title over the Cardinals.

It was a year ago this month that he got the razzberries. This May it is decidedly different. The pitcher the fans tried to hoot out of the ball park is considered the most potent factor in the fate of a pennant.

But let's get back to the beginning of things.

The town of El Dorado sprawls among the hills and cypress swamps of southern Arkansas, just over the line from Louisiana. There's a baseball game going on. The Methodists are playing the Christian Church team. A tall gangling kid in overalls is out there pitching for Christian Church and fanning the Methodist hitters.

THE heaviest hitter on the Methodist team steps to the plate. He rubs his hands in the dirt and gets ready to whale the ball out of the pasture. One of the fans out along the third-base line gets up and yells:

"Y' ain't agoin' to let that theah schoolboy fan yah out, ah yah?"

The boy fanned him out—and after that was called "Schoolboy" Rowe. You've heard of him. Within three short years this same hillbilly schoolboy had made the headlines of every newspaper in the United States and was packing big-league ball parks with big-city fans who didn't know whether El Dorado was a town or a new brand of breakfast food.

How come?

Eddie Goosetree, scout for the Detroit American League club, is an ivory hunter who speaks the language of the native farmers down in the hog-and-hominy belt. He says "you-all" and calls the afternoon "evenin'," and he talks to the boys around the local firehouses about their cotton and corn crops and their pigs and cows, and he eats their hog-and-hominy and turnip greens and fried yams with gusto. For Eddie Goosetree is himself a Southerner. Result—he gets the local low-down on every rail splitter who can swing a baseball bat or thumb a curve.

Eddie was sitting on the cracker barrels around the hillbilly towns of Arkansas in the summer of 1931 when they told him about this Schoolboy Rowe over in El Dorado. Eddie went there. He thought there must be something wrong with his eyes when he saw a big overgrown hillbilly boy who had more natural stuff than Eddie had ever looked at and who had no business being in El Dorado. But there he was—and he didn't even have a uniform. He was pitching for a town team that played in overalls.

There must be a catch here somewhere. This kid was too good to be true. They don't just grow pitchers like that—you have to make 'em. He had a fast curve that broke as if he had a string tied to it, and he could thread it through the eye of a needle. He even had a change of pace—and that's the last thing a pitcher learns.

Eddie talked to the boys in the local firehouse about it. "He's better'n this heah Carl Hubbell right naow," they told him, "an' he kin bat better'n that theah Babe Ruth."

But this was covering too all-fired much territory for Eddie Goosetree. Carl Hubbell! Babe Ruth!

Then Eddie began to hear other things about the home-town hero. This hillbilly boy was in the eighth grade at Hugh Goodwin School in El Dorado, was a star football and basketball player, had won interscholastic championships in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes and on the relay team, had established records in the javelin throw and the shot-put, was one of the leading golf players in that part of the state, and had fought in the ring in the local coliseum.

Once the golf championship was held on the same day as the interscholastic track meet. The golf squad needed him to cop the conference championship, and the track coach was clamoring for his presence on the track team. So Schoolboy Rowe went out to the golf course and played nine holes in his track suit. Then a fast car whisked him to the athletic field, where he put on track shoes and won the 100-yard event, finished second in the 220, won the shot-put, and set a new scholastic record with the javelin. After which he hopped into the car and was whisked back to the golf course, where he played the remaining nine holes and won the golf medal for his school.

ALL that sounded too much like Frank Merriwell for Eddie Goosetree. Somebody was trying to spoof him. The kid couldn't be that good!

"Say!" exploded Eddie. "Do you-all know anything this guy can't do?"

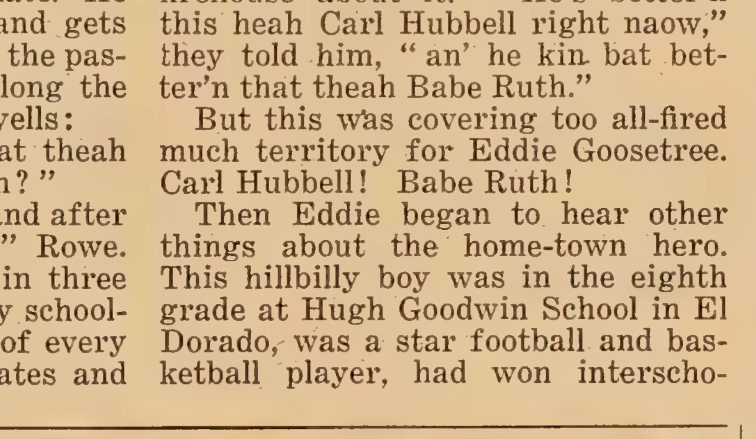
"Well," drawled one of the boys at the firehouse, "he kain't play no baseball fur you-all fur any less money'n they ah payin' that theah Babe Ruth. We-all jes' nachally ain't agoin' to let 'im."

That was enough for Eddie. On a hunch he hustled back to the hotel and made out a makeshift contract on hotel stationery—he wouldn't wait to wire the club. So, before the boys at the firehouse had a chance to talk to him, Eddie had his pitcher signed to a legal agreement to play baseball for the Detroit American League club.

Still he thought there must be a catch in it. He tried to get his hillbilly pitcher to report to the Fort Smith club of the Western Association, a Detroit "farm"; but the kid wouldn't go. He had decided he had made a mistake signing an agreement with Detroit, which was then away down in the race, when he might have gone to the Yankees or the Athletics. Besides, he wanted to be a fighter, anyways—he figured he had a chance to be another Dempsey.

Then came a ball game arranged between an all-star team picked from the El Dorado Church League and the Shreveport club of the Texas League. Rowe pitched for El Dorado, and that Shreveport club was the first uniformed baseball team he had ever seen. Eddie Goosetree sat along the side lines with his fists clenched. Maybe he prayed a little—I don't know. Texas League opposition was a pretty stiff assignment.

But Eddie's hillbilly pitcher pinned back the ears of the Shreveport club by a score of 7 to 3, and the local paper came out with a glaring headline which read: "Schoolboy Beats Texas Leaguers." He never got away from the name of Schoolboy after that.



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. . . AIDS DIGESTION

Then Eddie induced him to report to the Beaumont club of the Texas League, another Detroit "farm," in the spring of 1932. In this he was greatly aided by J. Alva Waddell, Rowe's teacher and athletic coach at Hugh Goodwin School, who finally succeeded in inducing his student to forget his pugilistic ambitions.

Del Baker, the old Detroit catcher, was manager of the Beaumont club. Del was going to send the hillbilly boy to Evansville, Indiana, figuring the Texas League too fast for him.

Then one day Del himself warmed up with the boy—and saw a better fast curve than he had ever looked at in his entire big-league career and a fast ball that hopped like a scared rabbit.

"Where in hell did he get it?" Del inquired.

"Damned if I know," replied Eddie Goosetree. "He must have been born with it—but I still think there's a catch in it somewhere."

But there wasn't. Del Baker kept the hillbilly pitcher sitting on the bench for a couple of weeks after the Texas League season opened, then started him in a game against Fort Worth. The boy was nervous. He walked a couple. Then they slammed him for a couple of hits, and Fort Worth scored three runs in the first inning. Beaumont managed to pick up a couple of runs, and the score was 3 to 2 when Rowe himself came to bat with a man on base. Del nearly fell off the bench and Eddie Goosetree almost fell out of the grandstand when his hillbilly pitcher socked the ball over the left-field fence for a home run and won his own ball game.

After that he went on to win seven consecutive games in the Texas League before he lost his first game on a wild throw by Hank Greenberg that let the winning run score in the last half of the ninth inning. When the other players were picking up their bats and gloves and leaving the field, Rowe stood out there on the pitching mound trying to coax the players to keep on playing. He didn't know the game was over. He couldn't believe that he had lost—he never had lost before!

Hank Greenberg went out on the field and spoke to him: "Listen, big boy. You might as well get used to it—there'll be a lot of days when you'll be glad to get out of that and get into the clubhouse."

ROWE pitched the Beaumont club into the pennant in the Texas League his first year out of the hills. Detroit called him in in the spring of 1933 and brought his Texas League roommate, Hank Greenberg, up with him.

Within one year after he had seen his first uniformed ball club, Bucky Harris, then manager of the Detroit club, pitched him against the New York Giants in an exhibition game at Dallas, Texas. This was on April 1, 1933, during the spring training trip—and the hillbilly boy beat the Giants in his first effort against big-league hitters. Then on April 8, at the Polo Grounds in New York City, the first time he ever saw a big-league baseball park, he shut out the Giants in a preseason exhibition game for five innings and then had to leave the game with an injured leg suffered in tripping over the first-base bag. He gave only one base on balls and the Giants made only four hits.

Then came the opening of the American League season on April 12. Detroit opened in Cleveland, and Tommy Bridges lost to Cleveland 4 to 1. Marberry and Uhle lost the second game to Cleveland 7 to 4. The third game in Cleveland was rained out.

Detroit then went home, and on April 15, 1933, Schoolboy Rowe was selected to pitch the home opening game before the home crowd—and he shut out the White Sox 3 to 0 with six scattered hits.

Only a year out of the hills, he had everything any veteran big-league pitcher ever had.

Then misfortune overtook him—and the man who was to pilot him to the peak of his baseball fame was the cause of it. In a game he was pitching against the Athletics at Shibe Park in Philadelphia, Mickey Cochrane, then a catcher for the Athletics, laid a perfect bunt down the third-base line. Rowe ran over and fielded it, slipped, and in throwing to first while off balance hurt his arm so badly that he was unable to pitch for the balance of the season of 1933.

The sore arm was still with him when he reported at the Detroit training camp in Orlando, Florida. He couldn't get going in the training camp and he couldn't get started after the season opened. Mickey had just about decided to send him back to the minors, as the Detroit club was getting nowhere and he needed pitching.

Then came that incident of last May when he was razzed by the fans in the game with the Athletics—followed by his sensational stretch of sixteen consecutive victories.

Scarcely less remarkable than his pitching was the way he aided his own cause with his hitting. When he won the first of that string of victories in Boston on June 15, he belted out a two-base hit that scored two runs. When he won his next victory in Philadelphia he whaled out a three-base hit. In beating St. Louis for his third victory on July 1 he thumped out a double and a single. His fourth victory was won as a relief pitcher when he didn't come to bat. He won his fifth from the Yankees 4 to 2, struck out eleven, and blasted two hits himself. That was on July 12.

Two days later he went in as a pinch hitter against the Yankees and socked a blazing single that aided in a four-run rally that won for Detroit in the ninth. The following day he won his sixth consecutive game, making *three consecutive days in which he had beaten the Yankees either by his pitching or his hitting*—and the Yankees were the boys Detroit had to beat to win the pennant.

His seventh victory came on July 22, when he pitched in both ends of a double-header against the Athletics. He relieved Vic Sorrell and pitched the ninth inning of the first game, then relieved Marberry in the third inning of the second game.

When he beat the White Sox for his eighth straight on July 28, he batted in three runs himself with a double and a single, and that was the game that put Detroit in the lead for the pennant—a lead they never lost.

His most dramatic performance of all came the very next day in Chicago. Having become a trifle homesick for

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DS. 9

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his schoolgirl sweetheart down in El Dorado, he had sent for her. She was sitting up there in the grandstand in Chicago—Miss Edna Mary Skinner of El Dorado, Arkansas. She had watched her hero pitching and batting his team to victory over the White Sox the day before. This day the Chicago hitters knocked out three Detroit pitchers and scored fifteen runs—but they were only one run in the lead coming into the eighth inning.

Then Rowe went in, despite the fact that he had pitched and won the day before. He stopped the heavy-hitting White Sox dead without a hit in the remaining one and two thirds innings, then went to bat with one on in the ninth and won the ball game 16 to 15 by whaling the longest home run Chicago had ever seen far over the distant center-field fence.

In winning his eleventh consecutive victory Rowe held the White Sox without a hit until the seventh inning, when Jimmy Dykes made the only hit they got.

He won his twelfth straight from Cleveland by batting in the winning run himself with the score tied in the ninth inning. In another game, when Cleveland filled the bases with one out in the ninth inning, Rowe relieved Phillips and ended the game by striking out both Trosky and Hale.

Then came the big series at Yankee Stadium, and Rowe won his thirteenth straight by holding the Yankees to four hits in the second game of the opening double-header. Two days later he shut them out 2 to 0. *In two important series he had won five games from the team Detroit had to beat to win the pennant.*

He won his fifteenth straight in Boston on August 21, then went to Washington and equaled the consecutive-victory record of all time in the American League, again batting in the winning run himself in the ninth inning.

No pitcher has ever commanded the nation-wide attention that this hillbilly boy attracted when he went after a new record of seventeen consecutive victories in Philadelphia on August 29.

When Joe Wood, Walter Johnson, and Lefty Grove went after their seventeenth straight it was just another ball game to the world at large. But there was something different about this.

Newspaper representatives from all over hopped to Philadelphia to see it and write about it for their home-town readers. The Western Union Telegraph Company was swamped with orders for direct wires from the press box.

Long before time for the game to start, Shibe Park was crowded with the biggest throng it had ever held, and residents in the streets surrounding it were doing a thriving business selling seats on the housetops.

It was all too much for the El Dorado schoolboy—and he lost. But a hillbilly boy just two years out of the sticks had put the bee on the big cities in a shorter space of time than it had ever been done before—and down South Eddie Goosetree, scout extraordinary, probably sucked at his corncob pipe and wondered if by some miracle these birds might come in pairs.

THE END

'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan

CAMELS do not carry water in their humps. The camel's hump is mostly fat. Water is carried in small pouches opening off the walls of the first stomach.

A DROWNING PERSON does not always come up three times. The number of times a drowning person comes to the surface before finally sinking depends upon many things, such as his strength, his swimming ability, his weight; also upon the currents, whether the water is fresh or salt, etc.

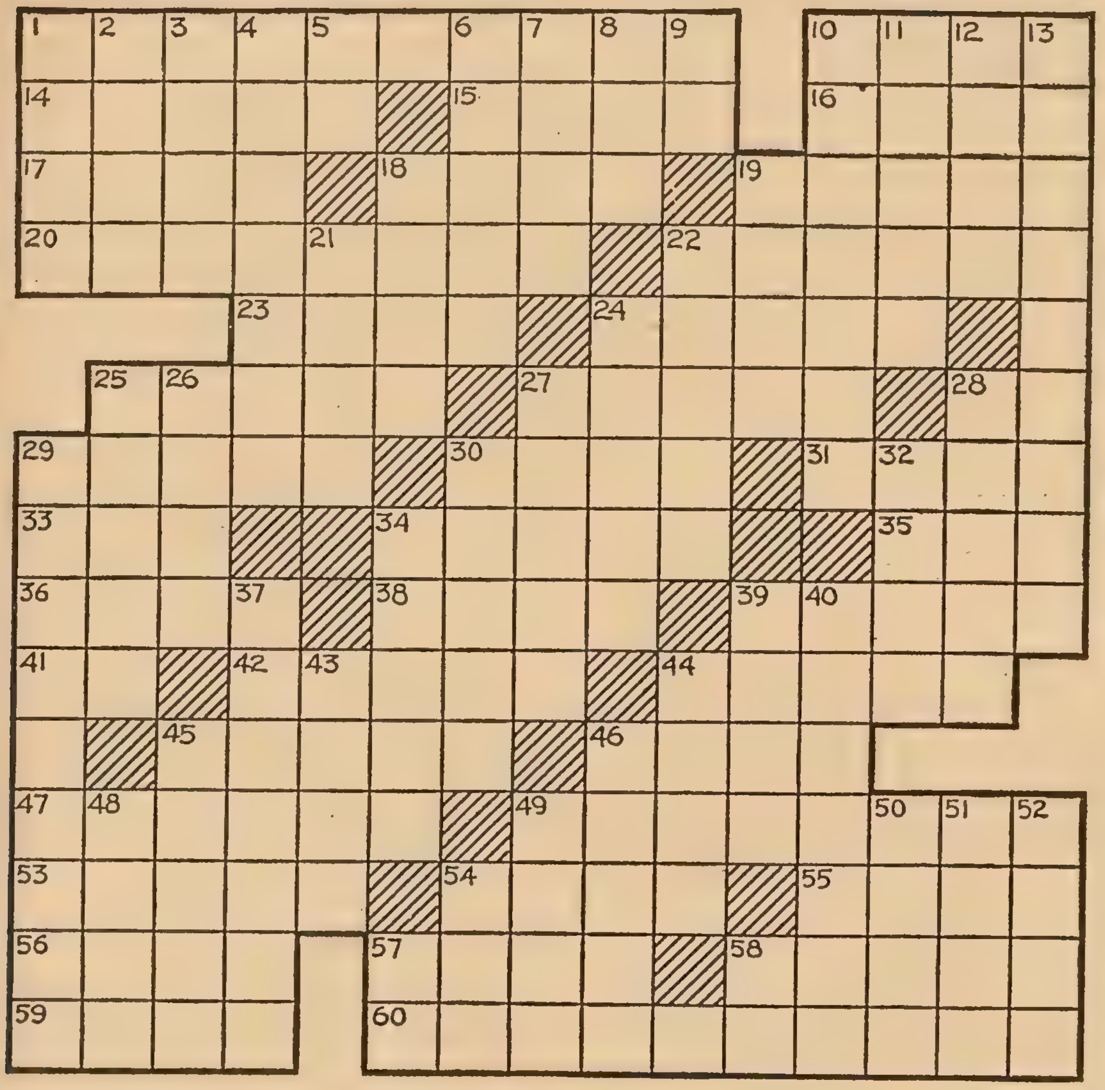
YOU CAN'T see steam. Steam itself is invisible. What is commonly called steam is really only the tiny drops of water in the air resulting from cooling and condensation.

THE SONG Suwanee River was not written about the Suwanee River. Stephen Foster composed the song Suwanee River without any certain river in mind. The Suwanee River was finally selected by him because its name contained the proper syllables to fit the notes he had already written.

CHAMELEONS do not change color to agree with their surroundings. The change of color observable in many members of the lizard family is not governed by the color of the surface upon which they may rest. It is influenced by the temperature, the light, the health of the lizard, and the emotion being experienced at the time.

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Sock exchange
10 Scrambled eggs
14 An old smoothie grammaw was all wrapped up in
15 They say hitchhikers operate this phoney finger trap with the thumb
16 What pedestrians should do before they look
17 A foxy movement afoot
18 The second thing Presidents yearn for
19 Kind to artists
20 Opposed to eternity (but civil nevertheless)
22 Lancie's lilylike girl friend
23 This causes I trouble (possessive)
24 This is wrinkled and comes to breakfast stewed
25 To trade freedom for love and get a lot of little troubles
27 Margery, when you get to know her
28 Half a tsar
29 What profane young men do to the day they're born
30 Society pool; golf with barn dust
31 Practice form relief
33 This builds up big corporations (it's a swell interior decorator)
34 A fellow who puts it right up to you
35 An Indian hut with most of the ease removed
36 —
38 Poor Hugo's had the H knocked off him here
39 Big beef from the West
41 Lerzy Soivice (abbr.)
42 Nuts to you
44 Sheet music
45 A wile woman
46 Will this make your face red!
47 Elevated sleeping coffins
49 The real mystery of China (two words)
53 These have big bellies and get filled with wind
54 A stage John famous in the good old days
55 —— virumque cano
56 Flighty bird always dashing across the Atlantic
57 Toothless old rake
58 The beginning of a good figure
59 Future tense of fawn
60 A half doz. small round things attached to bottles

VERTICAL

1 This word deserves your attention
2 Distance÷time
3 Found on all shopping lists
4 These are open and shut propositions
5 Henglish hegg plant
6 Nutty things dictated by dictators
7 Part woman, part lollipop sucker
8 What the hog who answered the call became
9 Mutual-admiration swap (abbr.)
10 Picked up in the field of raw materials
11 Bottle jinn
12 If the unemployed could only do this—what a relief it would be!
13 Zipper with a motor attached
18 Famous for its masculine necking
19 The last word in drowning
21 A fee-fi-fo-fummer
22 Flaw on a diamond
24 Makes ashes of roses (how cheeky!)
25 "Animals" found under boudoir beds
26 The Max Baer of Olympus
27 Twelve years in the weak end
28 What an Indian sleeps in to keep his wigwarm
29 How you get from horseback riding
30 An idol fellow
32 The road, to Rome
34 Italy's foremost character actor (pl.)
37 Barker
39 This can be full of ginger, yet close up girls in the back
40 An uppity flapper on a yacht
43 Strays
44 This sign often acts like a red flag to the fast set
45 Your head sits on one end, you sit on the other
46 White wash for your bed
48 To denude an apple
49 This is puzzling
50 Yen
51 Time in reverse
52 Stay in reverse
54 She can be harebrained, have a hare lip, but may be a little deer
57 Rooked Suckers (abbr.)
58 Dopey Palookas (abbr.)

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ARNEE■OPEN■LAMB
SEED■EVER■CAMEO
SAT■HAIR■MATTER
ID■CANDIDATE■TA
SOBERS■EARS■BIT
EPODE■ANTS■TINE
STAR■ANTE■LUNGS
ERNES■OAR
PANNIER■BRINDLE
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Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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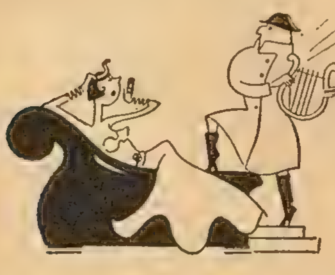
Vox Pop

POOR FISH!

Akron, Ohio—Edward F. Lambert, in his March 23 Vox Pop letter, claims that sex, love, engagement, and marriage have little—in fact nothing—to do with progress, science, war, adventure, and the business of earning a living.

As far as Mr. Lambert is concerned, historians have ruined reams of paper in their efforts to link progress and even the birth of nations with love. What of the glamorous creatures like Cleopatra and Napoleon?



And the business of earning a living, if not inspired by love, is almost unbearably lonesome and useless.—*G. Aldrich Blackmore.*

Hollywood, Calif.—One wonders what Mr. Lambert really lives for. Fish manage to exist without sex or love; but he-men—well, really!—*Dr. G. E. Jorgenson.*

Rochester, Minn.—The public libraries are loaded with nice little-boy stories for Mr. Lambert if he cares to follow his desires for pure, sexless fiction.—*A. F. Merkouris.*

TILL THE DENSEST NUMSKULL

Sunset Beach Resort, Hood Canal, Wash.—How to Pay the National Debt, by Senator Robert L. Owen, in March 16 Liberty, is the finest thing of its kind that I have ever seen. It should be published in every magazine and newspaper in the United States at least twice each month, until the densest numskull of the nation would know all about it. —*W. O. Watson.*

BANKS FIGHTING F. D. R.

Duluth, Minn.—The banks are doing their damnedest to beat the administration bill which will give the Reserve Board control of basic credit policies. Without that control there is another crash like that of '33 in the making. Roosevelt saved the banks and the bankers when they were about to get theirs, and now they are trying to rook him permanently because he doesn't want them to have the power to ruin themselves and their depositors again. The struggle is for sovereignty—whether the government or private banking corporations shall control the currency and credit of the nation.—*B. K. S.*

20-P. C. CUT—30-P. C. RISE

Tampa, Fla.—Charles W. Burkett certainly knows what he is talking about in April 13 Liberty. It was a *wildly foolish deed to destroy food.* Why they couldn't have remembered that old adage, "Waste not, want not," is beyond ordinary comprehension. There is a lesson on just that in the Bible, too: the "seven lean years and seven fat years" is just a hint.

It is my duty in our family to make up the budget, *and make it work.* We are just an average American family of four who are burdened with a 20-per-cent salary cut unrestored and a 30-per-cent rise in food costs. According to the Liberal Diet, as quoted in Burkett's article, we should consume 1,819 pounds of food per annum per capita, or 7,276 pounds for the entire family. Our actual consumption is about 3,148 pounds for the entire family, representing a shortage of 4,128 pounds. Needless to say, I'd buy more food if it were possible.—*Just an American Housewife.*

ROTHSCHILD LOAN TO HITLER?

New York City, N. Y.—Princess Catherine Radziwill, in Hitler's Coming Doom, in February 9 Liberty, made a definite statement that a Baron von Rothschild loaned huge sums of money to Hitler on the condition that General von Schleicher must be removed entirely from German politics and "that the Jews must not be persecuted or in any way discriminated against."

To the best of my knowledge, there is no German Baron Rothschild connected with the Thyssen interests. Does Princess Radziwill by any chance imply that the French branch of the Rothschild family supported Hitler?—*Joseph Brainin, Editor, Seven Arts.*

Sutton Bay, Ont.—Princess Radziwill certainly should explain how come she describes Hitler taking money from the German banker Baron F. Rothschild, who, it is certain, never existed.—*C. S.*

[Princess Radziwill answers: "I did not say that 'a Baron Rothschild' loaned huge sums of money to Hitler, and I have not written anything of the kind, but just stated that the Rothschild interests advanced money to back the Hitler cause at one time, which is a very different thing. The Rothschild interests comprise all the magnates of the Ruhr, the Deutsche and Disconto Bank, Thyssen, the Stinnes interests, and so forth, and these were all concerned in keeping order in Germany, where the Red elements were getting very powerful."—Vox Pop Editor.]

ASBESTOS PENCIL

San Francisco, Calif.—I've never been guilty of vox-popping before, but when I read in Vox Pop that "to establish a permanent peace, the world must begin by schooling the children in the horrors of war," my blood boiled with such contempt that I grabbed an asbestos-covered pencil and started Vox-Popward.

School our children in fear! Teach our boys fear instead of patriotism, love of home and country! Instill no courage in the children, no courage to live and protect their homes from ravening wolves? As well teach our daughters the "horror" of childbirth as to teach our sons horror of war.

War? All living is war! Nations are born through the suffering and bravery of men. Wars will cease when all nations are of one mind, thinking one thought, of one intelligence.—*Carrie W. Miller.*

OR RAISE JUMPING BEANS

Edinburg, Tex.—Why is it that practically every publication raves so much about war?

People's breasts aren't bursting with patriotism these days as they did prior to the World War. Eight out of every ten men had rather jump across the river and help the Mexican raise jumping beans than go somewhere and get shot at by thousands of different kinds of guns when they don't even know what they're fighting for. Why, shucks, I'm not mad, are you?—*Orvis Barnard.*

JOIN
THE
ARMY

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, RIPLEY!

Los Angeles, Calif.—About two years ago, you had an illustrated letter in this department picturing six monkeys strumming on six typewriters. It stuck in my mind ever since. The essence of the letter was taken from Huxley's observation that:

"Six monkeys set to strum on six typewriters for millions of years would be bound in time, by the blind play of chance, to write all the books in the British Museum."

Just recently Ripley had this observation in his Believe It or Not department. So, you see, Liberty is two years ahead of Ripley.—*Thomas Loftus.*

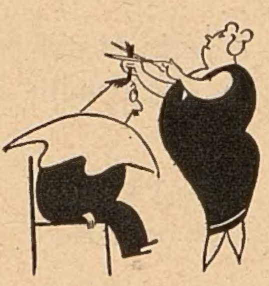
SEVEN-MINUTE HAIRCUT

TORONTO, ONT.—Princess Alexandra K. asks in April 6 Liberty: " Do any husbands let their wives cut their hair? "

Yes, Princess; but only husbands who wear 14½ collars.—*C. A. Culbert.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Of course there're women that cut their husbands' hair. I have cut my husband's hair off and on for about twenty-five years.

I'll run a race with any woman when it comes to cutting hair. I can cut my husband's hair in seven minutes, and also trim up his eyebrows.—*Mrs. O. Krohn.*



"DAD SLAP IT"

GAY MANOR, MD. — Hell in Boots (which began in March 23 Liberty) would be a splendid readable article if you would use the vernacular current at the time of the happenings. Neither Governor Hogg nor Captain McDonald ever used or heard of " dad slap it," and Bill McDonald was one of the best single-handed cussers I ever sat in a poker game with. Bill for years hung on to a German-type meerschaum pipe, and never took anything but straight bourbon—and he " chawed terbacker " too.—*R. H. Bruce.*

[Mr. Tyler Mason answers: " The expression ' dad slap it,' used by Captain Bill McDonald, was told to me by his widow, Mrs. Pearl Williams, who gave it as his most characteristic expression. Colonel Edward M. House, who knew Captain Bill intimately for years, never saw him 'chaw terbacker' and thinks he never did. He also believes the meerschaum pipe and the straight bourbon were no part of his old friend. And he thinks Bill had no title to the recommendation Mr. Bruce gives him as ' one of the best single-handed cussers.' "—VOX POP EDITOR.]

ABDULLAH'S CHINESE

CHATHAM, N. J.—If I know my China, Mr. Abdullah has still a lot to learn. In his story One—Not Two (April 6 Liberty) he calls his Canton Chinese, Mongols. Why insult them?

Further, *shuey-kee* should be *shui-kai* (water chicken), but the heroine is really a *mui jai* —girl slave—of which there are still thousands in the treaty ports of China and Hong Kong. The words *Chung Ho* do not mean Festival of Flowers.

The slave class of Chinese, such as the character Lin Hai, is too ignorant to use the educated flowery language, so her remarks, " They have leaped the dragon gate," etc., are entirely out of place.—*E. A. Beaumont.*

"LYING TWADDLE"

MOSSMAIN, MONT.—The editorial by Bernarr Macfadden in April 13 Liberty, Fooling the Workers with Cheap Lying Twaddle, was the most nonsensical article that was ever published. For a person of his education it was silly.—*R. F.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Three days ago I wrote you that I had bought and given away six copies of April 13 Liberty. Yesterday I bought another six copies of the same issue, and am giving them away—making an even dozen copies of that issue I have purchased because of your editorial, Fooling the Workers with Cheap Lying Twaddle, and Charles W. Burkett's article, Is the United States Slowly Starving?—*Eunice Pittman.*

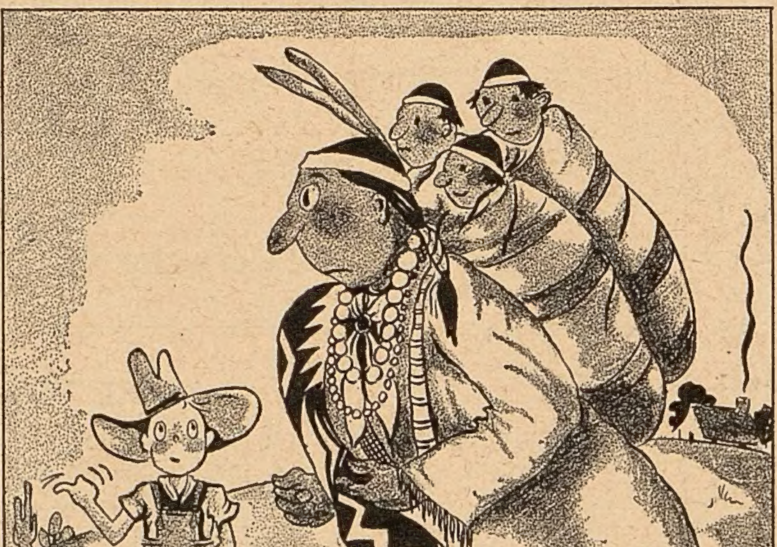
SMILING LULLABY

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Mothers in many foreign countries cry as they sing their babies' lullabies. Yes, they cry, because they realize the littleness of their babies' future.

But American mothers smiled as they sang their babies' lullabies. They smiled because they realized the bigness of a child's future.

Since 1929 those smiles have been fading from our mothers' lullabies.

I think it is high time we, the citizens and the servants of the United States, started screaming: " To hell with Europe! To hell with gold! And to hell with our 1936 politicians! In the name of decency—and before it is too late—let's put that smile back in the American lullaby."—*Just A Patriot.*



by Peggy Perry

LIBERTY NEVER GROWS COLD

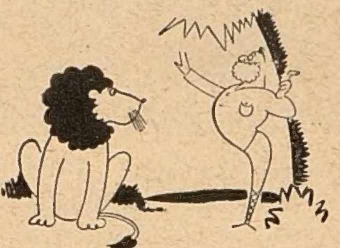
MADISON, WIS.—My cook scolds because I become so absorbed in Liberty that I let my breakfast get cold, and offers the logical argument that Liberty is always hot but a breakfast isn't.—*A. V. Lyle.*

BEADS FOR BUFFALO ROBES

PRINCETON, IDA.—What kept the trading post alive, where the trader met the Indian to exchange his colored beads for corn and meat and buffalo robes? What keeps the gold issue alive today? The same identical setup—ignorance on one side and greed on the other.—*E. G.*

FIGS AND NONSKID PANTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In his letter to April 13 Vox Pop, Mr. J. N. Steed claims to be up in arms over Mr. Wallace Irwin's reference to a fig tree over seventy feet tall. I don't know whether they grow fig trees in Falls Church, Virginia, but I do know that fig trees grow to that height, if not more, anywhere in southern Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor along the Mediterranean. I have seen them, and when J. N. Steed says the " world's best authorities," I wonder what he means.—*N. Stathes.*



CANTON, OHIO—In March 30 Liberty you had a story by Paul Annixter, Lions in the Way. What a story, what a man, but oh, what material his clothes were made out of! Will you send me the address where this material is made? I have a son that skids down cellar doors, and I want a piece of this material to put on the part of his pants he slides on.—*Catherine Fuelling.*

MIXED UP IN HER SEX

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The best little Vox Popper I've read in many moons appeared in your April 6 issue, signed M. B. C. She says: " One of the highest plastic arts known to civilization is making a husband out of a man."

This gal, methinks, is a bit mixed up on her sex. What the gal should have said is: " One of the highest plastic arts little known in these times is making a mother out of a woman.—*Joseph Dunphy.*

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★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Man Against Woman in Tennis by Helen Jacobs—The queen of the world's courts faces their king across the net. Linesmen ready? Players ready? Play! Can she give him a battle? Will her skill, her stamina, her speed and agility—even in modern shorts—equal his? Helen Jacobs knows the answer. She herself has tried it!

Capitalism Won't Die by H. L. Mencken—They say it is already nearly dead, do the Red radicals. They tell us that revolution is upon us, that in a little while " the evil known as profits " will be done for. All this is rubbish, hooey, blah!—the clear-eyed Mencken thunders. Capitalism as he sees it is not only not dying, but more solidly established than ever, and nowhere more solidly than in Russia itself.

Can It Be the Spring? by Phyllis Duganne—She admitted her intentions of breaking up his home. She dominated his business. But when a supplement for tried love was injected results were surprising.

Other stories and articles by Roger Garis, Campbell MacCulloch, Josephine Bentham, George F. Corners, Frank Leon Smith, and others

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